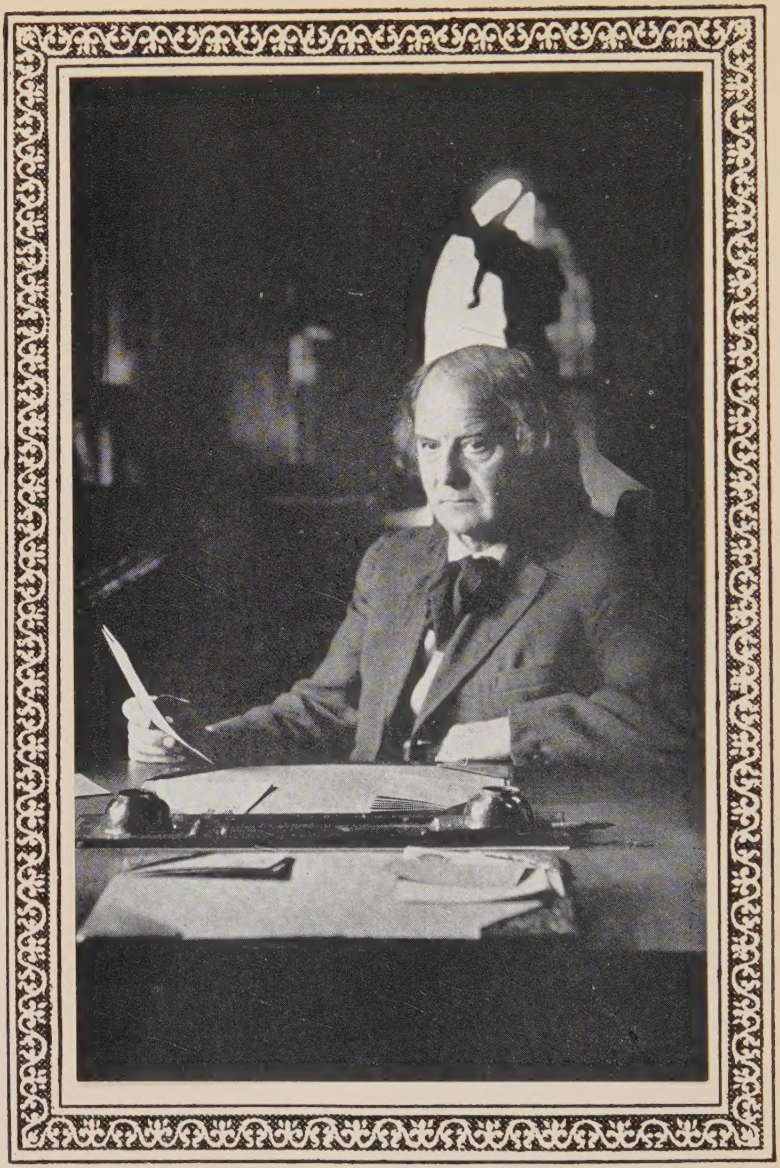

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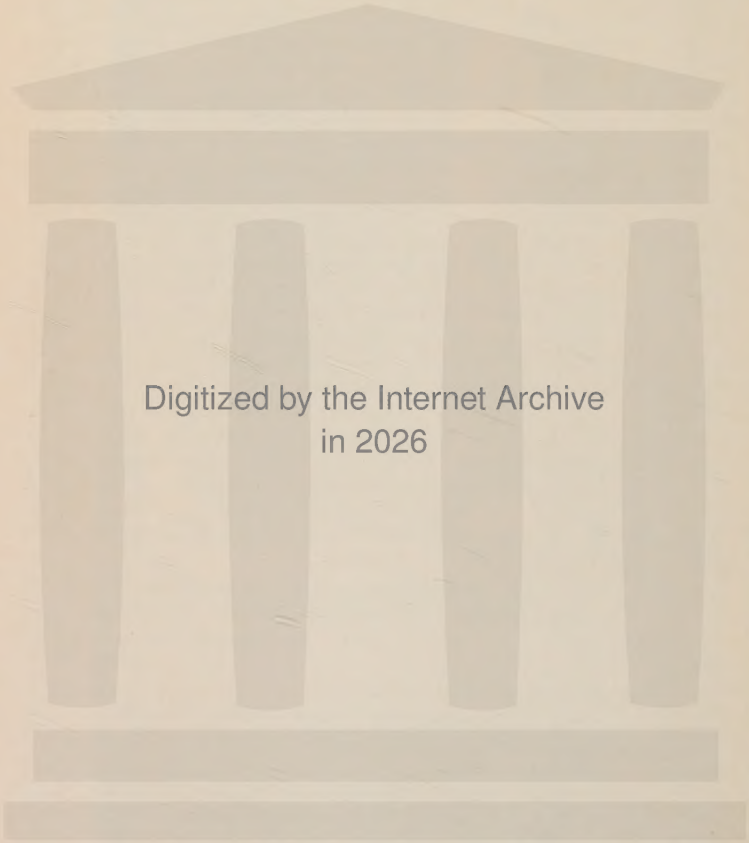
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SELECTED WRITINGS

OF

Elbert Hubbard

HIS Mintage of Wisdom, coined from a Life of Love, Laughter and Work, lovingly gathered by Elbert Hubbard II and made into Goodly Volumes by The Roycrofters at their Shops, which are at East Aurora, New York, and issued as a MEMORIAL EDITION

WM. H. WISE & CO., NEW YORK

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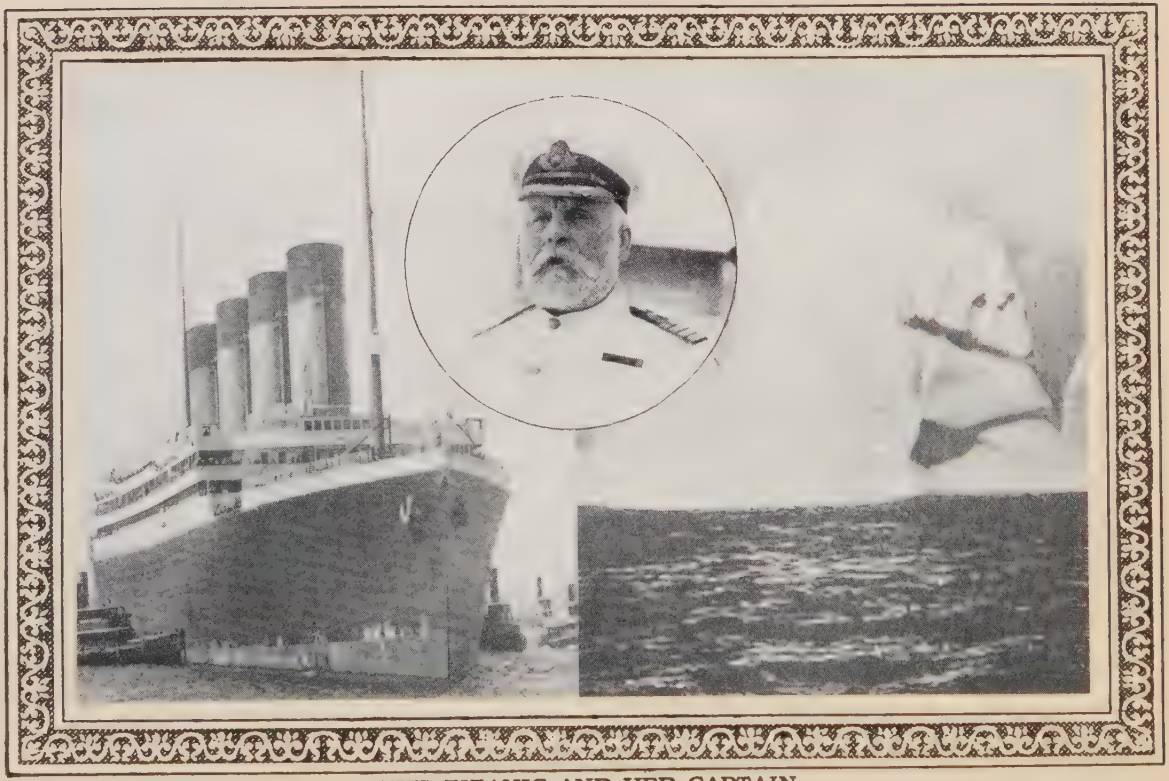

THE TITANIC AND HER CAPTAIN

The Titanic

IT is a night of a thousand stars. The date, Sunday April 14, 1912. The time, 11:20 p. m.

The place, off Cape Race—that Cemetery of the sea.

Suddenly a silence comes—the engines have stopped—the great iron heart of the ship has ceased to beat.

Such a silence is always ominous to those who go down to the sea in ships.

" The engines have stopped! "

Eyes peer; ears listen; startled minds wait!

A half-minute goes by.

Then the great ship groans, as her keel grates and grinds. She reels, rocks, struggles as if to free herself from a titanic grasp, and as she rights herself, people standing lose their center of gravity

Not a shock—only about the same sensation that one feels when the ferryboat slides into her landing-slip, with a somewhat hasty hand at the wheel.

On board the ferry we know what has happened—here we do not.

¶ " An iceberg! " some one cries.

The word is passed along.

" Only an iceberg! Barely grated it—side-swiped it—that is all! Ah, Ha! "

The few on deck, and some of those in cabins peering out of port-holes, see a great white mass go gliding by.

A shower of broken ice has covered the decks. Passengers pick up specimens " for souvenirs to carry home," they laughingly say

¶ Five minutes pass—the engines start again—but only for an instant

Again the steam is shut off. Then the siren-whistles cleave and saw the frosty air.

Silence and the sirens! Alarm, but no tumult—but why blow the whistles when there is no fog!

The cold is piercing. Some who have come up on deck return to their cabins for wraps and overcoats.

The men laugh—and a few nervously smoke.

It is a cold, clear night of stars. There is no moon. The sea is smooth as a Summer pond.

The great towering iceberg that loomed above the topmost mast has done its work, gone on, disappeared, piloted by its partners, the darkness and the night.

" There was no iceberg—you only imagined it," a man declares.

¶ " Go back to bed—there is no danger—this ship can not sink anyway! " says the Managing Director of the Company.

¶ In a lull of the screaming siren, a hoarse voice is heard calling through a megaphone from the bridge—" Man the lifeboats! Women and children first! ! "

" It sounds just like a play," says Henry Harris to Major Butt.

¶ Stewards and waiters are giving out life-preservers and showing passengers how to put them on.

There is laughter—a little hysteric. " I want my clothes made to order," a woman protests. " An outrageous fit! Give me a man's size! " ❧ ❧

The order of the Captain on the bridge is repeated by other officers—" Man the lifeboats! Women and children first! ! "

¶ " It 's a boat-drill—that 's all! "

" A precautionary measure—we 'll be going ahead soon," says George Widener to his wife, in reassuring tones as he holds her hand ❧ ❧

Women are loath to get into the boats. Officers, not over gently, seize them, and half-lift and push them in. Children crying, and some half-asleep, are passed over into the boats.

Mother-arms reach out and take the little ones. Parentage and ownership are lost sight of.

Some boats are only half-filled, so slow are the women to believe that rescue is necessary.

The boats are lowered, awkwardly, for there has never been a boat-drill, and assignments are being made haphazard.

A sudden little tilt of the deck hastens the proceeding. The bows of the ship are settling—there is a very perceptible list to starboard

An Englishman, tired and blasé, comes out of the smoking-room, having just ceased a card-game. He very deliberately approaches an officer who is loading women and children into a lifeboat

The globe-trotting Briton is filling his pipe. "I si, orficer, you know; what seems to be the matter with this bloomin' craft, you know?"

"Fool," roars the officer, "the ship is sinking!"

"Well," says the Englishman, as he strikes a match on the rail, "Well, you know, if she is sinking, just let 'er down a little easy, you know."

John Jacob Astor half forces his wife into the boat. She submits, but much against her will. He climbs over and takes a seat beside her in the lifeboat. It is a ruse to get her in—he kisses her tenderly —stands up, steps lightly out and gives his place to a woman.

"Lower away!" calls the officer.

"Wait—here is a boy—his mother is in there!"

"Lower away!" calls the officer—"there is no more room."

¶ Colonel Astor steps back. George Widener tosses him a woman's hat, picked up from the deck. Colonel Astor jams the hat on the boy's head, takes the lad up in his arms, runs to the rail and calls, "You won't leave this little girl, will you?"

¶ "Drop her into the boat," shouts the officer. The child drops into friendly hands as the boat is lowered.

Astor turns to Widener and laughingly says, " Well, we put one over on 'em that time."

" I 'll meet you in New York," calls Colonel Astor to his wife as the boat pulls off. He lights a cigarette and passes the silver case and a match-box along to the other men.

A man runs back to his cabin to get a box of money and jewels. The box is worth three hundred thousand dollars. The man changes his mind and gets three oranges, and gives one orange each to three children as they are lifted into safety.

As a lifeboat is being lowered, Mr. and Mrs. Isador Straus come running with arms full of blankets, brought from their stateroom. They throw the bedding to the people in the boat.

" Help that woman in! " shouts an officer. Two sailors seize Mrs. Straus. She struggles, frees herself, and proudly says, " Not I—I will not leave my husband." Mr. Straus insists, quietly and gently, that she shall go. He will follow later.

But Mrs. Straus is firm. " All these years we have traveled together, and shall we part now? No, our fate is one."

She smiles a quiet smile, and pushes aside the hand of Major Butt, who has ordered the sailors to leave her alone. " We will help you—Mr. Straus and I—come! It is the law of the sea—women and children first—come! " said Major Butt.

" No, Major; you do not understand. I remain with my husband —we are one, no matter what comes—you do not understand! "

" See," she cried, as if to change the subject, "there is a woman getting in the lifeboat with her baby; she has no wraps! " Mrs. Straus tears off her fur-lined robe and places it tenderly around the woman and the innocently sleeping babe.

William T. Stead, grim, hatless, with furrowed face, stands with an iron bar in hand as a lifeboat is lowered. " Those men in the steerage, I fear, will make a rush—they will swamp the boats."

¶ Major Butt draws his revolver. He looks toward the crowded steerage. Then he puts his revolver back into his pocket, smiles.

"No, they know we will save their women and children as quickly as we will our own."

Mr. Stead tosses the iron bar into the sea.

He goes to the people crowding the afterdeck. They speak a polyglot language. They cry, they pray, they supplicate, they kiss each other in frenzied grief.

John B. Thayer, George Widener, Henry Harris, Benjamin Guggenheim, Charles M. Hays, Mr. and Mrs. Straus, move among these people, talk to them and try to reassure them.

There are other women besides Mrs. Straus who will not leave their husbands. These women clasp each other's hands. They smile—they understand!

Mr. Guggenheim and his secretary are in full dress. "If we are going to call on Neptune, we will go dressed as gentlemen," they laughingly say.

The ship is slowly settling by the head.

The forward deck is below the water.

The decks are at a vicious angle.

The icy waters are full of struggling people.

Those still on the ship climb up from deck to deck.

The dark waters follow them, angry, jealous, savage, relentless.

¶ The decks are almost perpendicular. The people hang by the rails

A terrific explosion occurs—the ship's boilers have burst.

The last lights go out.

The great iron monster slips, slides, gently glides, surely, down, down, down into the sea.

Where once the great ship proudly floated, there is now a mass of wreckage, the dead, the dying, and the great black all-enfolding night. Overhead, the thousand stars shine with a brightness unaccustomed

The Strauses, Stead, Astor, Butt, Harris, Thayer, Widener, Guggenheim, Hays—I thought I knew you, just because I had

seen you, realized somewhat of your able qualities, looked into your eyes and pressed your hands, but I did not guess your greatness

You are now beyond the reach of praise—flattery touches you not—words for you are vain.

Medals for heroism—how cheap the gilt, how paltry the pewter!

You are beyond our praise or blame. We reach out, we do not touch you. We call, but you do not hear.

Words unkind, ill-considered, were sometimes flung at you, Colonel Astor, in your lifetime. We admit your handicap of wealth—pity you for the accident of birth—but we congratulate you that as your mouth was stopped with the brine of the sea, so you stopped the mouths of the carpers and critics with the dust of the tomb.

If any think unkindly of you now, be he priest or plebeian, let it be with finger to his lips, and a look of shame in his own dark heart. Also, shall we not write a postscript to that booklet on cigarettes?

Charles M. Hays—you who made life safe for travelers on shore, yet you were caught in a sea-trap, which, had you been manager of that Transatlantic Line, would never have been set, baited as it was with human lives.

You placed safety above speed. You fastened your faith to utilities, not futilities. You and John B. Thayer would have had a searchlight and used it in the danger-zone, so as to have located an iceberg five miles away. You would have filled the space occupied by that silly plunge-bath (how ironic the thing) with a hundred collapsible boats, and nests of dories.

You, Hays and Thayer, believed in other men—you trusted them—this time they failed you. We pity them, not you.

And Mr. and Mrs. Straus, I envy you that legacy of love and loyalty left to your children and grandchildren. The calm courage

that was yours all your long and useful career was your possession in death ❧ ❧

You knew how to do three great things—you knew how to live, how to love and how to die.

Archie Butt, the gloss and glitter on your spangled uniform were pure gold. I always suspected it.

You tucked the ladies in the lifeboats, as if they were going for an automobile-ride. " Give my regards to the folks at home," you gaily called as you lifted your hat and stepped back on the doomed deck.

You died the gallant gentleman that you were. You helped preserve the old English tradition, " Women and children first." All America is proud of you.

Guggenheim, Widener and Harris, you were unfortunate in life in having more money than we had. That is why we wrote things about you, and printed them in black and red. If you were sports, you were game to the last, cheerful losers, and all such are winners ❧ ❧

As your souls play hide-and-seek with sirens and dance with the naiads, you have lost interest in us. But our hearts are with you still. You showed us how death and danger put all on a parity. The women in the steerage were your sisters—the men your brothers; and on the tablets of love and memory we have 'graved your names.

William T. Stead, you were a writer, a thinker, a speaker, a doer of the word. You proved your case; sealed the brief with your heart's blood; and as your bearded face looked in admiration for the last time up at the twinkling, shining stars, God in pardonable pride said to Gabriel, " Here comes a man! "

And so all you I knew, and all that thousand and half a thousand more, I did not know, passed out of this Earth-Life into the Unknown upon the unforgetting tide. You were sacrificed to the greedy Goddess of Luxury and her consort the Demon of Speed.

¶ Was it worth the while? Who shall say? The great lessons of life are learned only in blood and tears. Fate decreed that you should die for us.

Happily, the world has passed forever from a time when it feels a sorrow for the dead. The dead are at rest, their work is ended, they have drunk of the waters of Lethe, and these are rocked in the cradle of the deep. We kiss our hands to them and cry, " Hail and Farewell—until we meet again! "

But for the living who wait for a footstep that will never come, and all those who listen for a voice that will never more be heard, our hearts go out in tenderness, love and sympathy.

These dead have not lived and died in vain. They have brought us all a little nearer together—we think better of our kind.

¶ One thing is sure, there are just two respectable ways to die. One is of old age, and the other is by accident.

All disease is indecent.

Suicide is atrocious.

But to pass out as did Mr. and Mrs. Isador Straus is glorious. Few have such a privilege. Happy lovers, both. In life they were never separated, and in death they are not divided.

Science and Health

ONCE upon a day I dined at the house of a friend who was a Christian Scientist.

We sat at table—the man, his wife, two grown daughters, a son and myself.

The subject of conversation got around, of course, to "Science and Health." Some one spoke of "mortal mind," and the "unreality of matter." I filed a small caveat, and soon the two young women put in a demurrer

Then each of us was trying to make the best impression on the jury. I flattered myself that I would have an option on the verdict, when suddenly, my other self, who was the acting and invisible judge, ruled me out of order, and addressed me in somewhat non-judicial language, thus: "Col. Littlejourneys, you are a large, mouse-colored ass!"

Two years before, one of these young women with whom I was argufying had been taken from school because she had spinal disease. At the same time her mother was in a sanitarium being treated for nervous prostration. And through worry on account of the suffering of his wife and daughter, the man had left his business to others and his financial affairs had gotten into a sorry tangle.

When lo! a new thought (which was very old) had come into their lives—the Unnaturalness of disease: God is good—there is nothing to be afraid of—get harmony into your hearts and disease will depart from your bodies.

Now the daughter was well, the mother looked as blooming as the daughter, and worry being gone from the man's mind he had turned his attention to work, and prosperity was smiling upon his efforts as never before.

And here I sat in the presence of all this happiness, beauty and

prosperity, trying to argue them to a finish. I was endeavoring to show this family that nothing was ever the matter with them—that the spinal complaint was a mistake and nervous prostration only an idea—and of course, they agreed with me.

Well, if we agreed, what was I trying to get at? Really, I did n't know. But I guess my quarrel was with their explanations—it was a matter of definitions.

That is good which serves, and this family had been blessed exceedingly through a thought; and it looked as if I was trying to take it from them.

Surely I was a large, ecru Holy Moses, and should have been in the Streets of Cairo. I apologized, and never again will I try to take from people the thing that has enriched their lives—they may call it by whatsoever name they wish, and account for it as they may ❧ ❧

Possibly the mistake lies in trying to explain just how and why physical harmony comes about when we think rightly. We do not know—all we know is that whereas we were once blind we now see. But we are not content until we explain the principle and process, which principle is really as unexplainable as electricity. We use it, but what it is baffles reason; and in a vain effort to clear the matter up in our own minds, we start in and "explain" it to others.

But explanations do not explain—they usually only muddle and mystify ❧ ❧

And above all things when we find men and women healthy and happy, bright of eye and sweet of breath, what kind of a man am I if I tell them that they really are neither happy nor prosperous—they merely think they are, and that a law should be passed compelling them all to be vaccinated!

He Digged a Pit

IN East Aurora once lived a certain Baptist preacher ❧ ❧

He was a good man and excellent, and never dissipated any of his yearly salary of five hundred and fifty dollars. He did not chew, smoke, drink, swear nor busticate; he was neither a mumper nor a toss-pot.

He improved his mind. He read a chapter of the Bible morning and evening, and in one year he read through the whole *Encyclopedia Brittanica,* as he himself assured me.

He was the most learned man, with one exception, that ever lived in our town.

This man did what he thought was right. He was sincere—nobody doubted that. He loved the good and hated the bad. But he hated the bad so much more than he loved the good, that there came a time when there was a deal more hate than love in his disposition.

This man associated only with good people—he cut me off his list ❧ ❧

He cut every one off his list whom he considered bad.

Now there are only four or five really good people in the village and they are not very sociable, so finally this Baptist preacher moved to Buffalo, and began a crusade against sin.

He was known as the "Scourge of Vice."

He got a fund, through subscriptions, and began to purify the city ❧ ❧

To this end he went a-slumming and made charges against bad women. Some of these women were arrested and fined, and if they could not pay their fines they were sent to the workhouse. The men who associated with these women were seldom troubled ❧ ❧

¶ Evidence was secured against certain saloonkeeprs, and boys who played baseball on the Sabbath Day.

One of the men whom he had arrested was indicted and let go on bail awaiting trial. This man went to the Baptist preacher and offered him ten dollars not to appear against him.

The preacher scorned the bribe; but hinted that if it were a hundred he might consider it. Then the man offered fifty, and the preacher agreed not to testify. The money was paid.

It seems the wrongdoer had witnesses to the transaction, and straightway he had the "Scourge of Vice" arrested for violating Section 47 of the Penal Code, which relates to compounding a felony.

But the "Scourge of Vice" was foxy, and straightway had the wrongdoer arrested for violating Section 48 of the Penal Code, which provides that you shall not bribe a witness.

So the case stands thus: The preacher bought beer of the man on Sunday in order to catch him. The man paid the preacher fifty dollars not to appear against him in order to catch him. The preacher claims he took the fifty dollars in order to get a second cinch on the wrongdoer.

Verdict of the Court: Both parties guilty—the preacher gets sixty days in the workhouse and the evildoer thirty.

Now note this: When the preacher was sentenced, his wife said, "Well, if that is the kind of man I've been living with, I'll leave him." Straightway she wept, and then called in a reporter of the *Courier* and told him her tale of woe. She posed as the injured one, and went home to her mother with her brood of three.

Now the question submitted to Philistia is this: Whether in all his crusade against sin, this preacher was not educating his wife to turn against him when he himself should be accused of being a sinner?

If so, is n't this man being punished for his harshness; and

is n't it a mistake to quit work, turn catchpole, and go lie in wait for the evildoer in order to have him punished?
Is it worth while to hate anything—even sin?
And this brings me to a stanza I found the other day in an old hymn book:

He digged a pit,
He digged it deep,
He digged it for his brother,
But through his sin
He did fall in
The pit he digged for t' other.

Monasticism

I AM writing this in my cabin in the woods, four miles from the village. The nearest house is a mile away. The cabin is in a small ravine, so it is shielded from the fierce western winds of winter; and the great pines above keep out the rays of the hot sun in summer. A little brook runs over its rocky bed, not ten feet away and sings its ceaseless lullaby. ¶ The cabin is so far from the main road, and the climb up the hill is so severe, that chance callers never trouble me—in fact, very few people indeed know of the place, although I 've been coming here for five years.

The shanty is built of rough boards, battened, and has a lining of building paper to keep out the cold. There are four bunks, two on a side, built against the wall. A plain pine table, a bench running along the side, one chair, a cupboard in the corner and a fireplace, complete the furniture.

The whole outfit cost about fifty dollars; and to keep so simple a place in order is but an agreeable recreation.

A family of squirrels live in one of the big pines, and these busy little climbers have a way of scampering over the roof, and sitting up in the doorway and scolding me, as though I were an intruder

No newspapers reach this paradise with their tales of strife, no telegrams, no letters—no agents call with wonderful things to sell. There is only the chatter of the squirrels, the twitter of the birds, the sighing of the breeze through the pines, and the song of the brook. It is very quiet, very peaceful, and a sort of solemn hush fills the aisles that stretch away up the hillside beneath the trees where the sunlight gleams and streams.

Last night when daylight began to die out of the sky, and one big yellow star appeared in the West, Rudolph and Sammy

arrived. I did not know I was lonesome, but I must have been or I would not have been so glad to see them.

Rudolph had been composing a little piece of music on the way, and now had gotten it well formulated in his mind, so he sang it for us, softly and low, as we sat there in the twilight. It was a hymn to the night—the brooding, all enfolding night.

Then we lighted the lamp, and Sammy showed us the sketches he had made that day; after which I read to them from the manuscript I had written since morning.

Then each climbed into his bunk, between the woolen blankets. The wind blew fresh and cool through the open door and windows, and the monotonous noises of the night soon lulled us to rest and dreams. Now I can easily imagine how Rudolph and Sammy might each bring a friend with him to this camp in the woods, and that we double the size of the shanty.

Rudolph would write us vespers and matins, that we would render with regularity. I would reparagraph some of my good manuscript and transform it into a ritual, and we would repeat the Philistine Credo in concert at stated times.

When we wanted provisions Sammy would take a bag and go down and humbly importune the villagers, hat in hand. If Rupert the Red One, chanced to be with him they might be a trifle importunate. Anyway, depend upon it, they would get what they wanted. A rich widow with a tender regard for the Red One might die, and leave us her farm in order to help on our worthy work. And if certain of the villagers should inveigh against my institution, and persistently refuse to give my agents alms for the worthy poor, I would inaugurate an inquisition and mildly yet firmly reprove the recalcitrant ones for their presumption, and their own good.

Applicants for admission would come along, and be admitted on probation upon turning over to us all their worldly goods and taking vows of poverty, chastity and obedience.

Across the valley on the opposite hill a nunnery might be founded. I would give lectures there occasionally, Rudolph would instruct the nuns in music, and Brother Samuel would teach them the mystery of the repeated line and the miracle of chromatics.

Then there might come a day when Rupert would forget his vows, Sammy would be in league with my cellarman, and Fra Rudolfo would cease to be obedient.

In self protection I would have to punish them by compelling them to read for two hours every morning from my own instructive works. And then they might leave and go away and found a new Order of their own.

For a whole summer day they would regulate their place properly, but being what they are, laxity would creep in, and they might do as Ulrich von Hutton says the members of a certain monastery did at Erfurt. It seems that there was a nunnery not far away and the Abbess and the Abbot decided it would be better to move the nuns all over to the monastery. The nuns were willing and it was done.

Von Hutton explains that the result was not only better monks, but more of them.

Erasmus, in his *Sergius,* tells that the priests and monks in Nuremberg took to themselves wives in lawful wedlock, but the civil authorities refused to recognize such marriages, and issued an order requiring all "parsons' maids" when upon the streets to wear a hood and a certain style of dress.

Should Sammy's new order continue its flagrant acts, there would surely come a day when the citizens would arise and abolish all monasteries in that vicinity, good and bad alike, and mine might have to go with the rest.

This is not a matter of Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Philistine or Buddhist monasteries—it is a question of humanity. The monastic idea can be traced back into Egypt a thousand years before Christ, and India has had its mendicant monasteries

since history began. The excesses, the indulgences, the wrongs have crept into all of them, and the history of monasticism is a history of the efforts made to keep them from degeneration. New Orders are coming to the fore all the time. The Methodist Church, which has thundered against monasticism, now has its order of Deaconesses with their home in every city. It is a purely mendicant order, founded on the idea of doing good to humanity. Its members take the vow of poverty, chastity and obedience, with a mental reservation.

In 1869 Bishop Horatio Potter, in New York, founded the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and the Protestant Episcopal Church has a dozen other similar societies for women who wish to flee the wicked world and yet benefit it from the outside. The Order of St. Andrew has in several instances taken a monastic form

The women to whom the monastic idea appeals most, are those who have been disappointed in love, although celibacy is not a necessary part of monasticism—it is simply incidental. Failing to win the man she loves, she rejects all men, and turns to religion for solace, and to the nunnery for protection. Every clergyman stands as a quasi-lover to certain women—this is very beautiful and well understood. And it is one of the reasons given for clerical celibacy. The unattached or unrequited woman finds consolation in ministering to the Church—doing " church-work " under the orders of this priest or preacher. I mention this not by way of criticism, simply as a fact.

The communal idea of getting away from the world is a form of the monastic impulse.

The college settlements now to be found in all of our large cities are semi-mendicant orders, all founded on the monastic idea of withdrawing from the world and doing good to the worthy poor.

¶ In a former incarnation, Miss Jane Addams, the ascetic and strikingly competent manager of Hull House, was doubtless an

Abbess in one of those great nunneries that lined the Emilia. Her life is monastic in the very best sense, but if Hull House gets the wealth through endowment—mendicancy—that it is striving for, and Miss Addams dies, the property may fall into the hands of those who will conduct it on a plan that will cause the municipality to suppress it as a public nuisance. If you know the history of monasticism you will not smile, but sigh, at my hypothesis. That which has happened before will happen again under like conditions.

Monasticism arises in a beautiful impulse—the desire for solitude, and later gratification is found in self-sacrifice and doing good to others. Following this comes material success, and the spiral is rounded with excess and profligacy, worse than that from which escape was at first sought.

The mistake of monasticism seems to lie in the assumption that what is good is good all the time; and that if a thing is good you can't get too much of it. Hence we start with satiety, which swings to asceticism, which in turn forgets its vows and comes back to the place of beginning, and again we get satiety—and a Martin Luther or Savonarola!

The business of the reformer is to correct the tangent and move progress in a straight line instead of allowing it to swing in a circle.

Man's Search for Happiness

MAN seeks happiness: all men seek happiness. There is no other goal or intent in life, and whether men seek it through license or asceticism, through selfishness or sacrifice, it is the one eternal quest.

There is no other aim in life for any man or any woman than this—happiness. Even the suicide seeks happiness, his act that slips the cable of existence, being always an attempt to flee from misery, which is the opposite pole from happiness.

¶ In man's search for happiness his perceptions pass through three separate and distinct forms of reason. The first and lowest form is rather a condition of unreason than reason. The man does not yet comprehend that life is a sequence, that this happens today because that happened yesterday—that effect follows cause. He seeks happiness, and he wants it now. He knows nothing of the pleasures of anticipation, the beauty of patience, the splendid reward for self-control.

The lowest type in this stage is represented by the savage. Mrs. General Custer tells of a certain band of Sioux Indians that were being conducted to a reservation by a regiment of soldiers. A hard march was ahead, and this was fully explained to all. Two days' rations were dealt out to soldiers and captives alike. Immediately on receiving their rations, the Indians squatted on the ground and ate the two days' rations at a sitting. Some were unable to move; others were sick, and the march was delayed until these found relief. The soldiers, of course, stowed the eatables into their haversacks, and pieced them out so as to last ❧ ❧

The Indian knows no such thing as restraint: if he gets hold of whiskey he drinks until he falls down stupefied: hence the laws against selling strong drink to Red Men. The Indian banks no

fuel against the winter—in fact, he rather expects that winter will never come again. He prays the Great Spirit to prolong the Indian Summer indefinitely, and expects his prayer to be answered ❧ ❧

The difference between a great many men and the Indian, in this matter of reckoning consequences, is slight. Men give notes hoping and half expecting they will never come due. They draw health drafts upon futurity and hope to evade payment. The sight is common of men in full dress, wearing diamonds in their shirt bosoms, carrying two watches where one would answer the purpose, drinking champagne like water and wooing the means of debility and disease, forgetful of the morrow.

Still other men, a little higher up the scale, but still in this first stage of reason (or un-reason) will care for their physical health, collect fuel against the coming winter, materially provide for the rainy day, but will leave their whole spiritual acreage a tangle of briars and brambles. They will study statute law so as to keep on the right side of the sheriff, and yet deal in subterfuge, trickery, untruth, and play hide and seek with the decalog, expecting to go unpunished.

They do not know that to enslave another is to have one end of the chain riveted to your own wrist. They do not know that to cheat another is to cheat yourself. They do not know that nothing can be concealed nor hidden, and that everything, good or bad, reacts on the doer, and that men are punished by their sins, not for them.

They are a little higher in intelligence than the savage, but still in the first stage—they seek happiness by appropriation. They plot, plan, connive, scheme, and hold back a part of the price, with intent of, and in the hope of securing a personal and exclusive good—that is to say, happiness.

The second stage is the period of virtue. The man has caught glimpses into the law of consequences. He knows that headache

follows debauch, that satiety follows license, that notes come due, and that there is a difference between right and wrong.

That is, in fact, his distinguishing feature—he knows right from wrong. He thinks much on this subject, he talks about it, writes about it, preaches about it—right and wrong. He separates this from that, eschews evil and cleaves to that which is good: his life is given up to separating good from bad, and all that which he thinks is good he desires to appropriate, and what he thinks is bad he discards.

If he has the power he passes laws forbidding under severe penalties this, that and the other. He sees that certain things are "sins" and so he would stamp them out. He knows what is best (or he thinks he does), and for the good of men he would restrain them, and compel them to follow in the straight and narrow path. Such were the Puritans, the Huguenots, the early Methodists and all that excellent class that exists now and have always existed, known as Primitive Christians. You may know the people of the second stage by the propensity to separate the good from the bad. They divide the days into secular and sacred; they have buildings that are "sacred;" and rites, ceremonies and functions that are "holy." They even have Holy Men who are supposed to be close to the throne of God, and these men "intercede" in behalf of others who have small influence, if any, with Deity.

Men in this second stage believe that God loves some men more than others, that he hates certain people, and that some souls will be "saved" and others "lost." They are always separating good from bad, right from wrong, sheep from goats, angels from devils, virtue from vice, learned from ignorant, sinful from righteous, truth from error.

Lincoln once arose (and he used to arise a joint at a time) to reply to the learned counsel on the other side. He began by telling of a steamboat that used to run on the Sangamon. The

boiler of this boat was so small and its whistle so big, that when it whistled it could n't run, and when it was running it could n't whistle. " So it is with my learned friend," said Lincoln. " When he thinks he can not talk, and when be begins to talk he leaves off thinking."

This story applies to many good people in stage two that we are now considering. They can not love virtue without hating vice, and finally they find so much to avoid that most of their time is spent in shunning things. It is as if Lincoln's Sangamon steamboat had spent most of its time blowing its whistle, in which case it would have made no progress.

These men can not love virtue without hating vice—their detestation of wrong evolves in them a mood which they call " righteous indignation; " so in spite of their undoubted honesty and deep sincerity, they are dangerous if given unlimited power. They hate the wrong more than they love the right, so in many instances there is more hate than love in their characters: the entire fabric of their lives is stained with hate. Happily this class has many lines of cleavage, and so separates into denominations, sects and clans that hold each other in check.

Carlyle tells of a certain village in the dominion of Peter the Great where a few Catholic families dwelt. The " best citizens " felt that these Catholics were a menace to the well-being of the place, as " they were worshipers of images and hopelessly given over to popery." So, for the good of the place, and the glory of God, the first citizens sent a commission to the King asking permission to kill the Catholics.

The King heard their prayer and agreed to give them the desired permission, provided they would agree to his giving other Catholics permission to kill them.

" Oh, but your Majesty," replied the commissioners, " there is a difference—you seem to forget that we are in possession of the True Faith! "

Men in this second stage live a life of struggle—they wrestle with the spirit for a blessing, they struggle with the world of wrong, and they tussle with the demon within. They believe that their own natures are rooted in evil, and to eradicate this devil within is the chief thought of their lives. Their energies are given over, in great degree, to " resisting temptation." They are abstainers, and to abstain from certain things they think constitutes " virtue." Their lives are largely negative, not positive; and to suppress and repress they believe is the duty of every one. In fact, the idea of " duty " is forever strong upon them.

¶ The first stage does not distinguish between right and wrong.

¶ The distinguishing feature of the second stage is, it separates right from wrong.

The third stage resembles the first to the uninitiated, for it does not seek to separate right from wrong. It recognizes that at the base of evil lies good; and that right and wrong are relative terms and easily shift places. It believes more in the goodness of bad people than the badness of good people. It sees that sin is misdirected energy, and also that often through sin do men reach the light, and it recognizes that that which teaches can not be wholly bad.

Of course, these three stages that I have outlined, are to a degree arbitrary classifications, for they all overlap more or less, and a man may be in one stage one day and in another the next. Yet true types of stages number one and number two exist on every hand, and can easily be recalled by all observing men. Stage number three is not so sharply defined; men in this class are often unknown to those nearest them, and to the uninitiated they are sometimes pigeonholed with class one—they are branded " infidels." But you need not be disturbed by this, for if you have read history you know that the " infidel " has often been a person with faith plus.

He is ahead of his fellows, when they are quite sûre he is behind.

¶ The true type of man in stage three believes in all religions and in all gods. He sympathizes with every sect, but belongs to none. He recognizes that every religion is a reaching out for help, a prayer for light, and that a sect is merely a point of view. He recognizes that there is good in all, and that a man's "god" is the highest concept of what he would like to be—his god is himself at his best, and the devil is himself at his worst.

Yet the wise man does not cavil at the multiplicity of beliefs and strife of sects. For himself he would much prefer a religion that would unite men, not divide them. Yet he perceives that denominations represent stages of development in the onward and upward spiral of existence. There is much clay in their formation, and all are in a seething state of unrest; but each is doing its work in ministering to a certain type of mind. Birds moult their feathers because they are growing better feathers; and so in time will these same "orthodox" believers gladly moult the opinions for which they once stood ready to fight.

¶ The wise man not only believes in all religions, but in all men—good, bad, ignorant, learned, the weak, the strong. He recognizes that night is as necessary as day; that all seasons are good; and that all weather is beautiful. The fierce blowing wind purifies the air, just as running water purifies itself. The winter is a preparation for summer.

Each and every thing is a part of the great whole. We are brother to the bird, the animal, the tree and the flower. Life is everywhere —even in the rocks— "a square foot of sod contains at least two hundred separate forms of existence," said Grant Allen. Life is everywhere, and it is all one life, and we are particles of it.

¶ And this life is good.

Of all human reason none is more valuable than that higher understanding which comprehends that in nature no mistakes are made; and that all the seeming errors of men—so-called "sins" —are stepping stones that can be used to reach a higher good.

Every truth is a paradox, and every strong man supplies the argument for his own undoing; each truth is only a half truth—and the statement of truth always involves a contradiction. Wise men realize these things, and so they cease to quibble. They know you can explain nothing to any one—if the man does not already know it, your anxious efforts to make him see will all be futile. ¶ Every man does what he does because he, at the moment, thinks it is the best thing for him to do. He believes he makes a choice, but the truth is, his nature succumbs to the strongest attraction; and he is as much under the dominion of natural laws as if he were pure oxygen or nitrogen. Schopenhauer once said if you saw a stone rolling down hill and you would stop it and ask it why it rolled down hill, if it had conscious life, it would undoubtedly answer, "I roll down hill because I choose to." ¶ Any man of certain temperament, who has had certain experiences, and is possessed of certain qualities, will always do a certain thing under certain conditions. And if you can find another man like him, he will also do exactly the same thing as the first under like conditions.

Knowing these things, the man of wisdom does not blame anybody for anything. He may pity, but he does not attempt to punish, for he knows that the law of consequences sees that exact justice is done to every one, and he never makes the mistake of supposing that he is divinely appointed to act the part of a section of the day of judgment. He will influence if he can—he will reform, educate and lead out, but he will not try to repress nor chastise.

His life will be one long pardon; one inexhaustible pity; one infinite love and therefore, one infinite strength.

Anchorage is what most people pray for, when what we really need is God's great open sea. The command, "Sail on, and on, and on, and on!" comes only to those who are in stage three, or the stage of enlightenment.

It is almost too much to expect that the period of insight and perfect poise should be more than transient. Yet it does exist, and there is no reason why it should not in time become a habit of life. Most free souls who have reached this state of " cosmic consciousness," will testify that insight came first as a thrill, and the periods then gradually extended as mastery became complete. It was a matter of growth—an evolution. Yet growth never proceeds at an even, steady pace, either in the realm of spirit or matter. There are bursts and bounds—throes and throbs—and then times of seeming inaction. But this inaction is only a gathering together of forces for the coming leap—the fallow years are just as natural, just as necessary as the years of plenty.

¶ " Who shall relieve me of the body of this death? " cried the prophet. He had in mind the ancient custom of punishing the murderer by chaining him to the dead body of his victim. Wherever the man went he had to drag the putrefying corpse—he could not disentangle himself from the result of his evil act. No more horrible punishment could possibly be devised; but Nature has a plan of retribution that is very much akin to it. What more terrible than this: The evil thing you do shall at once become an integral part of what you are.

You can not escape it—no concealment is possible, you are what you are on account of what you have done.

The man who imagined that scene of the " Final Judgment " where the righteous file into paradise and the wicked are tumbled into perdition, had a certain conception of life. And this conception was that separation of good people from bad, with an impassable gulf between, was a good thing. Yet the man to whom is attributed this parable did not believe in extrication, for his life was a living protest against it. He deliberately associated with so-called bad people, and surely had more love for the sinner than he had for the so-called righteous.

The law of consequences works both ways: by associating with

the sinner and recognizing the good in him you unconsciously recognize the good in yourself. The love you give away is the only love you keep—by benefiting another you benefit yourself. ¶ The thought of getting safely out of the world has no part in the life of the enlightened man—to live fully while he is here is his problem—one world at a time is enough for him. He believes that that which is good here is good in every star, and the Power that is caring for him here will not forsake him there.

Crimes Against Criminals

ONE of the most eloquent addresses ever given by Colonel Robert Ingersoll was entitled " Crimes Against Criminals." This speech was delivered in 1890, at Albany, before the New York State Bar Association. The voice that repeated those ringing words is forever stilled, but if you will read the printed speech today you will feel the generous heart-throb of a great and sympathetic man, and through your nerves will pulse and vibrate the same emotions that stirred the soul of the speaker as he gave his message.

To feel as the artist felt—that is the true test of art, says Colonel Ingersoll

All nations seem to have supreme confidence in the deterrent power of threatened and inflicted pain. They have regarded punishment as the shortest road to reformation. Imprisonment, torture, death, constituted a trinity under whose protection society might feel secure.

In addition to these, nations have relied on confiscation and degradation, on maimings, whippings, brandings, and exposures to public ridicule and contempt. Connected with the court of justice was the chamber of torture. The ingenuity of man was exhausted in the construction of instruments that would surely reach the most sensitive nerve. All this was done in the interest of civilization—for the protection of virtue, and the well-being of society. Curiously enough, the fact is, that, no matter how severe the punishments were, the crimes increased.

Degradation has been thoroughly tried, with its maimings and brandings, and the result has been that those who inflicted the punishments became as degraded as their victims.

Only a few years ago there were more than two hundred offenses in Great Britain punishable by death. The gallows-tree bore fruit through all the year, and the hangman was the busiest official in the kingdom—but the criminals increased.

Crimes were committed to punish crime, and crimes were com-

mitted to prevent crimes. The world has been filled with prisons and dungeons, with chains and whips, with crosses and gibbets, with thumbscrews and racks, with hangmen and headsmen—and yet these frightful means and instrumentalities and crimes have accomplished little for the preservation of property or life. It is safe to say that governments have committed far more crimes than they have prevented.

There is no reformation in degradation. To mutilate a criminal is to say to all the world that he is a criminal, and to render his reformation substantially impossible. Whoever is degraded by society becomes its enemy. The seeds of malice are sown in his heart, and to the day of his death he will hate the hand that sowed the seeds.

There is another side to this question: A punishment that degrades the punished will degrade the man who inflicts the punishment, and will degrade the government that procures the infliction. The whipping post pollutes, not only the whipped, but the whipper, and not only the whipper, but the community at large. Wherever its shadow falls it degrades.

If, then, there is no reforming power in degradation—no deterrent power—for the reason that the degradation of the criminal degrades the community, and in this way produces more criminals, then the next question is, whether there is any reforming power in torture? The trouble with this is that it hardens and degrades to the last degree the ministers of the law. Those who are not affected by the agonies of the bad, will in a little time care nothing for the sufferings of the good. There seems to be a little of the wild beast in man—a something that is fascinated by suffering, and that delights in inflicting pain. When a government tortures, it is in the same state of mind that the criminal was when he committed his crime. It requires as much malice in those who execute the law, to torture a criminal, as it did in the criminal to torture and kill his victim. The one was a crime by a person, and the other by a nation.

The other day I asked these questions: "Has there been as much heroism displayed for the right as for the wrong? Has virtue had as many martyrs as vice?"

For hundreds of years the world has endeavored to destroy the good by force. The expression of honest thought was regarded

as the greatest of crimes. Dungeons were filled by the noblest and the best, and the blood of the bravest was shed by the sword or consumed by flame. It was impossible to destroy the longing in the heart of man for liberty and truth. Is it not possible that brute force and cruelty and revenge, imprisonment, torture and death, are as impotent to do away with vice as to destroy virtue?

¶ Have not we advanced far enough intellectually to deny the existence of chance? Are we not satisfied now that back of every act and thought and dream and fancy is an efficient cause? Is anything, or can anything, be produced that is not necessarily produced? Can the fatherless and the motherless exist? Is there not a connection between all events, and is not every act related to all other acts? Is it not possible, is it not probable, is it not true, that the actions of all men are determined by countless causes over which they have no positive control?

In our country there has been for many years a growing feeling that convicts should neither be degraded nor tortured. It was provided in the constitution of the United States that "cruel and unusual punishments should not be inflicted." Benjamin Franklin took great interest in the treatment of prisoners, being a thorough believer in the reforming influence of justice, having no confidence whatever in punishment for punishment's sake.

¶ To me it has always been a mystery how the average man, knowing something of the weakness of human nature, something of the temptations to which he himself has been exposed—remembering the evil of his life, the things he would have done had there been opportunity, had he absolutely known that discovery would be impossible—should have feelings of hatred toward the imprisoned.

Is it possible that the average man assaults the criminal in a spirit of self-defense? Does he wish to convince his neighbors that the evil thought and impulse were never in his mind? Are his words a shield he uses to protect himself from suspicion? For my part, I sympathize sincerely with all failures, with the victims of society, with those who have fallen, with the imprisoned, with the hopeless, with those who have been stained by verdicts of guilty, and with those who, in the moment of passion, have destroyed as with a blow, the future of their lives.

If we are to change the conduct of men, we must change their

conditions. Extreme poverty and crime go hand in hand. Destitution multiplies temptations and destroys the finer feelings. The bodies and souls of men are apt to be clad in light garments. If the body is covered with rags, the soul is generally in the same condition. Self-respect is gone—the man looks down—he has neither hope nor courage. He becomes sinister—he envies the prosperous—hates the fortunate, and despises himself.

As long as children are raised in the tenement and gutter, the prisons will be full. The gulf between the rich and poor will grow wider. One will depend on cunning, the other on force. It is a great question whether those who live in luxury can afford to let others exist in want. The value of property depends, not on the prosperity of the few, but on the prosperity of a very large majority. Life and property must be secure, or that subtle thing called "value" takes its leave. The property of the many is a perpetual menace. If we expect a prosperous and peaceful country, the citizens must have homes. The more homes, the more patriots, the more virtue, and the more security for all that gives worth to life.

I would exempt homes of a certain value not only from levy and sale, but from every kind of taxation, State and National—so that these people would feel that they were in partnership with nature—that some of the land was absolutely theirs, and that no one could drive them from their homes—so that mothers could feel secure. If the home increased in value, and exceeded the limit, then taxes could be paid on the excess; and if the home was sold, I would have the money realized exempt for a certain time in order that the family should have the privilege of buying another home.

The home, after all, is the unit of civilization, of good government; and to secure homes for a great majority of our citizens, would be to lay the foundation of our government deeper and broader and stronger than that of any nation that has existed among men.

No one places a higher value upon the free school than I do and no one takes greater pride in the prosperity of our colleges and universities. But at the same time, much that is called education simply unfits men successfully to fight the battle of life. Thousands are today studying things that will be of exceeding little

importance to them or to others. Much valuable time is wasted in studying languages that long ago were dead, and histories in which there is no truth.

There was an idea in the olden time—and it is not yet dead—that whoever was educated ought not to work; that he should use his head and not his hands. Graduates were ashamed to be found engaged in manual labor—in plowing fields, in sowing, or in gathering grain. To manly independence they preferred the garret and the precarious existence of an unappreciated poet or artist, borrowing money from their friends, and their ideas from the dead. The cultured regarded the useful as degrading—they were willing to stain their souls to keep their hands white.

¶ The object of all education should be to increase the usefulness of man—usefulness to himself and to others. Every human being should be taught that his first duty is to take care of himself, and that to be self-respecting he must be self-supporting. To live on the labor of others, either by force which enslaves, or by cunning which robs, or by borrowing or begging, is wholly dishonorable. Every man should be taught some useful art. His hands should be educated as well as his head. He should be taught to deal with things as they are—with life as it is. This would give a feeling of independence, which is the firmest foundation of honor, of character. Every man knowing that he is useful thinks well of himself

In all schools children should be taught to work in wood and iron, to understand the construction and use of machinery, to become acquainted with the great forces that man is using to do his work.

In this way boys and girls would learn their aptitudes—would ascertain what they were fitted for—what they could do. It would not be a guess, or an experiment, but a demonstration. Education should increase a boy's chances for getting a living. The real good of it is to get food and roof and raiment, opportunity to develop the mind and the body and live a full and ample life

The more real education, the less crime—and the more homes, the fewer prisons.

The fear of punishment may deter some, the fear of exposure others; but there is no real reforming power in fear or punish-

ment. Men can not be tortured into greatness, into goodness. All this, as I said before, has been thoroughly tried. The idea that punishment was the only relief, found its limit, in the old doctrine of eternal pain: but the believers in that dogma stated distinctly that the victims never would be, and never could be, reformed.

¶ I am satisfied that the discipline of the average prison hardens and degrades. It is for the most part a perpetual exhibition of arbitrary power. There is really no appeal. The cries of the convict are not heard beyond the walls. The protests die in cells, and the poor prisoner feels that the last tie between him and his fellowmen has been broken. He is kept in ignorance of the outer world. The prison is a cemetery, and his cell is a grave.

In many of the penitentiaries there are instruments of torture, and now and then a convict is murdered. Inspections and investigations go for naught because the testimony of a convict goes for naught. He is generally prevented by fear from telling his wrongs; but if he speaks, he is not believed—he is regarded as less than a human being, and so the imprisoned remain without remedy. When the visitors are gone, the convict who has spoken is prevented from speaking again.

Every manly feeling, every effort toward real reformation is trampled under foot, so that when the convict's time is out there is little left on which to build. He has been humiliated to the last degree, and his spirit has so long been bent by authority and fear that even the desire to stand erect has almost faded from his mind. The keepers feel that they are safe, because no matter what they do, the convict when released will not tell the story of his wrongs, for if he conceals his shame, he must also hide their guilt.

Every penitentiary should be a real reformatory. That should be the principal object for the establishment of the prison. The men in charge should be of the kindest and noblest. They should be filled with divine enthusiasm for humanity, and every means should be taken to convince the prisoner that his good is sought—that nothing is done for revenge—nothing for a display of power, and nothing for the gratification of malice. He should feel that the warden is his unselfish friend. When a convict is charged with a violation of the rules—with subordination, or with any offense, there should be an investigation in due and proper form, giving

the convict an opportunity to be heard. He should not be for one moment the victim of irresponsible power. He would then feel that he had some rights, and that some little of the human remained in him still. They should be taught things of value—instructed by competent men. Pains should be taken, not to punish, not to degrade, but to benefit and ennoble.

We know, if we know anything, that men in the penitentiaries are not altogether bad, and that many out are not altogether good; and we feel that in the brain and heart of all, there are the seeds of good and bad. We know, too, that the best are liable to fall, and it may be that the worst, under certain conditions, may be capable of grand and heroic deeds. Of one thing we may be assured—and that is, that criminals will never be reformed being robbed, humiliated and degraded.

All the penalties, all the punishments, are inflicted under a belief that man can do right under all circumstances—that his conduct is absolutely under his control, and that his will is a pilot that can, in spite of winds and tides, reach any port desired. All this is, in my judgment, a mistake. It is a denial of the integrity of nature. It is based upon the supernatural and miraculous, and as long as this mistake remains the cornerstone of criminal jurisprudence, reformation will be impossible.

We must take into consideration the nature of man—the facts of mind—the power of temptation—the limitations of the intellect—the force of habit—the result of heredity—the power of passion—the domination of want—the diseases of the brain—the tyranny of appetite—the cruelty of conditions—the results of association—the effects of poverty and wealth, of helplessness and power.

¶ Until these subtle things are understood—until we know that man, in spite of all, can certainly pursue the highway of the right, society should not impoverish and degrade, should not chain and kill those who, after all, may be the helpless victims of unknown causes that are deaf and blind.

We know something of ourselves—of the average man—of his thoughts, passions, fears and aspirations—something of his sorrows and his joys, his weakness, his liability to fall—something of what he resists—the struggles, the victories and the failures of his life. We know something of the tides and currents of the mysterious sea—something of the circuits of the wayward winds—

but we do not know where the wild storms are born that wreck and rend. Neither do we know in what strange place the mists and clouds are formed that darken all the heaven of the mind, nor from whence comes the tempest of the brain in which the will to do, sudden as the lightning's flash, seizes and holds the man until the dreadful deed is done that leaves a curse upon the soul. ¶ We do not know. Our ignorance should make us hesitate. Our weakness should make us merciful.

Crimes against criminals are bad enough, but what shall we say when a Government organized to protect men, commits crimes against the innocent?

There has recently been released from the Jeffersonville, Missouri, State Prison a man who after serving ten years for murder, has been found to be innocent, through the deathbed confession of the man who committed the crime.

During the interval, the wife of the incarcerated man procured a divorce on the grounds of her husband being a convicted felon. All of the man's property was used in the defense, and now after being robbed by the State of the best years of his life, he is thrust out sick and nerveless to fight life's battle alone. For the injury done this man by the Government, no redress is possible ❧ ❧

Roland B. Molineux has been declared " Not Guilty " by a jury after a second trial. At the first trial he was convicted on the testimony of hired experts, because the inscription on a package of poison sent through the mails looked like his handwriting. He was sentenced to be electrocuted and was in the death chamber at Sing Sing for six months. Only the most determined fight on the part of his counsel, F. S. Black, saved him. The prosecution had transformed itself into persecution, and the attorneys in the employ of the State had set their hearts on having Molineux executed ❧ ❧

No average lawyer could save him—only a man of giant personality could stand against the beating-down blows of these

hired hangmen of the Government. Black threw himself into the breach, and fought a legal fight, which, even if he had never done anything else, would have placed his name, forever, right in the front rank of American lawyers. Not only was the prosecution bound to have Molineux's blood, but they branded Black with accusations so base that he refused to even deny them, until the trial had reached a point where the matter weighed in the scale neither one way nor the other.

Through the efforts of Black, Molineux was given his freedom. Had the prisoner not had influential friends the Government would have snuffed out his life, and that would a' been an end on 't

As it is, the State took an athlete, robbed him of four years' time, and gives him back to society a wreck.

For Molineux there is no redress.

Such cases are neither infrequent, nor extraordinary. The Benham case at Batavia, New York, is still fresh in the minds of the public. Benham was accused of murder, tried, found guilty, and was awaiting the death penalty when Arthur C. Wade became interested in the case.

Wade became convinced that the evidence which convicted this man was insufficient, improper and should not have been admitted. In fact, the jury had assumed the prisoner guilty of murder because it had been shown that he was "immoral." The matter had gone to a point where Benham was almost lost sight of in the amount of legal rubbish that had been piled high upon him. Only a man of master mind could sift and sort this brush pile. The reputation of the prosecuting lawyers was at stake—this man Benham must die.

And to make the Government loose its fangs on the victim was the herculean task of Arthur C. Wade. No common lawyer would have been listened to by judge, jury or society—public opinion was all with the prosecution; as much so as when the Salem

witchcraft mania was an epidemic. Some thought Wade was eternally disgraced for even attempting the case. But Wade is a fighter of the fighters, an honest, fearless, tremendous personality.

¶ Wade cleared his client.

And the State turned Benham out—a broken-down wreck of a man

And for Benham there was no redress.

Lawyers like F. S. Black and Arthur C. Wade are very exceptional —only a few such men are found in each generation, and for the lack of such defenders how many poor wretches go to the gallows—who shall say?

Dreyfus, who suffered all the pains of the damned at the hands of the French Government, has no redress.

Every lawyer is familiar with scores of cases where innocent men are kept locked up for months and the cases finally " nolle prossed " for want of evidence.

At Ebensburg, Pennsylvania, I once happened to be present when a man accused of larceny was found not guilty. The State had simply seized the wrong person.

The accused man had a wife and a family of five children. He had been in jail for six months—all of his little savings were gone. The case was so pitiful that it touched the heart of Sheriff Wertz, who took up a collection for the poor fellow. The judge and every lawyer in the room contributed, and they sent the man back to his almost starving family with a hundred dollars in his pocket.

Such cases of dire distress are familiar to every habituè of court rooms, but seldom it is that the poor unfortunate finds the manly generosity that was meted out by that sheriff and the lawyers of Ebensburg

That a Government organized to protect men should at times outrage, persecute and destroy them, and then provide no remedy at all in way of redress seems the very acme of injustice. If a

reckless driver runs over a pedestrian, the injured man can have the driver arrested for " criminal carelessness," and may also demand damages. If a passenger is killed on a railroad train, those dependent upon him can enforce their claim. Should an employer fail to provide proper protection for his helpers and they are injured, there is a redress.

But the Government—our United States Government—can legally deprive innocent men of their liberty, cause their property to be confiscated, and finally take the victim's life. After the man is dead, it may be very apparent that he was innocent of the crime charged; but his children will starve on the court-house steps, and his wife die in the streets so far as the courts that condemned the man are concerned.

This shocking perversion of justice that can be done by the machinery of justice has its rise in the barbaric maxim of English Law, " The king can do no wrong."

It was supposed that a king was a sort of divinity, and our idea of God has always been patterned after our Chief Ruler. The king could not make a mistake—he was always right, hence he was immune from arrest and his actions could not be reviewed. ¶ The action of our Supreme Court can not be reviewed, because there is no court higher than that court. We seem to forget that those who govern get their power from the people, and the people, who make a Government can unmake it or change it as they will.

When the courts have deprived a man of his liberty, and he is afterward found to be innocent, there should be a way provided to reimburse him and his family for their loss, and a recompense provided for the disgrace which the Government has inflicted upon them. No reparation can be complete, but the Government should at least set its citizens an example of righteousness and good intent.

Here is an opportunity for some lawmaker to take the initiative

and achieve immortality. If I were a member of Congress, I would never rest until there was a law passed that would provide some sort of redress for men whom the Government had wronged.

¶ As matters now stand, the Government can seize and put to death one of its innocent citizens and then say to his wife, like the Lynching Committee that had hanged the wrong man, "I reckon you 've got the laugh on us!"

If the Government takes the life of an innocent man, it is no less murder than if the man had died at the hands of a private citizen, or a mob. In the case of a man killed by a mob, the next of kin can enforce the claim against the local government, but when the Government itself becomes a mob, there is no redress.

¶ Only one Government, of which I know has faced this iniquity with an earnest desire to remedy it, and that is New Zealand. In New Zealand if you are arrested for a crime against the State, and on trial found innocent, there is a Board of Equity that inquires into your earning power and you are reimbursed for the time you have lost, and the actual outlay you have made in the way of defense is made good.

The only argument against such a law is that it opens the way for fraud on the part of criminals through a connivance with the officers of the courts.

This, however, is hardly worthy of serious consideration. I cannot comprehend a criminal voluntarily giving himself up and running the risk of trial, on even trumped-up charges, for the moderate stipend he might receive by way of redress. And if he was not a criminal by nature he surely would not invite the disgrace of being locked up under any consideration. And in the case of capital crimes, like that of Benham and Molineux, there is not alone the risk of the "uncertain jury," but there is the stigma that no man can ever live down who has been on trial for his life ☙ ☙

That such a law would tend to lessen the number of arrests,

through caution and the danger of arresting the wrong man, may be true, but this would be an advantage rather than otherwise, for we have too long made fiction of the Bible truth that it is better that ninety-nine guilty men should escape, than that one innocent man should suffer.

There is a maxim of law that every man is supposed to be innocent until he is proven guilty. This, however, is a beautiful legal fiction —it is what the late Samuel J. Tilden would have called a barren ideality. When a man is arrested the entire machinery of the Government assumes he is guilty.

And if the prosecuting attorneys fail to convict the man he is still believed to be guilty—and " Not Proven " is the esoteric verdict written in invisible ink on the blotter.

And right there lies the opposition to reimbursing men who have been imprisoned and found " Not Guilty." The law does not recognize the verdict " Not Proven," but the assumption usually is that the man deserved all he got, and the pity was he did not get more.

Lawyers and judges do not care to say it very loud, but this is their attitude—every man arrested is guilty, and if you reimburse all those you fail to prove guilty, you will be pensioning an army of rogues.

But I have yet to find the judge who dare frankly and publicly put the argument in that form. To do so is to repudiate absolutely the maxim that every man is supposed to be innocent until he is proven guilty. And moreover, to assume that men not proven guilty deserve punishment and can be punished, is to make the law a living farce.

There is now an evasion of justice by which men may be legally punished who are not proven guilty and the courts seemingly look with disfavor upon any plan to curtail this illegal privilege which they enjoy. There is no precedent for the curtailment—and the courts oppose by instinct any innovation.

And that the courts and criminals should connive in order to plunder the State, I do not for a moment believe. For the most part our courts are in the hands of honest men—mistakes may be made, weakness and limitation may enter, but I think too well of the judgment of the people to believe that they elect to office men who would systematically rob them if they could.

So let us not beg the question. View the subject as you will, when no man is safe from arrest and imprisonment, and when he may have to spend a quarter of a million dollars in proving himself innocent, and he then has no redress against this Government of the people, for the people and by the people, that can legally wrong and destroy some of its people, there is something grievously wrong.

It is a big subject and it will not down. The topic is up for discussion—it can never be smiled away nor shelved; it may be temporarily waived, or postponed, but eventually it must be frankly met.

Private and Public Schools

SAID a man to me the other day referring to the son of a certain millionaire, "Poor boy, he can't get along in the public school, so they are obliged to send him away to a private boarding-school." ❧ ❧

Just what the difficulty was with the boy I did not inquire, but the remark clung to me, and I concluded that a boy of twelve who can not get along in a public school is probably a slight departure from the normal, physically, mentally or morally. He is a defective, and so it is necessary to put him under private care and tutorship.

Some years ago it was quite the fashion in America, if a family had the money, to ignore the public school. We thought the private school was better; but within ten years the idea has gained ground that if the child is taken from the public school and put under private tutorship, there is something the matter with the child and not the school. "Poor boy, he could n't get along," etc.

¶ This change in sentiment has come about through a constant betterment in the public schools, and the discovery that the private tutor, being human, is more intent on pleasing the parents than making men or women of the boys and girls in his charge ❧ ❧

Just take this matter home to yourself: You are a banker, merchant or railroad manager: you need a young man to help you in your business; two boys apply, seemingly of equal intelligence. One boy has been educated in the public schools, the other is fresh from a boarding academy—now which boy do you choose?

¶ I 'll tell you—you 'll take the public school boy without a second thought, for the reason that you consider he probably knows the world of work, business and things much better than the other. You want a helper who can go after things and bring

them, and you assume that the private school boy has been cared for and protected while the other boy has had to care for himself ❧ ❧

The public school is life; the private school is a preparation for life. ¶ But while America has constantly bettered her public schools, and the thought is everywhere strong among thinking men that a common school education is the best foundation for a career, regardless of the financial ability of the parents, England still sticks to the idea that the free school is a makeshift. To attend such a school is a sort of stigma on the parents and a brand on the child ❧ ❧

In some things England may surpass us, but in the matter of school teaching she dates to 1858.

In America our first schools were free schools supported by a general tax. The private school came later when some of us began to accumulate fortunes and imitate foreign ways. England began with private schools and her free schools came later as a matter of charity. So to this day they are called "Parish Schools" or "Ragged Schools," and it is the prayer of every fond parent that he may earn enough so that he will not be subjected to the humiliation of sending his children to the parish school. To do this would to a degree be "upon the parish." He would as lief send them to a souphouse for their dinner or to a free bathhouse to be made clean.

A "public school" in England is not a free school. Eton, Harrow and Rugby are public schools where you can send your boy for the trifle of fifteen hundred dollars a year. If he goes through the institution he carries with him forever a sort of prestige, whereas, the free school boy has acquired a stigma.

Our idea of college education is much the same; only the rich can afford Harvard, Yale or Princeton—it means social distinction. And this makes our limitations—we are after honors first, education is another thing.

But as we are discovering the fallacy of the private school, so are we giving less and less importance to college training, *per se*. ¶ We want the competent man. Self-reliance, patience, good cheer—the ability to be useful—these are the things we are working for in the public schools of America. And we are all working for them—the man or woman in a community who does not take a pride and interest in his public school has a very small and insignificant soul. And this general interest of the best minds tokens a continual betterment—we are going somewhere ❧ ❧

I look for a day when education will be like the landscape, free for all. Beauty and truth should be free to every one who has the capacity to absorb. The private school, the private library, the private art gallery, the exclusive college, have got to go. We want no excellence that is not for all. My brother must have all that I have—for my brother is myself and I am here. There must be no educated class, no superior class—every man must feel that he is superior to taking and enjoying a thing from which others by birth or ill-fortune are debarred.

A good man in an exclusive heaven would be in hell.

As long as other men are in prison, I, too, am in bonds.

But the world is getting better: go and visit your village school—any school—and compare it with the school you attended twenty-five years ago! There is beauty on the walls, cleanliness, order, fresh air, light and gentle consideration. Do not expect to find perfection—there is much work yet to do, but we are looking out towards the East! And I expect to see the day when all the great colleges of the land will be absorbed into the general public school system of America.

We are looking toward the East.

The private school in America is an anachronism, a fallacy, an error, a mistake. In England, public schools were once charity schools, and to this day they are called "Ragged Schools,"

and many people of means regard it as a sort of disgrace to send their children to these schools.

But in America this kind of thing has no place, and the parent who fails to uphold the Public School System is a snob with a wuzzy thinkery.

If your child is a mental or physical defective it may be necessary for him to have a private tutor, otherwise not.

The public school is bad enough in being removed from the real industrial world, but the private school keeps its inmates from the real world in a social way. The private school is a hothouse, and when its attendants leave and get out into the real business world they are handicapped by their gentle nurture, and lose time in getting acclimated—if they ever do become so.

¶ Teachers in private schools are very often persons who are unfit to teach in the public schools—they have failed to secure teachers' certificates, and sometimes they knew their own limitations too well to apply for them.

Public Schools were once charity schools—now private schools are charitable institutions—and the teacher is the object of charity, not the pupil.

The public schools demand teachers of a good deal of personality—they must have common sense, soul-weight—character—and failing in these requisites and having nothing to do, and hearing a hungry wolf sniffing on the piazza, they say, like the mother of Dickens, "Go to! I will start a private school for young ladies!" Straightway they put a gilt-lettered sign on the door:

MRS. NICKLEBY'S ESTABLISHMENT

Then if our Mrs. Nickleby has a certain amount of social prestige she goes out and makes a canvass for pupils. Private schools are usually taught by fashion's favorites slightly run down at the heel ❧ ❧

The would-be teacher's friends take the matter up, and various

parents, who are on the fringe of good society are importuned and say, " Why yes, we will send Johnnie or Susie."

So Johnnie or Susie is taken out of the public school in order that the genteel Mrs. Nickleby may receive alms without having her feelings scarified.

We sacrifice Johnnie to please somebody, and incidentally to bamboozle ourselves into the belief that we are in the social natatorium ❧ ❧

Are not most pupils in private schools secured in just this way: by solicitation, directly or through a friend, in order that some one may be helped?

How many music teachers, elocutionists and batty, bumistic artist-nondescripts get a living by securing customers who give up their children to be taught things, just because they want to help the poor cuss? If the poor cuss can not help himself, does n't that prove his unfitness to instruct your child in the way of life? I think so.

However, I may be wrong.

The Mormons

THE Mormons live in Utah—about a hundred and fifty thousand of them. Then there are a hundred thousand more scattered all over the world. The success of the Mormons was due to the masterly brain of Brigham Young, who began active life as a house painter. In 1847, when forty-six years of age, he started for the far west with a company of one hundred and forty-seven men and two women and founded Zion City, now called Salt Lake City.

Brigham Young was a farmer, stock-raiser, manufacturer, merchant and preacher.

The word "Mormon" comes from Moroni—the name of the angel who appeared to Joseph Smith and told him things. Angels all have names, just like folks. This is necessary to protect their property rights, otherwise their robes, when sent to the laundry, would never come back. If angels had no names they would simply be "Say," or "Ah, there!" or "Young fellow," or "John." This angel, Moroni, was evidently Italian, although we get the English variation, "Mormon," and the Celtic, thus, "Moriarity."

¶ The Mormons do not call themselves Mormons—they are "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," which they shorten to "The Saints," or "The Latter Day Saints" in common parlance. The word Mormon was first flung in contempt, like the words Methodist and Quaker, and it has stuck like a mud-ball.

¶ Joseph Smith founded the church in 1830, at the village of Fayette in central New York. Fayette is in Seneca County, only a little way from where Bob Ingersoll was born. Not far away the Fox Sisters heard the rappings which gave goose-flesh to half a continent, and near at hand, later, a man dug up the Cardiff Giant

East Aurora is clear to the other end of the State.

Joseph Smith was born in 1805 of poor but honest parents. He was a sort of canary bird hatched in a crow's nest. He was nervous, sensitive, psychic, clairvoyant. He heard things and saw things, and frightened his mother into hysterics, and confounded the elders when he was wrestling adolescence. He asked questions nobody could answer, and said things nobody could understand. Wise men came from Syracuse and Utica and said he was the Messiah. He sort of took their word for it. I can not, however, find that Joseph Smith ever claimed he was the Messiah, but he looked wise, rolled his eyes, let an air of mystery enfold him, and called himself a prophet. He was a religious mystic—the kind the doctors now treat with hyper-phosphites and massage.

This young man had powers he could not fathom, and he fell a victim to them, and to strengthen himself in the minds of the pop-eyed neighbors, he amended his peculiar abilities with a bit of harmless chicanery. Foolish people often say that spiritualism is fraud—that is a mistake, it is only half fraud, and sometimes innocent fraud at that. Spiritualism is not built on fraud—spiritualism is fraud built on truth. Young Smith found somewhere a dozen old stereotype plates, and these he buried in the ground and then dug them up. He showed these plates to eight of the aforesaid pop-eyed agrarians who pulled their whiskers and made solemn oath that they saw them. They could not read these plates —they were in a strange language—Dutch, or something —they just saw the plates and fell on their knees when Joseph Smith told them that the Angel Moroni had directed him where to dig for them. Joseph also found a fairly good No. Six Urim and Thummim, which was buried with the plates, and anybody who owns a good Urim and Thummim has forever the gift of tongues and the power of prophecy.

The plates disappeared, but this young Joseph Smith, with the big bulging forehead, shortly after produced MSS which he said were a translation from the plates buried by God, and dug

up by himself on request of the Angel Moroni. The book was printed, and is called " The Book of Mormon." It purports to be a history for a thousand years of the tribe of Joseph which emigrated to America 600 B. C. And it also records the interesting fact that Jesus Christ was reincarnated in America after His death in Jerusalem.

I have read the book with care. It is diverse, diffuse, discursive and laboriously archaic. It contains glimpses of good ethics, and seeks to amend and make plain both the Old and the New Testament and still carry the idea that the writer never heard of either. By having the tribe of Joseph move to America, the Garden of Eden story is corroborated. Baptism by immersion is urged; many of the sayings of Jesus are paraphrased; and prophesies, indirect yet obvious, are made concerning Joseph Smith and the Church of the Latter Day Saints of Jesus Christ. Joseph Smith guessed what Jesus would say if He came to America, and guessed pretty well.

Chatterton did better than Smith, although they have points in common. Edgar A. Poe could have given Joseph Smith twenty yards the start and beaten him to a standstill. Ambrose Bierce can do a better job any week with one hand.

People sometimes call " The Book of Mormon," " The Mormon Bible." But this is misleading—the Mormons are Christians and believe most implicity in the Bible, and they further believe in the Book of Mormon. I also believe in the Bible, the Book of Mormon, and in all bound volumes of *The Philistine*.

All these are the Word of God. My brother, John E. Roberts, of Kansas City, says, " Shakespeare, Browning, Whitman, Thoreau and Emerson, were all prophets of God and knew more than did Isaiah, Koheleth, Habakkuk and Jeremiah."

All things that leap hot from human hearts are inspired. The words may be truth to us or half truth—but they always contain some truth—they reveal the man's point of view and are truth

to him. Truth is relative. And anyway, to get pure truth the reader must be inspired just as much as the writer. Words alone express nothing—words are a make-shift, an expedient, an attempt to convey a meaning.

The written English language is a scheme—crude and rude—to convey thoughts by the use of twenty-six letters or symbols placed in certain ways. But by this scheme you can only convey ideas to the man who knows. Reading a book is a collaboration between the reader and the writer, just as music is a collaboration between the listener and the performer.

So remember this, inspired writers require inspired readers.

And words of wisdom will ever be interpreted by fools according to their folly, and words of foolishness will sometimes have truth read into them by guileless minds.

Joseph Smith's story of the graven plates is just the Mosaic tale told again. If God once supplied Moses tablets of stone, why should He not now make stereotype plates for Smith? He changeth not.

None of the miracles recorded in the Book of Mormon are any more difficult to understand and believe than those related in the Bible. And every phrase of Mormon life, including polygamy, finds its authorization in the so-called Word of God.

The Mormons are Christians, and quite as good citizens—just as intelligent, just as hospitable, just as kind, as are the Baptists, Methodists or Presbyterians.

One thing sure—the Roman Catholic Church has no place in Utah. The Church of the Latter Day Saints has nearly as good an organization and seems to surpass it at several points. It is an American Church—born in America for American needs, and built on a Christ who manifested Himself in America. The Book of Mormon is an American sequel to the Bible, just as the New Testament is a sequel to the Old. If Christ manifested Himself in Asia, why should n't He come to America? So far as

I know, Joseph Smith was quite as intelligent and just as reliable as John the Disciple.

All denominations are needed—they fit a certain type or temperament. Down in Pennsylvania they break up the coal and send it tumbling through various sieves, and each size finds its place in a separate bin. If sects did not serve mankind, they would never have been evolved—each sect catches a certain-sized man.

A reasonable amount of superstition is a good thing for certain folks—it is a requirement of the human mind: it is an aid to the imagination—the fairy tale is not bad for children. And most men are merely children grown large. The child will throw it away or put a new interpretation upon it at the proper time. A superstition is a crutch—no man will keep it any longer than he needs it—don't take it away from him, leave him alone and let him throw it away for himself. How men have fought for their superstitions—fought and won, and then flung away the thing for which they fought, having found its worthlessness! The wars of the world have mostly been caused by zealots who were trying to make men exchange one set of superstitions for another. All are good—all are bad—it depends upon your point of view.

What we microbes think of God does not make much difference to God—we can only mirror ourselves. We see our highest ideals reflected and call them "God." As we change our ideals, we change our God. God is getting better all the time—higher, nobler, wiser, gentler, kinder. We are parts and particles of God—God 's in His heaven—which is right here—all 's right with the world

I attended the Tabernacle, that most marvelous building erected long before the railroad ran to Salt Lake. I saw six thousand people take part in the religious service—heard addresses by Mormon Elders, listened to a well-trained choir of five hundred voices and was delighted by the playing on that marvelous organ, second in size in America. The people were well dressed,

bright, cheerful, healthy. There is no race suicide in Utah. A beautiful woman of sixty, with whom I conversed, said to me, "God has blessed me greatly—I have borne twelve children, all are alive and well—there are seven of them over there—see! all strong men and women. My sister had nine children—we came here together, my sister and I, in 1864, and married the same man. He passed away two years ago—we all loved and reverenced him in life, and my sister and I and our children live in loving memory of him now. He grew rich, but we all worked, and I have brought my children up to be useful. My husband never spoke to us an unkind word, nor caused us one moment's pain. Two of my sons graduated at Yale, and one at Harvard. That was one of my sister's sons you heard speak this afternoon—he speaks all European languages, and has just returned from Germany where he has been for a year!"

We sat there in the Tabernacle, after the services, and this gray-haired gentle mother in Israel chatted on. Now and then she paused—I had nothing to say. A flood of emotions swept over me. This woman was the embodiment of mother-love, and her heart was filled with religious fervor.

"My sister and I married the same man. God has greatly blessed me—I have borne twelve children. He never spoke to us an unkind word—we live in loving memory of him."

I said nothing, because there was nothing to say. I thought of a man back East who has one wife, and when this man goes on a business trip he knows that probably every evening he is away, another man will be in his parlor and turn the music while this wife sings to him. And then when the husband returns this wife will have a bundle of prevarications ready-made for instant use. She spends every dollar she can get, runs her husband in debt, and tells sad tales to the neighbors about how she is sacrificing her life for an unappreciative wretch.

I thought of another man in Chicago who was granted a divorce

because his wife loved a bulldog more than she did him, and insisted on having the dog sleep in their bed. When the husband protested, she spat in his face, dared him to strike her, and declared she would kiss the undertaker when he died—which she prayed God would be soon. Judge Waterman granted the divorce after this little preliminary:

"You say," said the Judge to the woman, "you love the dog more than you do your husband?"

"Yes, and this is because the dog is much more lovable than the man," answered the lady in half-apology, pulling on her lace handkerchief

"Then I 'll not divorce you from the dog. You may live with him forever, but we will just enter a decree in favor of the man. And I would like to here announce that any man in Illinois who has a wife that loves a dog more than she does him, can get quick relief in this court—Next!"

Had this man just mentioned lived in New York or South Carolina, he would have been chained to this creature for life. I thought of the many married couples who do not heave crockery at each other—but the desire is often there. You do not do away with danger by removing the indicator.

I thought of monogamous marriages where little children run and hide when they hear the coming footsteps of their father; of drunken men who beat their wives, and of others who quibble, quarrel and make their house a hell. And I asked myself this question—"Is monogamy wholly good?" And the inward answer was, "It may be and it may not."

And then I asked myself this question, "Is polygamy wholly bad?" And the inward answer was, "It may be and it may not!" Monogamy is not necessarily the beautiful picture of unselfish love that the story books show, and polygamy is not the shameful thing that the W. C. T. U. of Connecticut think.

A man in Utah may have three wives, and treat all with infinite

tenderness; and another man may live in Boston and have one wife, and use her to bat up flies.

Wild ducks are monogamous, but domesticate them and they become polygamous; the coyote is monogamous, while the mountain sheep is polygamous—and God seems to smile on each and all according to their needs. Laws for the suppression of polygamy are made by men "imperfectly monogamous," and are founded on the idea that man by nature is base and his soul defiled. We doubt that proposition now—we are having more faith in Nature, and as our faith in God increases we govern less—men want to do what is right, and they will if not too much interfered with.

The female fish lays her eggs, and a male fish comes along shortly after, swims over them and fertilizes them. This male fish may not even be on speaking terms with the fish that laid the eggs, he just knows by instinct that she belongs to his species, and this is all he cares. The promiscuous man is not much beyond the fish; but polygamy demands a degree of affinity—there is choice and there is loyalty.

Still higher in the scale a man is found who demands his mental and spiritual mate. The thought of a relationship with any other is not for him—his desire is for his own.

As this article is not published either for children or fools, I wish here to set down a few very plain facts—facts given to me by a prominent Gentile physician in Salt Lake; and facts, too, that will be backed up by men who know the world and dare speak the truth. As for conclusions, I have faith in my readers, let them think it out. The Mormon men and women have always been, and are now, true to their marriage ties.

Polygamy and prostitution are never found together.

Prostitution and monogamy often go together.

Over one-half of the support of prostitutes everywhere, comes from married men.

Venereal disease goes with prostitution, but is absolutely unknown among the Mormons or other polygamists.

The children of polygamous marriages are stronger in physique than the present average among Gentiles in Salt Lake—this because they have stronger mothers. Polygamous men will not marry invalid women. And plural wives are far better life risks than old maids. Old maids are virgins, and bachelor girls may be. "Crime," says Nietzsche, "is man's involuntary protest against government—man was made to be free."

In the States where polygamy is tabu you have promiscuity, and the genius of a Parkhurst backed by the police and the power of Christendom are unable to suppress it. Herbert Spencer once wrote this line, "Polygamy seems to be a variant of man's search for his mate," but no writer ever dare say as much for prostitution.

The man who finds his mate will want no other wife. His heart is full—his life is rounded by love—complete. Few men, perhaps, are worthy and able to appreciate a God-given mate who is at once comrade, counsellor, friend and wife. For the man who has such a wife, polygamy would be repulsive, wicked, wrong—he would none of it.

And yet why should this man worry himself about the man a thousand miles away who has two wives or three? If the wives are willing, whose business is it?

Before the Gentiles came packing into Utah there were no paupers no gamblers, no prostitutes, no drunkards in Salt Lake. There were no jails, no alms-houses, no hospitals—because there was no need of them. Now Salt Lake has all of these attributes of the "higher civilization." But let this fact be stated—and no Gentile in Utah will deny it—the paupers, prostitutes, drunkards and gamblers in Salt Lake are not Mormons. But Mormons are men. They know that Joseph Smith, the founder of their Church, was assassinated by a religious mob; they know that the early

Mormons were persecuted, robbed, maimed and driven into the desert. And so it happened that in early days, no doubt, they often resisted what they deemed encroachment, and human blood was shed. But these things were the mere necessary concomitants of pioneer life. To accuse the Mormon Church of countenancing murder is to repeat the A. P. A. tales told by renegade Catholics, or to rehash the alleged murder of Morgan by the Masons. By their fruits ye shall know them. You can not gather figs from thistles. These people are temperate, industrious, frugal, kind. They are primitive Christians and in their general habit of life very much like the Mennonites and Dunkards. Their religion is a vital thing to them—they speak the truth, keep their promises, and if a man is a Mormon, his credit is good for anything he wants at any store or bank in Salt Lake, be it kept by Jew or Gentile.

I notice that whenever the S. P. Y. C. or the X. Y. B. Z. holds a convention, that things are never complete until resolutions are passed denouncing the Mormons. For the Mormon there is no closed season—all denominations snipe him as lawful prey. Russian prejudice toward the Jews is not more bitter than the feeling often expressed by professing Christians toward the Mormons. However, this, I think, holds: the sects or societies given to sniping, pot their own members between times to keep their hands in. " There is n't brimstone enough in hell for all the folks you say are going there," said the objector.

" I know, I know," responded the darkey preacher, " but everybody who goes to hell carries his own brimstone." The Mormons need not reply to the precious prevaricators—leave 'em alone—the prevaricators will be feeling for each other's jugulars tomorrow. And thus are the unities preserved.

Use no hooks.

With Mormonism, the man stands as the head of the house, just as Christ is the head of the Church, to use the Paulian symbol.

To the wife and children, he is Lord-God. This Lord-God has a home where he lives, and this home is with the particular wife who gives him peace—and other things being equal, who is the best cook.

His other wives live in homes of their own, near at hand or miles away. When the Lord-God goes to see them, he goes as a visitor. He wears his biled shirt, and makes himself agreeable. Men are not rough and brutal with women, excepting where the women have a clutch on them. The caller is always kind. The man who is exacting and small is the one who would like to go calling, but is pinned down, and can't. And if he could, perhaps he would n't, so contradictory is man's nature.

Polygamy puts woman on her good behavior. If a wife wanted to cultivate a bulldog, and make herself unlovely, why she could do it—her liege would leave her alone, and this would be her punishment. Man is not a thinking animal—he is won on the side of his feelings. His heart is very close to his digestive apparatus. He goes where things are most agreeable.

And so among polygamous Mormons, there is always a gentle rivalry among the wives as to who can treat the Lord-God best. Polygamous husbands are not brutal—they are proud, patronizing, kind, with long whiskers. They seek to make a reputation for godliness, because they ever have their eye on still another wife, and only by excellence is annexation possible. An extra wife is a reward given by the Church for well-doing.

There seems to be an idea among ignorant people that Mormons support their wives in idleness, just as the Turks do. But the fact is the Mormon women really support themselves. Such thrift I never saw as on some of those little ten-acre, irrigated farms. Cows, sheep, chickens, fruit and vegetables, and all managed by a woman and her six or eight children. No servants, none have a Thursday, and the mother so all bound up in her children that to be relieved of a husband is often a blessing!

Women with no babies, or possibly one, who live in a flat, want a man all to themselves, and they also often seize the privilege of making eyes at several other men. The fewer the babies the more necessary is the man, and the more babies the less need of the Lord-God—paradoxical as it may seem. The need of the man decreases in inverse ratio to the square of the babies.

¶ It will readily be seen that polygamy goes only with a people who live in a very sparsely settled country where babies are at a premium. Among no other is it possible.

Polygamy does not debase nor prostitute woman. It simply prevents her evolution. In polygamy, there can be no equality—woman is forever an underling. In intellect she can never rise to man's estate and walk with him hand in hand. Man is her master—therein lies the curse to both.

The Mormons have no paid priests nor preachers. The Elders as well as the Apostles all have a business, trade or profession. They speak in public when they have a message. "A priestly class is a menace to society," said Brigham Young. Of course, I know that the Mormon Evangelists seem to form a priestly class, but if they do they overstep the philosophy of Brigham Young, which was that every man should earn his living and not take money for preaching. In this, Brigham Young surely showed himself a true prophet. The meagerness of the average preacher's salary proves that civilization is trying to starve him out—force him to go to work. We need no "pastoral calls." When the priest was doctor, teacher and counsellor, it was right and proper that he should make the rounds—now he is only a carrier of gossip, a bearer of tales. These idle men in solemn black, busying themselves with the inutile and dallying with the inept, who go about "doing good," serve no spiritual nor economic purpose. Their ministering to the weak only makes the weak weaker. Let them go to work, and then when they meet people socially it will be incidentally, and as equals. If there is any-

thing superior in the man, make sure of this, it will manifest itself, and Society will get the good of it. By living as other men live, the preacher will grow to know the needs of men, and power will take the place of pretense.

The professional preacher is apt to regard himself as the agent of Deity; he is both omniscient and omnipresent. He knows what everybody is doing, night or day, and having no business of his own, his business is to look after other folks' business. "As a town gossip no woman can hope to rival a priest," said Voltaire. "Work is a ballast against introspection and meddling," said William Morris.

When the Edmunds Law was passed, President Cleveland made a stern effort to suppress polygamy. Not that Cleveland had any conscience in this matter, but he wanted to please and placate the religious people of the Eastern States. A search-light had been thrown upon his own private life, and here was a chance to get back on solid footing.

I talked with an Ex-Federal Judge sent to Utah by President Cleveland with this one order: Suppress polygamy. Prying deputies raided private houses, spied at windows, followed men and women by night and day, and the result was many arrests, and some convictions. But the cause of virtue can not be especially helped by hired Pinkertons brought from Chicago. This Judge told me that he came here regarding the Mormons as law-breakers—he would correct their evil ways even though he fell a martyr to their "Avenging Angels." A deputy guarded him: he went heavily armed.

But soon he was in no danger, excepting from his own prejudices. The patience, forbearance and consistency of these Latter Day Saints won him; he looked into his own heart and saw they were better men than he. He did not believe in their bible, and their theology did not appeal to him, but when the wives and children of an accused man came into the court room

and asked to share the man's punishment, he hesitated. Edmunds of Vermont was all right in Vermont, and as for President Cleveland, the man had never been west of Chicago. The Mormons were not disturbing anybody.

The judge was on the point of resigning his office, when an unforeseen event occurred—Utah applied for Statehood. It was a master move—a great diplomatic stroke.

The judge—a trained lawyer—saw the intent, and knew that he could help these people by remaining on the bench. If the Territory of Utah was made a State, the Federal Government would then have no business to interfere in domestic matters. The judge used his influence in bringing about Statehood, thereby abolishing, practically, his own office.

The Territory became a State, the snooping deputies were sent back to Chicago, the arrests ceased.

And about polygamy? Well, it goes on very much the same as before. The Mormons, young and old, believe in polygamy. Men's convictions are not changed by laws made at Washington—children born of polygamous marriages, grown to manhood, do not renounce their parents. Polygamy is not a vital matter in the Mormon Church—it is merely incidental, and is a matter that seems to go naturally with a pioneer life. Very few plural marriages are now being contracted in Utah, simply because the young people prefer monogamy. But plural wives, married before the Edmunds law was passed, have never been repudiated nor turned adrift.

The matter left alone will adjust itself.

One day Stevie Crane (dead and gone and turned to dust) said to me, " Speaking of Howells "—remarked Stevie—Howells had n't been mentioned—" Speaking of Howells—I hate the rogue—he is too damn successful! "

And that was all Stevie had against Howells. The real fact was Stevie did n't hate anybody, although his language was often

chrome yellow, tinged with lurid purple and hunter's green, and made you think of the clouds in Turner's "Slave Ship." Stevie simply had a way of sending a great truth home by antithesis. If Stevie wanted to show his affection for you, he would do it, like as nuff, by calling you bad names.

But the heart understands. I 'd rather be called bad names by a man who did n't mean it, than to be lovey-dovey duckied by a woman who did n't mean it either. Selah!

What 's the matter with the Mormons? I 'll tell you—they are too successful. They have simply gone ahead, done their work, and by their lives disproved some of our finest theories.

We hate them.

We hate them first and then we skirmish for reasons for hating them afterward. And when you begin to hate a man, reasons are plenty as blackberries. We can always find excuse for hating a person that we wish to hate.

I make no argument for Mormon theology, but I would be glad, however, if I could fling a bit of common sense into the balance, to offset, even in slight degree, the stupidity and ignorance that still exist in many quarters toward the Mormons. Is it not most presumptuous that the Eastern States, with their marital miseries that congest every divorce court docket—is it not presumptuous that they should seek to supervise the domestic affairs of a people two thousand miles away—a people, too, that surpass them in general intelligence and all that makes for peace and excellence? ❧ ❧

The cry that polygamy is a menace to the home, is not corroborated by the facts. Ninety-five per cent of the homes of Mormons are owned by the occupants; while less than six per cent of the residents of New York City own homes. And we have recently heard the statement made that children are positively tabu in Manhattan apartment houses. Is monogamy the corner stone of the home? I think not. I should say that motherhood is. The birds

of the air have nests, the foxes have holes, and the lioness has her lair—all these are that motherhood may protect its young. A married couple without children need no home—they are quite comfortable in a hotel.

Morality is largely a matter of Geography. As Hancock said of the tariff, "It is a local issue." If polygamy is a bad thing for Utah, the people there will find it out for themselves. Pigmy statesmen in Ohio should seek fame in other ways—to take up a popular howl is so easy, that the honors therefrom are bargain-day. Let the Connecticut W. C. T. U. do its dishes and attend to its knitting.

The real danger of Mormonism lies in the fact that there is a "Mormon vote" that can be placed this way or that on two days' notice. Church power is always dangerous, for all churches are run by men, and things are only safe where parties are pretty evenly divided. But let us take courage—Salt Lake City is now a Gentile town, and the opposition of forces that holds the planets in their places will not play false here. Please pass the brown bread ❧ ❧

Leave Us Alone

IT is perfectly safe to say that ninety-nine men out of a hundred, in civilized countries, are opposed to war.

Savages like to go to war; we do not.

We are farmers, mechanics, merchants, manufacturers, teachers, and all we ask is the privilege of attending to our own business. We own our homes, love our friends, are devoted to our families, and do not interfere with our neighbors any more than is necessary—we have work to do, and wish to work while it is called the day. We recognize that life is short, and the night cometh. Leave us alone.

But they will not—these demagogues, politicians and rogues intent on the strenuous life. We wish to be peaceable and want to be kind, but they say this life is warfare and we must fight. Of course we would fight to protect our homes; but our homes are not threatened, nor our liberties, either, save by the men who chew the ubiquitous clove and insist on the strenuous life. Leave us alone.

We wish to pay off the mortgages on our houses, to educate our children, to work, to read, to meditate, to prepare for old age and quick-coming, cool, all-enfolding death.

But they will not leave us alone—these men who insist on governing us and living off our labor. They tax us, eat our substance, conscript us, draft our boys into their wars to fight farmers whose chief offenses are that they wear trousers that bag at the knee and cultivate an objectionable style of whisker.

They call themselves the superior class. They live off the labor of our hands. They essay the task of governing us for a consideration. They deceive us—this superior class—they hoodwink us; they betray us; they bulldoze us by the plea of patriotism.

They deceive us, and oh, the infamy and the shame of it! They

deceive us in the name of the bleeding Christ—the gentle Christ whose love embraced a world, and whose pitying eyes look down upon us from a cross—the Christ who distinctly taught that war was wrong, and that the only rule of life should be to do unto others as we would be done by.

In order to establish a reason for their domination this self-appointed superior class pretend to follow in the footsteps of Christ—they call themselves Christians.

Few people, comparatively, think for themselves, and so this deception acts as a hypnosis on the many, and being peaceably disposed, they accept it.

But Christ never endorsed war, not even a war of self-defense, much less a war of aggression. The Bible is the book we all talk about but seldom read. We pay pew-rent and let other men explain the Bible to us; or if we read, we read with our eyes shut. The men in the pulpit claim to belong to the superior class and they explain things to us on our agreement to grant them immunity from work. They teach us what they call truth, thus saving us the trouble of thinking for ourselves.

These preachers, who pretend to be followers of the Christ, for the most part believe in war, and wherever men go to war and bayonets glisten and gleam in the name of God, a preacher in uniform is found. This preacher keeps out of the firing line, but he goes to war and calls himself a soldier.

They call themselves Christians, but Christ opposed war, never took up a collection, accepted no salary, founded no church, had no ritual, wore no mitre nor robe of office. He did not belong to the superior class—did not ever take pains to associate with respectable people. He was a carpenter who felt certain truths so intensely that He left His bench for a time and went forth speaking to men in the streets, the market places and by the seashore ❧ ❧

And now this superior class, intent on taxing us, declare war and

maintain standing armies in the name of this Man who had no fellowship with either armies, war or the superior class. All the myriads of men who live off the government, depend upon the government to tax us, and in order to tax us successfully, standing armies are maintained. The plea that the army is needed for the protection of the country is pure fraud and pretense. The French Government affrights the people by telling them that the Germans are ready and anxious to fall upon them; the Russians fear the British; the British fear everybody; and now in America, we are told we must increase our navy and add to our army because Europe may at any moment combine against us.

This is fraud and untruth. The plain people in France, Germany, England and America are opposed to war. We only wish to be let alone. Men with wives, children, sweethearts, homes, aged parents, do not want to go off and fight someone. We are peaceable and wish to be kind; we fear war; we hate it.

War is hell.

We would like to obey the Golden Rule.

But the superior class will not have it so—they pass conscription laws, and use the army thus conscripted to conscript other men

War is the sure result of the existence of armed men. That country which maintains a large standing army will sooner or later have a war on hand. The man who prides himself on fisticuffs is going, some day, to meet a man who considers himself a better man, and they will fight. Germany and France have no issue save a desire to see which is the better man. They have fought once—more than that, many times—and they will fight again. Not that the people want to fight, but the superior class fan fright into fury and make men think they must fight to protect their homes. So the people who wish to follow the teachings of Christ are not allowed to do so, but are taxed, outraged, deceived by governments—by the superior class who demand that we shall lead

the strenuous life, when all we ask is the privilege of doing our work—and doing unto others as we would be done by.

Christ taught humility, meekness, the forgiveness of one's enemies, and that to kill was wrong. The Bible teaches men not to swear, but the superior class swear us on the Bible in which they do not believe.

The question is how are we to relieve ourselves of these cormorants who toil not but who are clothed in broadcloth and blue, with brass buttons and many costly accoutrements; who feed upon our substance, and for whom we delve and dig.

Shall we fight them?

No, we do not believe in bloodshed; and besides that they have the guns and the money and they would use these guns bought by money we have earned—taxed out of us—they would use these guns and use their army to kill us off speedily.

They have the money and the guns and can hold out longer than we.

But who composes this army that they would order to fire upon us?

Why, our neighbors and brothers—deceived into the idea that they are doing God's service by protecting their country from its enemies. When the fact is our country has no enemies save the superior class, that pretends to look out for our interests if we will only obey and consent to be taxed.

Thus do they siphon our resources and turn our true brothers upon us to subdue and humiliate us. You can not send a telegram to your wife, nor an express package to your friend, nor draw a check for your grocer until you first pay the tax to maintain armed men who can quickly be used to kill you; and who surely will imprison you if you do not pay.

An army is a menace.

The only relief lies in education. Educate men not to fight, and that it is wrong to kill. Teach them the Golden Rule, and yet

again teach them the Golden Rule. Silently defy this superior class by refusing to bow down to their fetich of bullets. Cease supporting the preachers who cry for war, and spout patriotism for a consideration. Let them go to work as we do. Why should we be taxed to support pulpits that serve as barricades for cowards? We believe in Christ—they do not. Christ spoke what he thought, they speak what they think will please the men in power.

We will not enlist. We will not shoot on their order. We will not "charge bayonet" upon a mild and gentle people. We will not fire upon shepherds and farmers, fighting for their firesides, upon the suggestion of Cecil Rhodes, "the richest man in South Africa."

¶ America can never become the ideal Republic—the home and refuge of all that is best in art and science, the fulfilment of the dreams of seers and prophets—unless we cease modeling our political policy after the rotting monarchies of Europe. Force expends itself and dies, every army is marching to its death, nothing but a skull and skeleton fills helmet and cuirass, the aggressor is overcome by the poison of his pride, victory is only another name for defeat, but the spirit of gentleness and truth is eternal. Only by building on that can we hope as a nation to live.

Leave us alone. We wish to do our work. We wish to beautify our homes, to educate our children, to love our neighbors. Leave us alone that we may practise the Golden Rule. Your false cry of danger and "wolf, wolf" shall not alarm us. We pay your taxes only because we have to, and we will pay no more and no longer than we have to. We will speak our minds upon occasion.

And all the time our silent influence will be going out, and even the men who are conscripted will be half-hearted and refuse to fight. We will educate men into the thought that the Christ life of peace and good-will is better than the strenuous life of strife, bloodshed and red war. "Peace on earth!"—it can only come when men do away with armies, and are willing to do unto other men as they would be done by.

Some Mocked . . . . Some Believed

THE other day I read in a printed book these words, " Some mocked, some shook their heads and some believed." And that is the universal experience of every man who ever thought anything or did anything, or was anything. People always mock the thing they are not used to. Afterwards their hilarious mockery may reduce itself to a dubious shaking of the head, and a cynical smile; then the smile may fade away into blankness, and the man may believe. Deborah standing in the doorway of her father's house and making fun of the moon-faced Benjamin as he walked up the street munching at his loaves and gaping on every side, is typical. Deborah had no flitting ghost of a thought that this strange, loaf-munching, mirth-moving youth would ere long humble her into the very dust; then when she had been flung adrift by fate, her arms would reach out to him and he would marry her and give her immortality by linking her name with his own—the greatest name America has produced.

No, of course she had n't.

Saul of Tarsus, going down to Damascus to persecute the Christians, could not foresee that he would come back and henceforth be the Master Christian of all time.

Some mocked, some shook their heads and some believed.

Yes, be you preacher, lawyer, physician, artist, writer, do your work the best you can and try to live up to your highest ideal, some will surely mock. If you have genius a great many will mock, and a great many will shake their heads. But although a great multitude may mock, so long as a few believe, all is well. No good life was ever lived but there was some one believed in it. These few people who believe in us make life possible. Without them, what should we do? But with them we are knitted to the Infinite.

Let the mob mock, let the crowd shake their heads! There are a few who believe.

I know a cottage whose door for me always stands ajar, and where the dwellers therein start with gladness when they hear the coming of my footsteps.

Culture and Useful Work

NOT long ago, a woman going through from New York to Chicago, stopped off at Buffalo, and came out to visit the Roycroft Shop. She had only recently come over to the Lord's side, so everything in Sun-up was very new and novel, just as it would be to a " sheep " recently arrived in heaven

Among other things that seemed curious to this woman were the notices on the bulletin board. One such announcement reads, " Class in Greek history meets tonight at 7:30 in the Oak Room."

¶ Now, this woman's husband is an instructor in History in Columbia University, and when she saw that particular notice she was especially interested.

" Who teaches that class?" she asked of the girl who was acting as guide

" Mr. McVulcan, the blacksmith," was the answer.

" What! a blacksmith teaching Greek History? "

" Why, yes, of course."

" Show him to me."

So the two tramped back to the McVulcan studio, and there were the blacksmith and his busy helpers pounding away on the anvils.

" That is the man," said the guide, who thought the visitor wanted to talk with this volunteer school-teacher.

" No, I do not wish to speak with him, I might be disappointed. I just want to go away and remember that here a man may be a teacher of history and something more."

" You mean a blacksmith and something more," answered the guide with a smile.

" No, I mean what I say, and it implies no slight upon my husband, either. He often bemoans the fact that he can only talk—he can not do things."

Another thing that surprised this visitor was that an East Aurora preacher was also there at work, handling the big sledge, acting as the blacksmith's helper.

And the woman went away full of the thought that she had caught a glimpse of Utopia.

But it was n't Utopia—it was only a finger on a mile-post pointing the way ❧ ❧

If a man works ten hours at heavy manual labor, the probabilities are that he has little vitality left for thought. And who can wonder that if, too often, when the day's work is done, he seeks forgetfulness from his sore joints in strong drink! And then most certainly he has no mind for books.

So we look at the man as he nods in his chair at eventide and we say he is stupid—he lacks sparkle. And surely he does fall far short of being clever.

He has had too much of a good thing.

And so has the soft, yellow, lily-fingered dyspeptic whom the world calls culture.

These men must come together, and each bear a portion of the other's burdens. They must clasp hands for mutual respect and mutual support, and then we will have two strong men instead of a couple of defectives.

And everywhere are the fingers on mile-posts pointing the way.

We live in great times, Brother—your hand! your hand!

Now why was this woman surprised that a man should be a blacksmith and still teach a class in Greek History?

Is the making of useful things out of iron degrading?

Oh, no. Robert Collyer was a blacksmith. Elihu Burritt was a shoemaker. Paul was a tentmaker. Jesus was a carpenter.

The woman's surprise was simply an involuntary indictment of the social and economic conditions under which we live.

We have so separated things and divided them up, that for the most part, carpenters and blacksmiths are excluded from " good

society." How would a blacksmith look wearing white kid gloves at a reception perfunk?

The idea of culture until yesterday was that if a man were cultured it was quite enough—he need not be useful. If a woman were pretty, let her sit around and look pretty. You might have stains on your soul, but God help you if you have any on your hands! This is extrication, separation—specialization carried to the limit of lunacy ❧ ❧

We are just getting back to sanity, and here was a woman surprised and delighted to find that culture and useful work were really not incompatible.

Manual training is a necessary part of every man's education. All men should work with their hands. The trouble has been that we have given all the work to one set of men, and the culture to another set, and the result has been the degradation of both. It is as if you should make your dinner of either pie or pickles.

Clergyman's Sore Throat

LERGYMAN'S sore throat or tonsillitis, comes from speaking in an unnatural tone of voice. God gave each of us a certain voice, and to exercise it wisely and cultivate it is good. The voice should be the sounding board of the soul

But you must cultivate your own voice and not merely imitate some other voice that you admire. Men who speak in an unnatural tone express things they do not believe.

Not one clergyman in ten uses his own voice—he uses only an imitation. He never hears his own voice and so becomes afflicted with the microbe of delusion and imagines some one else's voice is better. Pouf!

So common is this affectation that the " bishop's voice " is heard on every hand, if you go to church or conventions. Very many preachers—especially young preachers—expect to become bishops, and in order to be fully prepared when the call comes, they cultivate a bishop's voice. All bishops are supposed to be powerful and lusty, also full of besom. Therefore it is imagined that they have voices like bulls of Bashan. When they pray they shake the rafters of Heaven.

Beware of the bishop's voice—your own is better.

Actors who cultivate the Brutus, Virginius and Sardanapalus voice, and preachers who use the bishop's voice are fit candidates for vegetables. Worse than that—they are candidates for tonsillitis, simply because they are abusing the physical organs of speech

Worse than that—they are candidates for nervous prostration, because they have ceased to be themselves and are trying to pass for some one else.

Worse than that—they are losing their own souls, because they

are not allowing a true exercise and expression of their inner Spirit ❧ ❧

Americanitis, nervous exhaustion and mental prostration—one and the same thing—is the result of trying to pass for something different from what you are. Men who try to conceal their own voice and praise God with the bishop's bazoo are in danger.

Concealment is friction. A secret gnaws.

To religiously observe the Twelfth Commandment, " Thou shalt not be found out," leads to loss of manhood, cold feet, bearing down sensations, premature decay, and the surgeon's knife.

To love is very beautiful—but to feel you must conceal, and hide, and refute, and deny your Savior before men is terrible. If you use language to conceal your thought you better begin taking hypophosphites, for you are breaking down tissue faster than Nature can build it up. God only calculates on each man being himself, and the presumption originally was that he would be honest. You see it is like this—the Universe is not planned for duplicity ❧ ❧

Marriage and Divorce

IN READING the journals devoted to social science one must be convinced that there is a goodly number of people who agree with Mr. Grant Allen that it should be as easy to procure a decree of divorce as a marriage license. In answer to this my friend Mr. Hamlin Whidden replies that if marriage and divorce were equally easy, the conditions would balance each other and marriage would then be done away with entirely. This kind of logic reveals a flaw in Mr. Whidden's reasoning capacity, which should be a cause of alarm to his friends

It is like this: Marriage in the United States is a civil contract between a man and woman. But in deference to old-time customs, when Church and State were one, we yet delegate to clergymen the powers of a magistrate in taking the affirmation of the parties as to the agreement. It is simply a mutual compact assented to before witnesses.

Now, if a decree of divorce were granted to either party on application, the same as a marriage license is, would that balance the conditions and do away with the marriage contract? Hardly, brother, hardly! Every contract but the marriage contract can be abrogated when the parties directly interested wish it. Contracts that can be abrogated at the whim of one party are really not contracts at all—they imply no obligations.

But marriage being a voluntary agreement on the part of a man and woman, to put divorce on the same footing would demand and require that both desired the divorce. According to the new regime, if a man wished to discard his wife and the wife did not care to be discarded, she could hold that man until kingdom come—see?

Divorce would really be more difficult than it is now, for it would

be impossible just as long as one of the parties held out. Or suppose the woman grows a-weary of her husband and he still wishes to hold her, he has a grip on her that even the law can not do away with, for our advanced friends propose to do away with all divorce courts, and instead have a clerk who fills out the decree while the man and woman wait.

Divorce is now obtainable on the application of one party, so divorce is now much easier than marriage, for it takes two to get married and only one to get a divorce. And so divorce and marriage, according to the new order, would not be on a parity at all. For surely no man can marry a woman against her will, nor so far as my limited knowledge of law goes, can a woman marry a man if he strenuously objects.

Mr. Whidden seems to think that what Mr. Grant Allen and Hilltop friends desire is the privilege of any man marrying any woman he fancies, willy nilly, and any woman wedding instanter the man of her choice. Then after marriage either party to be granted a divorce on application. This puts marriage and divorce on a parity, "equalizing the conditions." If this is what the new regime really demands when it says marriage and divorce should be put on a parity, why then I must apologize to Mr. Whidden for my misconception of his conception of the conception of Mr. Grant Allen.

In this connection I am reminded that I have on my desk a bit of the most remarkable manuscript that has ever come my way. ¶This essay is written over a *nom de plume,* but I betray no confidence in saying, that while the author's name is not familiar to the writing world, it is well known in social and charitable circles in the City of Boston. The article coming from the pen of a woman is certainly very peculiar.

The writer takes as a text the casual statement of Thoreau, "The all-round development of a man requires that he should avail himself of the society and friendship of several good women." Then

this Boston woman follows up to prove it. " No one woman's nature contains all the excellencies, " says this writer, " every individual being but a fragment of the whole. A man marries and is usually disappointed to find that his supposed mate is only a mate in degree. In his mind was the ideal, but his wife is human. Now the woman should not be blamed for this, she is good and worthy and does her work. And although she does not quite fill her husband's heart, should Oklahoma be importuned and the poor thing discarded? Perish the thought! she should be loved, cherished and protected and—the man should be allowed another trial. No man in good health, with breadth of mental reach, and more or less spirituality in his composition, is satisfied with the society of one woman, and for any woman to suppose that she can minister to all the needs of such a man for a lifetime is monumental egotism. A man requires the friendship of many women; and I am not one of those who insist that a platonic friendship between a man and woman is a barren ideality. At the same time I would have every wife frankly admit in her own heart that there is danger of her husband's friendship with other women drifting off into a more intimate relation. It all depends on the ages of the respective parties, their home ties, their temperaments and their opportunities. But the possibility is there, and if the relationship does drift, my advice to the injured wife is, be resigned, the condition is not the terrible thing that you suppose. It is, indeed, just about what you made it, and if you are wise and a true diplomat, you will realize that for the first time in your married life you hold the key to the situation."

The writer then explains why this is and closes the paragraph with this bold statement: " Now if an injured wife has only a modicum of commonsense and a large amount of selfishness, she will begin to spy on her husband when first her suspicions are aroused; to examine his pockets; open his mail; cross-question him, and set the hired girl or those microbes called private detec-

tives to watch him. Of course, he is aware of this condition of suspicion; and does tenderness and love come back for the wife of his bosom? Ah, no! For the law of non-resistance holds here as elsewhere. The man grows to hate her, to detest her, for nagging and henpecking, and espionage never yet called back truant affection. She forces the man into a fine system of hypocrisy, and some day she affronts him on the street, or in a public dining-room—in short, she ' catches him at it.'

" Then the dirty divorce court lawyer, who has been egging her on, comes in for his fee and the yellow journals wax exceeding saffron

" And the point I make is that this woman by her supreme selfishness drives from her all the love that the man had to bestow. By her spying conduct she makes herself absolutely repulsive and places love beyond recall. She secures her divorce and becomes—well, a divorcée. Society points her out as one who once had a husband and was not attractive enough to hold him, and men-about-town leer and regard her as an easy mark. There may be exceptional divorcées—there surely are—but we are speaking now of the woman who secures a divorce simply and solely because her husband formed an alliance with another woman. If the divorcée marries again, she very seldom marries a man equal in brain, brawn and heart to her first husband. Her second husband is usually a spiritual degenerate, and she starts a boarding house and rents her best rooms to support him."

The virtue, if there is any, in my correspondent's paper, lies in its perfect seriousness and evident sincerity. The writer admits that it would be impossible for more than one wife to live under one roof, but several establishments she regards as eminently proper, provided the man is able to take all responsibilities of their maintenance. This Boston woman then repeats, " any woman detecting her husband in an intimate friendship with another woman and who then flies off to the divorce court, calling in the

rabble to witness her woes, demanding vengeance and sympathy in one breath, is a fool." And then our Boston lady makes this most startling confession: "Three years after I was married, I discovered that my husband was living a double life. I went to my mother and told her all, thinking that separation was the only course, even though I loved my husband dearly. My mother being a most sensible woman told me to go back home and treat George kinder and more gently than I ever had. Try in every way to help him and be his true mate, at the same time let him know that I was aware of his other friendship, but that of itself would never make me love him less. Tell him that this was his home and I was his wife, and although I knew I was not the complete all-'round woman, yet I would strive to be for his sake. So I followed this advice. George was frightened when I told him I knew all. He turned deathly pale, and when I kept right on and told him I did not blame him, he was dumb with astonishment. ¶"What is the result? I am treated with such courtesy and kindness and attention as is the lot of no woman of my acquaintance. I travel when I please, buy what I wish, and if I hint my desire for a thing, it is laid at my feet. I know that I now occupy first place in my husband's heart. He is a leading lawyer in this city, his intellect is profound, and by his attention to his profession his income is fully twenty thousand a year. He has the ability to concentrate on anything he undertakes and make a success of it. I could have wrecked this man's life by a public scandal; and by breaking in upon his happiness by my hate and thirst for revenge, I could have unfitted him for all useful work. I might even have driven him to suicide. As it is we are received into the best Boston society. Doubtless my husband's double life is known to his business associates and society has its suspicions, but this state of affairs is too common to cause much comment. I am the only person in the world who has it in his power to make a scene, and a scandal. The editors of the *Herald* and the *Record* know all

about the conditions but they will not say a word unless given the cue. No one dares publicly to affront my husband unless I set the example. Of course I never will make use of my power, for I have no desire to scuttle the ship upon which I am a passenger. But my husband doubtless realizes my power, and he also knows the living truth, and that is, that I will protect him in every possible way so long as I breathe the breath of life. He knows this and he is grateful. I love my children and am devoting my time to educating them. I have everything I need and my cup is full to the brim. I have no quarrel either with my husband or the Universe." ❧ ❧

Well, well, well! the frankness of the argument gave me a creepy feeling. I read it over and then read it again to make sure, and then I turned it over to her and she read it. I asked her advice concerning it, as I always do on vexed problems. " It 's pretty bad in spots, yet there may be a grain of truth in it," said she, " but if we were to print it in *The Philistine* it might blow the roof off the Roycroft Shop. Let 's respectfully decline it! "

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

The Man with the Hoe

PROF. EDWIN MARKHAM spent a day with us recently. The title of Professor is too cheap for so excellent a man, so, with your permission, I 'll call him Mister, which means Master. Mr. Markham is the man who wrote " The Man with the Hoe." When Mr. Markhan arrived at the shop, Saint Gerome, Sammy the Artist, Ali Baba and I were just starting for the potato field, each armed with a hoe. Mr. Markham laughed heartily at our appearance and thought it was a planned reception; but it was n't, it was all purely accidental.

¶ I sent one of the boys to the barn to find another hoe. Mr. Markham did not shy, and when he was provided we started away. We reached the field and hoed.

Mr. Markham is no stranger to a hoe. He is hearty, bronzed, and his white hair and beard quite belie his strong physique and boyish spirit. As we hoed we discussed the " hoe-man." Probably I know more clearly than Mr. Markham does, himself, just what he had in view when he wrote "The Man with the Hoe."

So I explained to Mr. Markham what he meant. He was grateful. The trouble with the hoe-man is too much hoe—it is hoe-congestion

The hoe is all right, and all men should hoe.

If all men hoed a little, no man would have to hoe all the time.

¶ To hoe all the time slants the brow.

To never hoe tends to hydrocephalus and nervous prostration.

¶ Many men never hoe, because, they say, " I don't have to." It is a fool's answer.

Then very many men are not allowed to hoe—the land is needed for game preserves. And in a country called Italy, where the true type of hoe-man is found most abundantly, there is an army of two hundred and fifty thousand fighting men who have

to be fed with the things the hoe-man digs out of the ground. Wherever there are many soldiers there are also many hoe-men.

¶ Some one must hoe.

All food and all wealth are hoed out of the ground.

If you never hoe, and yet eat, you are slanting the forehead of the hoe-man and adding to that stolid look of God-forsaken hopelessness ☙ ☙

If you help the hoe-man hoe, he will then have time to think, and gradually the shape of his head will change, his eye will brighten, the coarse mouth will become expressive, and at times he will take his dumb gaze from the earth and look up at the stars.

¶ Let us all hoe—a little.

I-Have-Here

GOODNESS me! where have you been living all your life that you never met an I-Have-Here? I am surprised, but possibly you do not know him by that name.

An I-Have-Here is usually of the male persuasion, aged say somewhere between twenty and seventy-five. The true type wears a Prince Albert coat buttoned only at the lower button, so as to allow an easy reach into the inside pockets. He comes in when you are deep in a good book, or are very busy at your desk; and with a wave of his right hand seeks the left breast pocket of his Prince Albert, and as he does this he pronounces the formula: " I-Have-Here."

In a twinkling he draws forth a manuscript, as the knight of old used to unsheathe his snickersnee. Then he fixes you with a glittering eye (not the critical one) and proceeds to read you the little thing he has just dashed off.

The I-Have-Here pretends he wants your criticism but he does n't. His epidermis is too thin to stand criticism: all he wants is salve: soft, pleasant, emollient, gracious salve, perfumed with nard and amomum. He demands praise, not suggestion, and while the creative heat is upon him you cannot supply flattery too fulsome nor commendation too lavish. When the I-Have-Here stealthily approaches and succeeds in flushing you, do not seek to escape—'t is useless—just sit back, twiddle your thumbs and say Ben-Ezra's prayer. When he finishes (if he ever does), you should smite the desk and declare that the stuff has the true Dante ring, the wit outmatches Shakespeare's and the insight is prophetic as Isaiah—and let it go at that.

The I-Have-Here will probably then sheathe his blade, and after you have repeated your remarks three or four times, will go away after an hour or two, gratified, smiling and content.

Edgar Allan Poe was the pure type of an I-Have-Here; and always dressed the part. His battered beaver had a mourning band around it, his shoes were slightly run down at the heel, his hair was unkempt, his broadcloth Prince Albert was shiny at the elbows and every pocket bulged with manuscript. He had a way of drawing quickly and always read in a deep, melancholy Hamlet voice. His usual hunting ground was the bar-room of the Astor House, where he would fix a group with his eagle eye and read page after page; the victims meanwhile slipping out one by one, and when he had finished no one was there but the bar-keeper.

¶ Wordsworth was a terror to his friends. His pull was genteel but very dextrous. He could flash a manuscript on you before you could say, " Good morning." He read all of the " Excursion " to Lamb, and Hazlitt once wrote to Coleridge, " I tried to escape Wordsworth because I knew he had a new poem with him, but he finally cornered me."

In *Yesterdays with Authors*, James T. Fields innocently tells of how Wordsworth graciously read aloud to him a poem, seemingly not aware that Wordsworth was always lying in wait for his prey. " I am blessed with great bodily vigor," wrote Leigh Hunt, " so I do not much object to having Byron read to me from his manuscript." ❧ ❧

So we see that the desire to read one's productions to some one else is a classic condition. I myself, occasionally tax the patience of a good woman, although I never, like John Jerome Rooney, took a lady out to lunch and read a play to her, and then walked off forgetting to order anything to eat.

The true I-Have-Here shades off into many hybrid types that only manifest their peculiarity when the wind is east. Rev. Minot Savage, I am told, is an unsafe man at times, usually having a manuscript concealed on his person; Amy Leslie carries a little alligator skin bag packed with choice stuff; G— D— Roberts is set on a hair-trigger; Bliss Carman has a careless way

of drawing when he catches you alone; Michael Monahan carries a package of regular Mauser manuscripts, while Irving Bacheller once chased me clear across Central Park with an epic.

James Jeffrey Roche has a way of holding his victim by a button, while in the other hand he grips his deadly manuscript. Roche once held the other Philip Hale in this way, and Hale took up the office shears and clipped the button. Hale went away and in half an hour when he came back, the gentleman from County Down was still tightly holding the button and furiously reading in a marked Milesian dialect.

But of all men to be avoided I place Hamlin Garland first. He was taught the trick by B. O. Flower, one of the worst sinners in this respect the world has ever known; but Hamlin Garland has seen Mr. Flower and gone him one better. I am told that Mr. Flower is very proud of his pupil. Chester Lord, of *The Sun,* tells me (so it must be so) that the reason the Spanish capitulated so quickly at Santiago was because Shafter had Hamlin Garland read to them through a megaphone from an unpublished sex novel

A Question—Do You Know?

DO you know: That newspapers are managed by men;
And that editors are men;
And that doctors are men;
And that lawyers are men;
And that judges are men;
And that all laws are and have been made by men;
And that all priests and preachers are men;
And that all religions were made and formulated by men;
And that all books were written by men;
And that all of the justice we know is man's justice;
And that what we call God's justice is only man's idea of what he would do if he were God;
And that this idea changes as man changes;
And that man's conception of God's justice has softened, refined, and become less severe than ever before;
And that all the love we know is man's love;
And all compassion, man's compassion;
And all sympathy, man's sympathy;
And all forgiveness, man's forgiveness;
And that there is nothing finer, greater or nobler in the world than man;
And that all beings, spirits and persons greater than man have been, and are, the creation of man's mind;
And that man is not yet completed, but only in process of creation;
¶ And that in his present transitional state he has partially abandoned intuition, without fully getting control of his intellect;
¶ And that all laws, creeds and dogmas are of only transient value;
And should be eliminated when they no longer minister to human happiness;

And that now, for the first time in the history of the world, a very large number of people know these things;
And are exercising their brains; And that the brain is an organ and grows strong by use, and only through use;
And that man's ability to think is a new acquisition;
And that very few people as yet are able to think at all, being moved by feeling—hunger, fear, and the hope of reward;
And that most so-called educated men are those who have memorized things and can glibly repeat the things which other men have memorized and then glibly told them; for to think efficiently one must be logical, rational, scientific and philosophic;
¶ That to be logical one must be able to follow a sequence, or a cause and effect, step by step;
That to be rational one must be able to accept and use a unit of measurement, so as to ascertain proportions and to reason rightly concerning the simple movements of life and its tendencies;
¶ That to be scientific one must be able to classify and co-ordinate the facts that logic and reason supply;
And that to be philosophic he must be able to unify and deduce right conclusions from science;
And that this faculty of efficient thinking is yet only in its infancy;
And that philosophic thinking gives wings to the imagination;
¶ And that through right thinking we will gradually learn to control our bodies, our tempers, our desires, our imaginations, our environment; And that the trained imagination is a search-light which reveals the future;
And that by the use of imagination we now see Paradise ahead;
¶ A Paradise of increasing effort, work, endeavor, and increasing power;
A Paradise of this world, that is to come through health, work, simplicity, honesty, mutuality, co-operation, reciprocity and love?

Survival Value

A NEW phrase has been added to our vocabulary. It is the expression, " Survival Value."

That which lives after the action itself is complete, is survival value.

Actions have survival value according to the degree of good that grows out of them.

For instance, the act of planting a tree has a survival value. The man who planted the tree had the joy of doing; the tree adds to the value of his real estate; but the tree will exist long after the man has turned to dust.

Advertisements which merely offer commodities at bargain-day prices have probably no survival value. They are transient in their effect, short-lived—they die the death.

Advertisements that increase the sum of good-will possess survival value. Literature that contains wit, valuable information, uplift, possesses survival value.

It is generally conceded now that there are two good reasons for advertising—one is to sell goods and the other is to increase good-will. Both are necessary.

Good-will is a very tangible asset, and the absence of it may be a liability

For instance, if you have a big manufacturing plant, fully equipped for turning out goods, and you possess no good-will, if your plant burns up, the venture is extinguished, destroyed, dead. ¶ If the institution has back of it good-will, then earthquake, flood, fire, may destroy your plant, but the good-will remains and can be utilized. This is survival value.

All worthy deeds, all honest work, all sincere expressions of truth —whether by pen or by voice—have a survival value.

Civilization is a great, moving mass of survival values, augmented, increased, bettered, refined, by every worthy life. Man dies,

but his influence lives and adds to the wealth, the happiness and the welfare of the world. Art distinctly has survival value. The artist appeals to the age to come. What he produces is dedicated to time. He does not look for a quick return.

Men hotly intent on making money are not apt to make much money, because the dollar is a rolling disk, and when you chase it, it attains a terrific velocity.

It exceeds the speed-limit, and many a man has chased it clear into the penitentiary-walls and heard the gates click behind him before he realized what he was doing.

The actions, schemes, plans and enterprises of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford had no survival value.

Hate, revenge, jealousy, doubt, negation, have no survival value.

¶ Courtesy, kindness, good-will, right intent, all add to the sum of human happiness. Not only do they benefit the individual who gives them out, but they survive in various forms and add to the well-being of the world. All acts, whether work or play, should be judged with the idea of survival value in mind.

The difference in men is largely in the way that they use the hours that are their own. Tell me what a man does between seven and ten o'clock in the evening, and I will tell you what he is. Also, I will tell you where he will be ten years from now.

In America is a vast army of commuters who ride back and forth night and morning between their homes and the places where they do business in the city.

The majority of these commuters expend this hour, night and morning, in skimming the newspapers. Some sit and talk. Others simply sit ❧ ❧

Others there be who industriously play cards. For the most part, card-playing has no survival value.

I know commuters who have played cards for ten years. These men are no wiser, no better, and their lives are no fuller than they were ten years ago.

Out of every hundred commuters you will find, perhaps, one man who carries in his side pocket a copy of Emerson's *Essays,* Carlyle's *French Revolution,* Buckle's *History of Civilization,* or some other good book.

He may not read very much of it, but the book is his companion. If he merely peeps into it and reads half a page a day, in five years he will be a transformed individual—he will be differentiated from the " bunch."

The reading of good books has a survival value.

Games played in the open air have a survival value. Anything that gets you out in the sunshine, takes you across the fields, out under the blue sky, has a survival value.

There is something about getting on good terms with the out-of-doors, with the soil, the trees, the plants, the birds, the flowers, that is great gain.

Health and happiness are the results of a multiplicity of thoughts and actions possessing survival value.

These are what Samuel J. Tilden called " the usufruct."

Others have called it " unearned increment," but the expression " survival value " is better than either of these. It is illuminating, expressive, carries an idea, makes us feel, makes us think.

Anything that brings men together so they talk, read, think, laugh, play, makes them better men.

These things stand for fellowship.

Hell might be defined as the sum-total of acts which possess no survival value.

When a certain man and woman in New York, some years ago, spent a hundred thousand dollars in giving a ball, the action was lauded in some quarters as beautiful and right, in that a large sum of money was put into circulation. But in judging of that wonderful ball, which took the labor of a thousand people a full month to provide, we must consider the question of survival value. The question then is: What did the hundred thousand dollars expended

on the ball produce? And the answer is: It produced the ball.

¶ A grand ball has very small survival value, if any.

Late suppers, joy-rides, jink-fests, have no survival value, because that which survives is not of worth. Wasted energies mean regrets, headaches, lassitude, and that dark brown taste, a commodity that has no value as collateral.

Emerson added to the wealth of the world when he gave us the expression, the " Law of Compensation."

Herbert Spencer did the same for us when he referred to the " Law of Diminishing Returns."

Ernst Haeckel did as much when he spoke of the " Law of Pivotal Points," and the unknown man who flung out the phrase, " Survival Value," made us his debtor.

Words are tools for the transmission of thoughts.

Thoughts are the result of feelings. The recipe for good writing is, write as you feel, but be sure you feel right.

But before you write you must have an equipment—a literary kit—of mouth-filling, expressive, far-reaching words and phrases.

¶ Sidney Smith said that the man who invented a new dish added to the happiness of the world. Whether this is true or not, the man who invents a new word gives wings to imagination. He links the world into a brotherhood by allowing us to break through the icy silences that surround us.

Through language we touch finger-tips with the noble, the great, the good, the competent, living or dead, and thus are we made brothers to all those who make up the sum-total of civilization.

Two Letters

Rochester, N. Y., April 7, 1907

MY DEAR HUBBARD: I observe you are trying your hand at "trust busting" the Church. Having abolished other venerable errors such as child-labor, legal marriage, and industrial competition, you now turn your attention to organized religion. Of course you are not unaware that others have preceded you in this field of warfare. And some of these were men of power, which you are not.

The fact is, the Christian Church has already been destroyed a dozen times; yet, curiously, it needs to be destroyed all over again every little while by little men like you.

If Christianity, in its organized forms, has survived the assaults of Strauss, Baur, Hume, Renan and Ingersoll, do you think it is likely to succumb to any attack, however smart and however keen? Come, dear fellow, don't you know that Christianity was never so invulnerable as now? Don't you know that the work of such men as Coe, Kidd, Starbuch and James has put the data of Christian experience on an absolutely scientific basis, and that, in all our churches, the Christian life is surely assuming a simple, social, philosophic character?

That this church experience can be argued away, or laughed away, or otherwise disposed of, is the wildest dream of any dreamer that ever dreamed in East Aurora or elsewhere.

And so long as the thing itself—the spirit of God working in the soul of man—exists, it must have organic relations and expressions. Result: The Church, I will spell it with a capital C—for it is the sweetest, purest, bravest and heavenliest thing under the sun ❧ ❧

Have you a quarrel with the Church? Drop it. The Church will make great conquests when you and I have found oblivion.

¶ And accept my invitation to Rochester; I want you to see a living and energetic Church, where rich and poor worship side by side. I am as ever,

Your friend,

CHARLES C. ALBERTSON

To the Rev. Dr. C. C. Albertson, D. D., LL. D., Rochester, N. Y.

April 11th, 1907

DEAR DR. ALBERTSON: It indeed seems good to see once again your familiar handwriting. And surely, that little article of mine was not written in vain, since it brings me a letter from my dear old friend, whom I feared had forgotten me, not having heard from him in ten years—years when I needed him.

Your letter is especially welcome at this time as it reveals the mental attitude of one of the best, gentlest, most gifted and liberal men in the orthodox church, today.

You were a Methodist when I saw you last—a follower of Wesley who lived in 1776, and expressed the spirit of that wonderful time. You were nominated in the General Conference for a bishopric, but failing to receive enough votes, you abandoned Wesley for John Knox and the year 1530. Your next move will be from the Presbyterian faith to that of Rome. Your perfect satisfaction with yourself and your religion means only one thing. The language you use concerning the church, "sweetest, purest, bravest, heavenliest," are phrases used in the same way by priests in the year 1420. Men believe that which it is to their interest to believe. You were educated for a clergyman; all your life you have followed the business; you are fitted for nothing else. The church gives you honors, servants, ease, a house and auditorium free of rent and taxes. You uphold the popular order, being retained and paid for that purpose, and you are true to your clients.

What you believe, is really not of much moment, since we know

exactly how and why you come to your conclusions—all of which conclusions, by the way, are supplied to you ready made, or strictly speaking, you have no conclusions. Your belief is a legacy, with a living attached. Renounce your present belief and you lose your living. You are not a person—you are a type a type of half a million molecules in America who dress, talk, think, and act exactly alike.

I am much puzzled concerning your mental processes when you connect "child-labor, legal marriage, and industrial competition"—complimenting me by giving me credit for abolishing all. But passing from this rather woolly remark to your statement that the church has been destroyed every little while, I must congratulate you on your insight. You speak truth—the church was destroyed, for many people, by Luther, Calvin, Knox, Latimer, Ridley, Huss, Wesley, David Swing, Theodore Parker, Emerson, Ingersoll and Crapsey. So we have an absolutely different church from what we otherwise would have had. But the church will have to be destroyed many times more. The church is a constantly changing mass, and the modicum of decency and intelligence in the church today are only possible through and by the lives and efforts of men who were regarded as "infidels" in their time.

When you speak of "our" being lost in oblivion, I trust you speak editorially, for I am no more with you in your race for oblivion and obscurity than I am with you in your superstitious belief that Jesus was a better man on account of having one parent instead of two. I fling no such insult as that in the face of parenthood. The love of man for woman, and the love of these for their child, constitute for me the only blessed trinity. For your Holy Ghost and His alleged intimacies I have no respect.

¶ I was at Atlanta not long ago and called on our mutual friends at the university. Do you remember how you sent me down there to give a course of lectures in your place? We talked

of how you used to preach the " brotherhood of man," but how you now believe in the Westminster Confession: fore-ordination, justification by faith and the damnation of infants.
Thanks for the invitation to visit you and see the good you are doing with the help of the church, I surely will do so some fine day; and I hope you will come and see us at East Aurora, and see the results we are getting in a Shop—I like to spell it with a capital S—without the church.
With love and blessings ever,

Your sincere
ELBERT HUBBARD.

P. S. I note your reference to Coe, Kidd, Starbuch and James. All these men are attorneys for the church-trust; their books are briefs for the defense, and are not known and seldom found outside of a clergyman's library. Why don't you quote Herbert Spencer, Andrew D. White, Thomas Huxley, Ernst Haeckel? But since you do not, I am going to append to this little postscript an extract from the writings of Leo Tolstoy. Come, now, my dear fellow, please read this:

Pastors of whatever Church, forego for a while your assurance that you are the only true disciples of the God, Christ, and remember that you are first of all, Men. Your whole life is devoted to preaching, maintaining, and spreading doctrine which you say was revealed to you by God Himself, and is, therefore, the only one that is true, and brings redemption.
In what, then, does this one true and redeeming doctrine that you preach, consist? To whichever one of the so-called Christian Churches you may belong, you acknowledge that your teaching is quite accurately expressed in the articles of belief formulated at the Council of Nicæa sixteen hundred years ago.
Very well. You have had the one truth capable of saving mankind revealed to you by God Himself. It is natural for men to strive towards truth, and when it is clearly presented to them they are always glad to accept it, and be guided by it.

And therefore, to impart this saving truth revealed to you by God Himself, it would seem sufficient, plainly and simply, verbally, and through the press, to communicate it with reasonable persuasion to those capable of receiving it.

But how have you preached this truth?

From the time a society calling itself the Church was formed, your predecessors taught this truth chiefly by violence. They laid down the truth, and punished those who did not accept it. This method, which was evidently not suited to its purpose, came, in course of time, to be less and less employed, and is now, of all the Christian Churches, used, I think, only in Russia. ¶ Another means was through external action on people's feelings—by solemnity of setting, pictures, music, even dramatic performances, and oratorical art. In time this method, also, began to be less and less used. In Protestant countries—except the orator's art—it is now but little used.

But all the strength of the clergy is now directed to a third and powerful method, which has always been used, and is now with special jealousy retained by the clergy in their own hands. This method is that of instilling Church doctrine into people who are not in a position to judge of what is given them: for instance, into quite uneducated working people who have no time for thought, and chiefly into children, who accept indiscriminately what is imparted to them and on whose minds it remains permanently impressed. ¶ So that in our day your chief method of imparting to men the truth God has revealed to you, consists in teaching this truth to uneducated adults, and to children who do not reason, but who accept everything.

This teaching generally begins with what is called Scripture History: that is to say, with selected passages from the Bible: the Hebrew books of the Old Testament, which according to your teaching are the work of the Holy Ghost, and are therefore not only unquestionably true, but also holy. From this history your pupil draws his first notions of the world, of the life of man, of good and evil, and of God.

This Scripture History begins with a description of how God, the ever-living, created the sky, and the earth 6,000 years ago out of nothing; how He afterwards created beasts, fishes, plants, and finally created man: Adam, and Adam's wife, who was made

of one of Adam's ribs. Then it describes how, fearing lest the man and his wife should eat an apple which had the magic quality of giving knowledge, he forbade them to eat that apple; how, notwithstanding this prohibition, the first people ate the apple, and were therefore expelled from Paradise; and how all their descendants were therefore cursed, and the earth was cursed also, so that since then it has produced weeds. Then the life of Adam's descendants is described: how they become so perverted that God not only drowned them all, but drowned all the animals with them, and left alive only Noah and his family and the animals he took into the ark. Then it is described how God chose Abraham alone of all people, and made an agreement with him; which agreement was that Abraham was to consider God to be God, and, as a sign of this, was to be circumcised. On his side, God undertook to give Abraham a numerous progeny, and to patronise him and all his offspring. Then it tells how God, patronising Abraham and his descendants, performed on their behalf most unnatural actions called miracles, and most terrible cruelties. So that the whole of this history—excepting certain stories, which are sometimes naive (as the visit of God with two angels to Abraham, the marriage of Isaac, and others), and are sometimes innocent, but are often immoral (as the swindles of God's favorite, Jacob, the cruelties of Samson, and the cunning of Joseph),—the whole of this history, from the plagues Moses called down upon the Egyptians, and the murder by an angel of all their first-born, to the fire that destroyed 250 conspirators, and the tumbling into the ground of Korah, Dathan, Abiram, and the destruction of 14,700 men in a few minutes, and on to the sawing in pieces of enemies with saws, and the execution of the priests who did not agree with Him by Elijah (who rode up into the sky), and to the story of Elisha, who cursed the boys that laughed at him, so that they were torn in pieces, and eaten by two bears,—all this history is a series of miraculous occurrences and of terrible crimes, committed by the Hebrew people, by their leaders, and by God Himself.

Your teaching of the New Testament consists not in its moral teaching, not in the Sermon on the Mount, but in conformity of the Gospels with the stories of the Old Testament, in the fulfilment of prophecies, and in miracles, the movement of a star,

songs from the sky, talk with the devil, the turning of water into wine, walking on the water, healings, calling people back to life, and, finally, the resurrection of Jesus himself, and His flying up into the sky.

If all these stories, both from the Old and New Testaments, were taught as a series of fairy tales, even then hardly any teacher would decide to tell them to children and adults he desired to enlighten. But these tales are imparted to people unable to reason, as though they were the most trustworthy description of the world and its laws, as if they gave the truest information about the lives of those who lived in former times, of what should be considered good and evil, of the existence and nature of God, and of the duties of man.

People talk of harmful books! But is there in Christendom a book that has done more harm to mankind than this terrible book, called " Scripture History from the Old and New Testaments? " And all the men and women of Christendom have to pass through a course of this Scripture History during their childhood, and this same history is also taught to ignorant adults as the first and most essential foundation of knowledge,—as the one, eternal truth of God.

You can not introduce a foreign substance into a living organism without the organism suffering, and sometimes perishing, from its effort to rid itself of this foreign substance. What terrible evil to a man's mind must, then, result from this rendering of the teachings of the Old and New Testaments—foreign alike to present day knowledge, to common sense, and to moral feeling and instilled into him at a time when he is unable to judge, but accepts all that is given him!

Every man comes into the world with a consciousness of his dependence on a mysterious, all-powerful Source which has given him life, and consciousness of his equality with all men, the equality of all men with one another, a desire to love and be loved, and consciousness of the need of striving towards perfection. But what do you instill into him?

Instead of the mysterious Source of which he thinks with reverence, you tell him of an angry, unjust God, who executes and torments people.

Instead of the equality of all men, which the child and the simple

men recognise with all their being, you tell them that not only people, but nations, are unequal; that some of them are loved, and others are not loved, by God; and that some people are called by God to rule, others to submit.

" But," I hear a last objection, " will the result not be worse if we—educated, moral men, who desire to do good to the people —abandon our posts because of the doubts that have arisen in our souls, and let our places be taken by coarse, immoral men, indifferent to the people's good? "

Undoubtedly the abandonment of the clerical profession by the best men, will have the effect that the ecclesiastical business passing into coarse, immoral hands, will more and more disintegrate, and expose its own falsity and harmfulness. But the result will not be worse, for the disintegration of ecclesiastical establishments is now going on, and is one of the means by which people are being liberated. And therefore, the quicker this emancipation is accomplished, by enlightened and good men abandoning the clerical profession, the better it will be. And so, the greater the number of enlightened and good men who leave the clerical profession, the better.

I know that many of you have families, or are dependent on parents who require you to follow the course you have begun; I know how difficult it is to abandon a post that brings honor or wealth or even gives a competence and enables you and your families to continue a life to which you are accustomed, and I know how painful it is to go against relatives one loves. But anything is better than to do what destroys your own soul and injures your fellowmen. Therefore, the sooner and more definitely you repent of your sin and cease your activity, the better it will be not only for others, but for yourselves.

That is what I, standing now on the brink of my grave, and clearly seeing the chief source of human ills—wished to say to you; and to say not in order to expose or condemn you, but in order to co-operate in the emancipation of men from the terrible evil which the preaching of your doctrine produces, and at the same time to help you to rouse yourselves from the hypnotic sleep in which now you often fail to understand all the wickedness of your own actions.

May God, who sees your hearts, help you in the effort!

A Peace Picnic

PEACE PICNIC—Just suppose that, a few months ago, there had gone abroad over the world an urgent request for big business—all factories and stores everywhere—to grant its helpers one day off, with full pay, for a *Peace Picnic.*

What whould have been the reply of Colonel Moneybags?

I 'll tell you—it would have been this: " One whole day off for a picnic—and full pay? My God! We can't afford it! "

The war has been going on in Europe for four months or so, with at least twelve million men taken from the ranks of useful labor.

¶ The cost, not counting loss of labor, is thirty million dollars a day

And I hope we do not have to prove that every soldier has to be supported by a laborer.

Going into battle is n't exactly like going to a picnic.

Picnics carry a decided benefit, especially where a man takes his wife and children, or his sweetheart.

But even the sophistic apologists are at their wits' end to explain the good of this war.

And no one yet has come forward and claimed the credit of beginning it

Just now we live in a world of war. There are sixty-one thousand daily newspapers in the world. One-half of these are printed in English. And three-fourths of the contents of all of them is devoted to war.

Most conversation is war talk. We talk war; dream war; think war

War is disturbing all business, all enterprise, all vocations.

When the *Titanic* went to the bottom of the sea, and carried down sixteen hundred people, we were horrified.

But for more than four months the daily sacrifice of life on the blood-drenched fields of Europe has been twice that of the *Titanic's* victims. More than that, a vast number of young men are disabled by disease or wounded irreparably.

Militarism must go. This war is a war against war. Jealousy, vengeance and hate must abdicate.

Civilization, as a sentiment, has disarmed the individual; now it must disarm nations.

Every writer, every orator—every reader and every listener—should think disarmament.

Until disarmament comes we can never have a world of friends.

¶ The manufacture of deadly weapons by private corporations must cease. If murder machines are made, let them be produced under an international license, with no statesmen, or their wives, as stockholders.

As long as private individuals thrive by the making of " Dreadnoughts," sophistical reasons will be given why " Dreadnoughts " are a necessary and lovely adjunct to peace, progress and plenty.

¶ Big business has been to blame in this thing. And now that big business is being buffed, soaped and sandpapered, let it not escape this truth—that no longer shall individuals be allowed to thrive through supplying murder machines to the mob.

Conceive that this is Nineteen Hundred Fourteen, of the Christian Kalends ❧ ❧

Pinch your ear, whistle out loud. Are you dreaming?

No. It is Nineteen Hundred Fourteen. It is the age of Edison, Kelvin, Steinmetz, Lister, Roentgen, Charles W. Eliot, David Starr Jordan, Robert Collyer, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Rodin, George Westinghouse, the Wright Brothers, Madame Curie, S. Weir Mitchell, William James, Nathan Straus, Alexander Graham Bell, Maeterlinck, Thomas Hardy!

The human race seemed sure of itself.

Its mind was opening like a gigantic, Intelligible Eye.

The phantoms and goblins wer in a panic in their sinister heavens ❧ ❧

With microscope and alembic, with pen and press, man—heir to the Promethean spark—was invading the Realm of Death, Disease and Fear. He had put wings on the stage coach; he was whispering messages across continents.

He had segregated the germ; and brave men had gone to both the North and the South Pole. Man was civilizing doctors, preachers, lawyers: civilizing his Rulers—those in Heaven and those on Earth ❧ ❧

His telescope foraged among the ruined constellations of the Infinite. His microscope brought his eye to pasture on the Inconceivable ❧ ❧

No matter how much pain he had suffered, he found it glory to have lived in the last century and the opening years of the present. ¶ He reigned over life like an eagle. His achievements put the touch of Godhood on his brow.

Conceived that this is Nineteen Hundred Fourteen. And that art, science, invention, had glorified man—lifted him to the Matterhorn of Highest Hope.

Then conceive the inconceivable. Think the unthinkable. Realize the unbelievable.

One may paint the horrors of this struggle of the ages, à la Tolstoy or Zola. Sickening task!

One may look at it from the brain of a Hugo, and write magnificent strophes in prose and verse, whose beauty would quench the rainbow ❧ ❧

But there is no romance or heroism in this war today to inspire a Victor Hugo.

The safest, healthiest manner of traveling with the Great Blonde Beast from day to day is in the manner of the Philosopher. It will stifle those bitter, burning tears that are in our hearts, and purge our souls of these sobs that choke us.

And keep your eye on the Great Reaction—when the human race will take possession of the Old Planet by right of eminent domain!

¶ At the close of the war, let the entire world of workers and toilers have a *picnic*—with full pay! And let the band play, and the oratory flow, and love, for once, be legal tender.

Can we afford it? Why, sure! We certainly can. And even Ol' Man Moneybags will join us!

The New Infidelity

IF you start and move in a direct line, and keep moving, you will go around the world, and eventually come back to the place of beginning. Life is a spiral, and all things move in circles; and yet if you ask the man he will tell you he is moving straight ahead, for his senses (very fallacious things) tell him so.

Drunkards make good temperance cranks; temperance cranks make drunkards—occasionally.

Ascetics turn libertine in an hour; and libertines, who have exhausted their capacity to sin, make zealous ascetics. Thus we see that the opposites of things are alike, and the things that are different are in fact often the same. Twenty-five years ago there existed a well-defined cult known as the Corner-Grocery Infidel. The type could always be told at once by his continually asking the questions, "Who did Cain marry?" and "If God is all-powerful, why does n't He kill the Devil?" Then the man grinned triumphantly. This man did nothing but deny. He doubted all day long and clamored through his nose for physical demonstration and ocular proof. He was full of sneers and gibes and jeers and sarcastic Ohs and ironical Ahs. And to his passion for doubt and denial, it must be admitted, he brought a degree of commonsense. His pertinacity was ever in evidence, his firmness was worthy of a better cause, and his life being free from flagrant faults, he surely, in a measure, won our respect; for all the year through he was consistent to his creed, and stubbornly refused to believe a thing he could not see.

But now the Corner-Grocery Infidel is no more—you may search for him, but you will search in vain, unless you look in the right place, and that is—the church. He is now a pillar of the church. He is in the Amen Corner, with all his pertinacity, his cold Thou-

Shalt-Not morality, his stubbornness; and his quiver is as full of slings and stings and sneers and jeers and gibes as in the good old days. There is no change in him: he is neither better nor worse: the thing he now doubts is Science, but that which he denies is, as before, Deity. He doubts both God's mercy and His intelligence ❧ ❧

He limits Providence and defines a rationalist as "One who believes he can be as wicked as he chooses and still go to Heaven." Should you say that God's spirit is manifest as much in the tree and the flower as in man, he dares you to prove it. And should you give it as your belief that God yet inspires His children, you are challenged to debate.

It is the Scientist who now takes off his shoes, knowing that the place whereon he stands is holy ground.

Science is reverent and speaks with lowered voice, for she has caught glimpses of mysteries undefinable, and to her have come thoughts that are beyond speech. Science cultivates the receptive heart and the hospitable mind, and her prayer is for more light, and to this prayer the answer is even now arriving.

Of course, I know that there has ever been a tendency in the church to persecute the man who believed too much, and to cry anathema upon one who had faith plus. The men and women of transcendent soul and luminous spirit have ever had to make their way, not only against the public, but against the majority in the church; and usually the church has been their bitterest enemy and most clamorous detractor. In the church there has ever been a struggle between the cold, clammy spirit of materialism and the saints, poets, prophets and mystics. But the materialists have now ousted the saints as the cuckoo does the thrush. Materialism has won, and the day has come when the church must be awarded the palm; for the proud triumph is hers of holding a monopoly on disbelief, doubt and denial.

And when Dr. Edward Everett Hale, at the grave of Oliver

Wendell Holmes, called attention to the fact that the five great poets of America were all outside the pale of the orthodox church, he could truthfully have added—and so are all the poets, prophets, saints and seers of earth. They are in the camp of her whom the church has so long feared and fought—Science.

Church Co-operation

AT the recent Annual Convention of the Presbyterian Church, attention was called to the fact that more than two thousand Presbyterian Churches in America are without pastors.

This was regarded as a very lamentable condition. There are people, however, who find cause for encouragement in this peculiar condition, and these argue that humanity is no longer satisfied with dry dogmas and husks in lieu of mental pabulum.

So comes, then, President Waters of the State Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kansas, making a statement to the effect that in Illinois there are seventeen hundred abandoned churches, one thousand in Missouri, about the same number in Iowa, and fully as many in the State of Kansas.

Doctor Waters argues that this does not necessarily mean that the country is becoming irreligious, but the fact seems to be that we are demanding a higher standard of preaching than ever before

Mankind has had a surfeit of theological discussion. Questions of exegesis do not interest us. Dogmatic oratory concerning a world to come and the route followed by the Children of Israel in their forty years' pilgrimage in the Wilderness no longer holds our attention. We want modern economics, not ancient hagiology. As mankind increases in intelligence, aspirations, ambition and desire, a higher quality of ministry is required.

The pew dictates to the pulpit often what the pulpit shall preach. The pew has advanced, but the pulpit has stood still.

The one big subject before the world today is that of sociology—how we can better the condition of men and women now and here. Happiness is the first thing desired, not goodness.

Happy people are those at work. Also, the folks engaged in useful

work are good people. There is no contentment without congenial and useful occupation.

A religion that interests itself largely in man's condition after death has been outlived and is now outworn.

Following the very able and good-tempered discussion by President Waters comes ex-Governor Hoch, also of Kansas, who urges the different denominations in rural districts to get together and consolidate. Small places of worship should be turned over to their respective villages or towns as schoolhouses, public libraries or reading-rooms.

Ex-Governor Hoch cites the case of one particular church in the State of Maine that, by a vote of its congregation, duly deeded the property over to the State to be used as a kindergarten. Instead of three, four or five struggling churches in a community, with preachers on half-pay, and necessarily repressed and depressed, ex-Governor Hoch urges that these churches combine on a commonsense basis and secure one man as a preacher and pastor and pay him enough to put him on an easy financial footing, then interest the entire town in the subject of music, and a worldly well-being, and so make the church a civic center as well as a religious institution.

We must get rid of our prejudices; and our faith must take the form of a belief in our neighbors.

Denominations are founded first on personal aversions. And ex-Governor Hoch and Doctor Waters think the time has arrived for eliminating quibble, and combining for the good of ourselves, of humanity and of posterity. The example to children of having various denominations in a small town does not tend toward evolving citizens of a broad and generous nature.

Competition is the death of trade when carried to an extreme limit, and it is also the death of spirituality in the churches. Let us co-operate, and move forward hand in hand— rather than split up into factions and starve our souls on dogmatic differences.

The Perfect Girl

ISS BIGELOW, Physical Director at the University of Michigan, has recently announced that a girl has entered the University who fulfils Michelangelo's requirements for the perfect female type. And she is the only girl in all the history of the institution, who rates up to the Classic models. And the " co-eds" at Ann Arbor have always rated well above the average.

Michelangelo's figures were based on a great number of measurements that he took from Greek specimens of sculpture. Every piece of marble that he could find which represented the ideal female form, he put his tape-measure on, and he finally evolved what he called, " The Perfect Form."

It will be remembered that the lines of Michelangelo's women are pretty nearly straight. They were women with generous waists, hands and feet strong and capable, broad of shoulder, long of limb, flat of back, with easy graceful articulations. They were quite on the order of the Spartan mothers, who worked with the men side by side, fought with them in the field, taking responsibilities, bearing burdens, and asking no favors.

This girl, recently discovered at Ann Arbor, is five feet, seven inches in height; weight, one hundred thirty pounds, which gives her an appearance of being tall and slender. Her total strength measures eighteen hundred thirty pounds; breathing capacity two hundred eighteen inches.

The average weight of healthy girls of her age is one hundred twenty pounds; height, five feet three; lung capacity, one hundred fifty-five; total strength, nine hundred.

It will thus be seen that this girl, while weighing only eleven pounds more than the average, has double the physical strength, and over one-third more than the average lung capacity.

She can walk twenty miles without fatigue; run five miles; or work all day at manual labor. She can row, drive, ride horseback, swing an axe, saw wood, exercise a hoe, pitch hay, and carry a trunk weighing a hundred pounds on her back, while the milking of cows has given her an extraordinary grip in her hands.

She has never had what is called " gymnasium work." She has slept out of doors, that is, on a sleeping-porch, through which the air blows in from every side, Winter and Summer.

No special attention has been given diet. She eats anything she likes, but not to eat to a surfeiting; and if she eats between meals, it is fruit. Practically she is a vegetarian. She drinks no tea nor coffee. This young woman has lived a normal natural life, with plenty of play and regular systematic work and a sensible degree of economy

Several experts who have seen this girl in the gymnasium at Ann Arbor have declared that if she would focus her attention on athletics, she would develop into a phenomenal performer. But the girl is not especially interested in athletics. This is not her dream, and a good mentality means more to her than muscle. Incidentally, in passing, it may be said that she stands very well in her classes, and has no difficulty at all in keeping up her studies. She is good-natured, likes to play, and is, of course, physically sound

Now the real proposition is that this so-called perfect specimen is not so much a wonder as she is a comment on the rest of mankind. The imperfections of the average woman are what makes this girl a phenomenon. It is all a matter of comparison.

Is the perfect so very rare that when we find it we should be amazed, and telegraph the fact from one end of the land to another? Why should n't the perfect be the normal, and all departures be abnormal?

This girl has not pinched her feet or her waist, nor has her brain been put into a compress.

She has never been punished, never been vaccinated by the toxin of theological superstition, never had any of the so-called necessary children's diseases, never been sick a day in her life, never caused her parents a pang of anxiety. She has simply lived a normal, natural, sensible, commonsense life.

And as a result, she is today what the Director of Physical Culture at Ann Arbor University declares a " perfect woman," this after she has been placed on the scales, and been gone over with the tape-line, and put to every test known to modern medical science.

One thing sure, the world has an ideal about what the perfect type is, but for the most part we have neglected to work toward it. Tea, coffee, tobacco, stimulants, bad hours, bad air, excitement, search for thrills, seeking for diversions, desire for strenuous athletics, instead of physical culture, with the demon of fear hovering over all, have produced a race, crooked, deficient, myopic, over-sensitive, sick much of the time.

Any man now who is forty or fifty years of age and who has never needed the attention of a physician will be pointed out on the street as peculiar and eccentric.

Ann Arbor University is doing a great work in specializing on physical efficiency, taking as a basis Herbert Spencer's dictum, " the first requisite is to be a good animal."

Miss Bigelow, in her work with the women pupils, is constantly calling attention to the fact that women must wear sensible shoes and dress sensibly before they can enjoy good health.

To impede the circulation is deliberate folly. And so corsets are coming in for their very proper arraignment.

A beautiful form is one that is graceful and useful. We should be able to think intelligently, to make wise decisions, to be mentally and physically self-reliant, balanced, free from fear, and appreciative of the great seething world of living things that surround us.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Well does Miss Bigelow say that we should all be our own physicians, that we should study our own case—in other words, that we should adopt the motto of Socrates, "Know thyself!" We should really be just as much ashamed to be sick as to be criminal in our tendencies.

If any one wants to follow this subject farther, he should get the bulletin issued by Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University, Chairman of the Committee of One Hundred, on Public Health, wherein is shown the loss to the world through physical inefficiency. This bulletin is sent gratis to any one applying for it to the Committee of One Hundred, New Haven, Connecticut.

If a normal physique is the result of normal living, and only one person out of every hundred thousand has a normal body, then it looks as if the way civilized people live is very uncivilized. All of the universities combined have never produced a man quite so strong and capable all around, in a physical way, as Thorpe of Carlisle.

Carlisle, comparatively, has only about one-tenth as many men to draw from as Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Cornell or Wisconsin. And yet, in athletics, Carlisle has set them all a pace.

Carlisle, in a football way, is very much lighter in weight than any of the other teams. And very often, Carlisle has made it her business to hit so hard that she just walked through most anywhere that she has wished.

The Indians have the ability to make quick decisions and to act just as quickly, and this without entertaining the thought of defeat for an instant. They go in to win. It is life or death, and usually life ❧ ❧

Whether the Indian is a coming man or the relic of an age that is past is up for decision in the world's assize.

In any event, Doctor Vaughan, Medical Director of the University of Michigan, says that civilization has got to change its

mode of living, otherwise we are headed for the toboggan. And that dream of the essayist of a native New Zealander sitting on the broken arch of London Bridge and contemplating a civilization dead and turned to dust, may have a basis in fact besides eating too much lobster-salad.

As it is, the normal is the exceptional, and deformities are the rule. Take a look at the first dozen humans you meet, if you want to know what kind of people are in the penitentiary, to mis-quote old Doctor Johnson.

The Assassins

THE word "assassin" was once eminently respectable. It was first used in the Twelfth Century in Persia. It signified a member of a Mohammedan religious order. These assassins devoted their lives to truth, justice, purity, right, and their business was to give everybody a square deal. They worked for the equal distribution of goods, and a just wage for services rendered.

They took their names from their leader Hassan, and were called Hassanites, or Hassassins. Then some enemy of the order called them Hashassins, or Hashish-Eaters.

These men were fired by religious zeal until they ran amuck, killing every one who tried to oppose them. People thought they were intoxicated with hashish, or the juice of the hemp-plant. This may have been so; but a man intoxicated with religious zeal, or drunk on success and his own oratory, is quite as dangerous as an individual who is simply plain drunk on dope and drugs. The word "assassin" was taken up by the French and circulated, first as a slang word, and then it got fixed in the dictionary, and when the Engish adopted it, it became legitimate.

The word " assassin," like the word " rebel," signifies much or little, according to the point of view. In school histories now used in England, George Washington is referred to as " That American Rebel." Power, grown great, tends to tyranny.

These Assassins of Islam were proud of the name and gloried in it. The secret Order of Assassins existed from the Twelfth Century down practically to our own time, and members of the order still endure

There was a minor degree of Assassins, known as the Divine Ones, made up of young men who were kept in ignorance of the final teachings of the Order. Absolute obedience was exacted from

every member. These young men were the blind instruments in the work of death planned by their leaders. They were assigned to their task of destroying the enemies of religion, and they did their duty, as they saw it, without asking questions.

Before they were sent out to commit their special deeds of death, they were initiated into a " Paradise " eating, drinking, drugging, served by dark-eyed houris, who gave them a foretaste of the bliss that awaited them after death.

They were fatalists. They were taught that if they died in the particular work to which they were assigned, their souls would immediately gravitate to Paradise, and there they would continue for all eternity the life of pleasure, of which they had had an hour's taste, just before.

The tendency of the Order was to make fanatics, feudists and fatalists

For two hundred years the Order of Assassins held all Asia Minor in terror, and instituted some very Dark Ages.

The Assassins struck in the dark, and the Government was powerless to locate the murderers. In fact, officers of the Government themselves were often members of this Order of Assassins. The whole thing was very much like the Camorra of Italy, or the cheerful Ku-Klux Klan, or White Caps, of which America has had a taste.

The world should beware of men who come in the name of reformation, demanding that the world should be made over according to ideal plans which they themselves have formulated. Any man who is better, or who thinks he is better, than the common run of humanity is a dangerous individual, and will easily gravitate into the sacred Order of Assassins, and justify himself in the initiation

The Mahdis that have appeared from time to time in the Orient, especially in Asia Minor, Persia and Turkey, have belonged to this Order of Assassins. The word " Mahdi" means one who

leads us out of captivity. It is similar to the word " Messiah." Each of the dozen or so of Mahdis that Mohammedanism has produced has called himself " The Mahdi."

There was one particular Mahdi that turned the Sudan into a trail of danger and death about the year Eighteen Hundred Eighty. This Mad Mullah was a religious zealot, who proclaimed himself a " Progressive." His business was to restore the Sudan, and eventually the entire world, to a condition of peace, equity, justice and prosperity, through a destruction of the forces that he said were strangling the plain people.

This man took to the desert with a few hundred followers. At first these men were unarmed. They lived on charity or the contributions of the Faithful.

A little later, when contributions were not forthcoming, they made raids into the towns and villages and collected their own. Soon they were transformed into a formidable mass of cavalry, riding stolen horses. The restless, the worthless, the uneasy, all those who had nothing to lose, quit work and followed the Mahdi, whose cry was, " The time is at hand!"

Ideal communities were to be organized. A new distribution of goods was to be the rule. The rich and the governing classes were to be eliminated. The rule of the people was to be supreme. The revolt grew so great that the Khedive abandoned the Sudan. General Gordon, known as " Chinese Gordon," was sent out by the English Government to treat with the Mahdi, and if necessary to subdue him.

Gordon arrived at Khartum in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-four. The people welcomed him as their deliverer. Gordon issued a request to the hostile Sudanese to lay down their arms and return to their homes and go to work, promising them immunity from punishment for their offenses.

The reply of the Assassins was to cut off Gordon's communication with Cairo. Gordon did not have any idea of the number of men

he had to deal with; and nobody yet knows how this disorganized, heterogeneous mass of humanity, that fed off the land like grasshoppers, shut Gordon up with his ten thousand soldiers in Khartum ❧ ❧

The besieging hordes held him captive for ten months. One wonders what England was doing all this time; but we must remember that, although Eighteen Hundred Eighty-five is not so very long ago, yet methods of transportation and communication were far from what they are today.

Finally Great Britain despatched an army to the relief of Gordon, under General Wolseley, who arrived within two days' march of Khartum. But through the treachery of certain people in Khartum—for whom General Gordon was fighting—the gates were thrown open and the hordes came tumbling through, and Gordon went down to his death.

Only the death of Gordon aroused the British Nation to the danger of this rule of the mob. Kitchener was sent to the Sudan with an army, and it took him twelve years to put down this rebellion started by the religious progressives who thought to make the world over.

The Miraculous Movies

THE other day there was a swell wedding in a Western city. The ceremony was out of doors in a garden under the trees. There was a little procession from the house to the garden; then after the ceremony there was a supper at another beautiful spot under the spreading elms, and the company moved from the out-of-door church to this Forest of Arden banquet-hall.

Now the particular point was that every feature of this wedding was duly recorded by the untiring movies.

One hundred sets of films were prepared and presented to as many guests and relatives who were unable to attend.

And so it happened that I was one of the guests who received a set of the movies.

I put them in my faithful Power's Cameragraph, called in the neighbors, and we had the wedding all over again, even to the playing of the music.

Altogether it was a most interesting, amusing and beautiful diversion

I have the films. They are mine to keep, and I can reproduce this wedding at any time. Ten years from now it might be very interesting in case there was a divorce—bless my soul, Terese, how terribly sunburned the back of your neck is!

The value of moving pictures as a factor in education is very great, and the extent to which they will eventually be used, no man can say. The business is still evolving, climbing, growing, aviating. From a mere plaything whose business was to astonish and produce "Oh's" and "Ah's," we now have something that the pedagogues prize.

Not long ago I gave a course of lectures at the State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas. Here is a school with more than

three thousand pupils, mostly country boys and girls right off the farm. Some of them have made great sacrifices in order to avail themselves of this privilege.

There is a short course of three months, which a great number of fine young folks avail themselves of.

These students have not been sent to college. They go. And their intent is to get just as much as they possibly can in the short space of time that is at their disposal.

I was greatly impressed to see the use made of the Cameragraph in the different lecture-halls at this great institution. Moving pictures were shown of various breeds of cattle and the conditions under which these cattle were raised in various parts of the world. There were pictures from South America, Mexico, Texas, Colorado, California, Holland, the Isle of Jersey, Guernsey, England, Scotland, Ireland and Switzerland.

The pictures really told their own stories, so there was very little oratory. And no speaker—even myself—ever was paid as close attention as was given to these pictures.

Beside specific "movies" in the line of the studies, there was a Saturday evening "Current Events" set of films shown, illustrating the doings of the day. It was really a weekly newspaper, with pictures of the principal actors in the world's drama.

Later I discovered that this feature of the weekly news-letter in form of pictures was being used in a great number of High Schools throughout the Middle West.

There was a time when children used to run away from school. Finally, we heard of children running away and going to the moving-picture shows. But now that the movies are being used as an educational adjunct, children are running away from home and going to school.

The Montessori system of education is founded on the proposition that everything that makes an impression on the senses is educating the child. An impression on the brain through the

sense of sight is the easiest possible way to teach. In fact, it is the natural way to teach. There is a fascination in motion—just note the crowds around any show window where something is being done ❧ ❧

Doctor Maria Montessori has one slogan that she repeats again and again, and that is, "We must give the child the right to explore its environment."

Children want to go somewhere. They want to see things, and this constant desire for motion, movement, new scenery, new ideas, new sensations, is all a natural part of the great evolution of the individual.

The child learns through his senses and should learn in joy. The thing that interests him, that holds his attention, is the thing that is educating him.

The use of moving picures is being advocated in a great number of schools, from the grades up to the post-graduated courses.

Doctor Stanley Hall, David Starr Jordan, John Dewey and Ella Flagg Young have each given their personal endorsement of the great value of moving pictures.

At first we thought the films must be several inches square. Now a film the size of a postage stamp reproduces itself perfectly on a space ten feet square or more. These films are sent through the mails very conveniently.

So every family, in fact, can have a new set of pictures, say, every Saturday night.

There was a time when a piano in a private home was considered the very height of luxury. Now the home that has n't a piano is considered almost a part of the slums.

Libraries used to belong only to public institutions, or to very rich people. Now everybody is a book-buyer.

I can remember when the Remington Typewriter was exhibited at Philadelphia at the Centennial Exhibition. Operators were desired, and an advertisement was placed in the Philadelphia

papers for men or women to run these machines. A postscript was added to the advertisement thus: " Only those who can play the piano need apply."

It was supposed that the degree of digital skill acquired in playing a piano was requisite in running the typewriter.

Also, I remember one worthy teacher of Spencerian penmanship who offered to race the typewriter in writing out five thousand words. A match was fixed. The day set. The Spencerian pen-pusher won the prize, the lady at the typewriter having had a case of nerves in mid-flight.

We all said that the typewriter was a very wonderful plaything, and the way the operator would print your name on a slip and hand it to you made us think we had achieved fame. We folded up the precious slip and carried it away to show to the folks at home, proving to them Brother Jasper's dictum that " the world do move."

At the Roycroft we have a weekly moving-picture recital. At first we showed our pictures on Sunday evenings, and the result was that we emptied the churches. But in a response to a pastoral round robin that we should choose a week-day night for our " show," we arranged for Saturday evening.

I am sure that this weekly " movie " recital is a decided benefit and advantage to the whole town. We get the young folks off the street, cut down the crowd at the billiard-hall, and supply ideas and worthy topics of conversation for a week.

There are more than twenty thousand towns and villages in America where the movies could be used in a similar way to the great moral and mental gain of the community. Recently ex-Governor Hoch of Kansas has given an address wherein he states that there are more than a thousand churches in Kansas without pastors, and nearly two thousand in Iowa, Missouri and Illinois, each, as well. Governor Hoch calls attention to the fact that in various villages and small towns, where there were two, three, or

half a dozen churches, these churches have combined. By the use of moving pictures of an educational sort, added to the regular church service, the entire town has been interested.

As the years go by we will see more and more co-operation and consolidation among the churches.

Churches are taking on educational features, and, in degree, every church is now a school.

We realize that the spoken word can very seldom be made as impressive as the appeal to the eye through a picture. The moving picture, giving the sense of action, creates a marked impression, and the event is stored up in memory.

Altogether, there is no human invention of modern times that is so potent for good as the moving pictures. In the future we will not break down good human tissue in unpleasurable efforts to educate, when with the help of the movies the child will learn in joy and in a tenth part of the time.

Happiness is an asset; joy is legal tender, and the thing that makes us live better will make us live longer.

The moving pictures are introducing one part of the world to another. There is a limit to travel—especially if you have to hold down a job and have no vast amount of ready cash.

But the movies bring the world to you, and its wonders file past, as if you were a Roman Emperor perched high on your Imperial throne ❧ ❧

We are getting acquainted with mankind as never before, and what Abdul Baha calls the "Great Conciliation" will surely come about. And this Conciliation is a respect of man for man, and a world peace through the recognition that we live in Paradise now if we would but realize it.

Heart-Ache

A HEART-ACHE is only a huge joke, when it is mine. Yours makes me cry, but mine—goodness! I glory in pain, for all I have endured I now know has been for my lasting benefit.

Yesterday in Buffalo I saw a woman on a street car whose heart was nigh bursting with grief. She was dazed, stunned, bereft. I never saw the woman before, and I am sure she did not know me. Her look of anguish wrung my heart and when at last our eyes met, she gave me such an involuntary look of dumb entreaty that I lifted my hat and tried to smile, as if we were old acquaintances.

She tried to smile back and the lines tightened around her lips, and as she still looked at me, great tears welled to her eyes. Then she turned away and I saw she was shutting her teeth hard so as to master the grief that was gnawing at her heart.

Some much prized thing had gone out of this woman's life—something great and good—some one had ceased to love her, and this woman had such a hunger for love—such capacity for affection!

The car was full of people, but I longed to go right over and hold her hands and whisper to her that I, at least, loved her, that all my being responded to that inward longing her face could not conceal. I wanted to tell her that there is no tragedy except for those who believe in it. What though some loved form was lying cold and rigid in death—will not we, too, some day fold our hands, just so, across our tired breasts and sleep! Or if love had gone to another, why should we desire to compel it, would we not make those free we love? I wanted to say to her, "I know, I know—fate has hammered me, too, hammered my soul into better shape than it was once. Relax, cease the struggle, and you have nothing with which to fight."

The car stopped and the woman got off, turning her face from me as she passed. She turned from me, I knew, because she felt that I was her friend, and she did not wish to burden me with her weight of woe. God fill her with His Love and lend her Peace!

Bees

A LITTLE girl, 'leven years old, goin' on twelve, has been telling me something about the *Apis Mellifica*, which is short for bee.

The bumblebee and wasps are to *Apis Mellifica* what a punster is to a humorist. Wasps make wood-pulp paper for I have used their nests for gun-wad ❧ ❧

Bumblebees only make a little honey, and as it is inconvenient to get it away from them, there is no money in raising bumblebees—only excitement. Wasps make honeycomb, but instead of putting honey in the cells they catch spiders and use the cells for prison cells. The wasp is either an undeveloped bee or a degenerate one.

Wasps and bees are second cousins; like men and baboons they have a common ancestor. Ages ago one band of monkeys struck out for the plains in search of adventure, and these evolved into men; the others took to the woods and are monkeys yet.

Wasps stuck to the woods and still are wasps; but the wasp that followed the clearings became *Apis Mellifica*, or words to that effect ❧ ❧

Bees sting but once and die, but wasps can sting eight hours a day. ¶ Columbus found no bees in America, any more than he found horses, cattle, sheep and goats. He found dogs, but dogs are only domesticated wolves. There were deer and buffalo here, but no one ever hitched a buffalo to a cart, until Buffalo Jones did the trick in 1893.

There were honey-bees in Egypt in the time of the Pharaohs. The bees followed the track of civilization around to Greece and did business at Hymettus in order to supply poets symbols. Then the bees went on to Rome, and Pliny anticipated Maeterlinck and wrote a whole book on them.

Wherever man plants fruit trees and cultivates flowers, and especially white clover, you will find bees. Just as martins come when you put up a bird box, and as pigeons appear when you have a house for them, and corn and wheat; so do bees carry the Message to Garcia when they find apple trees and white clover.

¶ Bees send out scouts when about to swarm, looking for good territory, and so when the Spaniards brought the first bees to America in 1720, the bees started west when they swarmed and stayed right with the folks. They did not get across the Mississippi, however, until about the year 1800.

The Philistines had bees in Palestine or Canaan, when the Jews broke loose and went west looking for a good place to locate. The Jews have always followed civilization just like bees, sending out scouts ahead.

No sooner do the pioneers start a town, than Moses Mosinsky shows up with a stock of clothing. Bees and Jews are alike in this —they are industrious and useful. When we want honey, we go to the bees, and when we want to borrow money, we apply to Kuhn, Loeb & Co. People who persecute Jews have no more sense than men have who kill bees with brimstone in order to steal the honey. People who believe in brimstone always kill bees and things.

It has been said, " Man is the most wonderful of all the works of God," but no one ever said so but man. Bees can do things man can not, and they know things man never will. A queen bee will lay over a million eggs during the summer. The eggs she lays every day are about double her own weight. These eggs are all alike when they hatch, but by feeding the larva differently, bees produce drones, workers or queens, at will.

It only takes three days for the eggs to hatch. The young are then fed by the nurse bees, which are the bees under sixteen days old. These nurse bees feed the others from glands in their heads that secrete milk.

When the bee is sixteen days old she is of age and goes to work. The average life of the worker is only forty-five days. She just works herself to death, unless winter comes on and then she may live through until the next year.

There are about fifty thousand bees in a hive, thirty-five thousand workers and fifteen thousand nurse bees or housekeepers. Then there are six hundred drones and one queen. The queen often lives for five years, but the drones never live over winter. As soon as the first sign of winter comes and the flowers begin to wither, the bees have a St. Bartholomew's day and kill every drone. Drones have no stingers, but queens and workers have. The workers are females—undeveloped queens.

Bees have five eyes, three they use for seeing in the dark and for reading, and two for long distance hustling.

When a hive gets too full, the bees swarm, the old ones going away led by the queen. As soon as the old queen goes, the bees that remain at home immediately grow a new queen.

Bees are very orderly and cleanly. They have inspectors that stay at the door of the hive and see that no bee comes in from the field without a good load of honey. Often if the bee has only a little honey, the inspector will turn him back and give him what is coming to him. The drones buzz around and make a bluff at working, flying around in the sunshine near the hive watching for the queen. The workers do not like the drones and they always kill a great many before St. Bartholomew's day, if Br'er Drone gets too gay. Bees very seldom die in the hive: if they do, it is a sign the whole hive is weak. The bees clean out all dust and dirt with great care, and if a bug or mouse gets into the hive they will straightway kill the intruder. Then if the body is too big for them to drag out they will cover it over and seal it up with propolis, a sticky substance, which bees gather from buds or the bark of trees.

A hive of thirty-five thousand workers will often bring in twenty

pounds of honey in a day, if the flowers are just right, and one man I know who owns eighty-five hives, has had his bees make a ton of honey in ten hours. And yet one bee only gathers a grain of honey a day, and may visit three hundred flowers to get it. ¶ The wax is a secretion from the bee's body, but the honey they get from the flowers. The object of the honey in the flower is that the insect will come and get itself dusted with pollen, which they carry to other flowers. So besides gathering honey, bees do a very necessary work in the fertilization of flowers. In fact, you can not raise white clover without bees, and bees do not thrive at their best excepting when they find white clover, so thus does nature understand her business.

Nature plays some rather mean tricks on men and birds and bees, just to get her work done. Nature seems to make use of man just as she uses bees, and all the time man chuckles and congratulates himself that he is using nature. But nature says nothing—just lies low and works, and man can only guess what the end of it all is

Unpublished Letter of Byron

THE following unpublished letter of Lord Byron's was first printed in *The Philistine*, for June, Nineteen Hundred One. It is here reprinted by request. In answer to many questions as to where the original was found, I will say it was discovered under a Cabbage Leaf in the Roycroft Garden, which is in East Aurora, by Ali Baba. Says Byron:

My Dear Girl:—

Back of us lies a pleasant land, a country wherein you and I disported ourselves together in untrammeled freedom and unheeding joyousness, and for a time forgot that, certainly, sooner or later, the Commonplace would inevitably encroach upon our domain. That time has come—we are at the parting of the ways, and this letter is my kindly farewell to you. In it I shall write as if all the world could read, while, in very truth, the letter must be destroyed lest a fear-and-hate-encompassed people should happen on it, and thereupon brand you with their unreasonable and uncharitable stigma.

The reason why you meant so much to me is, that of those I have known, you are the one above all others, who always and under every circumstance, played the game as though every pawn were a kindling brilliant. You knew no weariness—in your philosophy there was only the Now. You and I held always that each was necessary to the other's happiness, and yet, the fact that you must have known that our paths divided just ahead, occasioned you never a moment's depression. You may forget; your vows of constancy, if they ever recur to you at all, may provoke but your tolerant smile; but, by the gods, the fire of laughing, reckless Youth still runs riot in your veins, and I shall ever remember that when the Past was yours and mine together, there was never a moment when Life, for you, was not a thing to be appreciated

with the keenest zest, to be enjoyed with the utmost abandon, and to be remembered without a regret. Herein, were you incomparable ❧ ❧

I have known many men and women, but of them all, you got the most out of the chances that were yours. All others who have assisted me in decking with garlands of abandon the hours of recreation, have had some compunctions aroused by either fear or conscience. You had none—I know them not, and so, between us, we made the world seem bright.

I am an idealist, a dreamer. Fancy carries me to a land where the eye grows never dim, where the ear is ever clearly attuned, where the step is buoyant, where is nothing that any one fears; but Life has shown me a world in which Death is inevitably the rule; a world, the light of which lessens with every day that passes; a world wherein Fear compels us to a conformity and conventional poses, and in which the warm uncalculating love of Youth fades into the callousness and coldness, and disinterest of Age.

You say I am moody tonight. No, my dear, I am only truthful. In the cheery, jolly days of a few years ago, I had but to beckon my friends and they would gather with acclaim and sit down and hold revel while the red wine ran, and the flowing bowl was drained again and again. Mirth was King. His courtiers were madcap revelers, and they were a loyal crew. Hebe was their Divinity; but Time, Time the Tomb-builder, poured the waters of Lethe in their cups, and it corroded their veins and thinned their blood, and their erstwhile joyous laughter became transformed to a discordant cackle, and their mirth changed to mocking. They say, and they believe when they say it, that Wine is an enemy; that Women are wicked; and that Life is a vanity of vanities. Blame them not, for they are old; but grieve with them that the fires of exuberant Youth do not always burn.

Life is a servitude. The rulers of the world are slaves. To rule, they must labor, and the labor crushes them with its inertia, and

the garlands they win do but deck tombs, and that, so long only as the daylight lingers. Such garlands dissolve in the shadows of the first night, and the mists of morning fall on the bare graves that they for the moment adorned.

Our only friend is Memory. Her eye brims with understanding; her voice is caressing and tender; her touch is magnetic with sympathy

Today, Youth lures us to go; tomorrow Age will command us to stay, and then will Memory be my sweet-voiced guest, and she will sit by my side, and look into my dimming eyes, and sing the songs of Yesterday. She will dwell on the glory of morning; she will recall the friends who joined with me in ready homage to King Mirth; she will speak of Hebe; and then will come your name, my royal, clear-eyed, straight-limbed Sweetheart; and at last will I know that Old Age is not too heavy a burden to carry in payment of having once been young.

Doubt will whisper, " She was fickle, inconstant. She never really cared for you; " but the Ghost of Youth will flit across the strings of the heart, and that will pulsate, " She was young; she was beautiful; her kisses were endearing; her embrace was full of fire and passion and life; the response of her body was complete in its amorous abandon; and if she changed or forgot, we all change and forget; but while the glamor lasted, its spell was transmuting, and that for which the Universe was created, was our unstinted portion."

And when Time has taken me so far that even Memory's voice can no longer awaken the heart to answer, then will it suffice to record of me, " This Man Lived." And as you and I wander through Life after Life in unlimited series, perchance we will meet, and like a rush of fern scents wafted from years long past, will come again Memory, and you and I, though we know not why, will be glad; and it will be because we laughed and sang together long before, and gave small heed to the droning world,

which, had it known our hearts, would have used our name to adorn the moral of one of its degenerate tales.
And so, Farewell, and Farewell.

A Tempest in a Village Teapot

Fully Set Forth and Described by the Documents in the Case

LETTER NUMBER ONE—THE INTIMATION

Wherein Mrs. Ricker suggests a present to the East Aurora Library of the Complete Works of Robert Ingersoll.

DEAR MR. HUBBARD:—I am informed that you are actively interested in the Public Library of East Aurora. If I remember rightly this library was founded by your immediate efforts and those of your family. Now what I wish to know is this, does the East Aurora Library contain the complete works of Ingersoll? If not, I would like to present these books to the people of East Aurora. Your reply will oblige,

Sincerely yours,

MARILLA RICKER

Dover, N. H., June 25th, 1908.

LETTER NUMBER TWO—THE SUGGESTION

Mr. Hubbard expresses pleasure at the prospect of the books, and refers Mrs. Ricker to the Board of Education who have official charge of the Library.

DEAR MRS. RICKER:—I must thank you for your generous offer to present the complete writings of Ingersoll to the East Aurora Library. I am surely very much interested in the welfare and progress of our little Public Library here, but simply as a citizen, not an official. I suggest therefore that you write a formal letter to our Board of Education offering the Ingersoll books and I am quite sure that they will be gladly accepted. ¶ It is quite possible that many good people hereabouts do not love the memory of Col. Ingersoll as do you and I, but I really

think it is simply because they do not know him. Your gift will make it possible for them to become acquainted with the treasures of his great and loving brain. Mrs. Hubbard joins me in love and blessings to you always.

Sincerely yours,
ELBERT HUBBARD

East Aurora, N. Y., July 1st, 1908.

LETTER NUMBER THREE—THE QUIP MODEST

Mrs. Ricker offers the books to the Board with a few words of commendation in their behalf.

FRIENDS: An edition of the complete works of Robert G. Ingersoll has come from the press. There are twelve volumes in all. They are printed in large, clear type and handsomely bound. These books are filled with noble sentiments and are models of utterance ❧ ❧

No man, living or dead, in my opinion, has spoken such thrilling words on life, liberty and love, on home, happiness and humanity —no man has left to the world such beautiful word pictures as these volumes contain. I believe that every young person in the country should read the works of Ingersoll. They ought to know that America has produced this master of the English language. I am aware that in these books are opinions on religious questions that many do not accept, but they are the honest opinions of a great man, perhaps the greatest man who has ever lived on this continent. Are not such opinions worthy to be read?

No one can read these books without being intellectually larger, broader and deeper than before. It is not necessary to agree with all that Mr. Ingersoll says in order to be benefited by reading his works. No man was more prominently before the public for a quarter of a century. He was criticised and condemned most brutally. In all that time he set the world a splendid example of

silence. He did not once defend himself. He lived to serve truth, to serve his fellow men, and how well he did this is manifested in the incomparable lectures, speeches, addresses and tributes contained in his published works. I admired the man living. I honor him dead, and I want his countrymen to know how great and good a man he was.

The only way for the people to get a correct idea of what Robert G. Ingersoll said is to read his words for themselves. To enable the people of East Aurora to have this opportunity, I hereby offer you for your library the complete works of Robert G. Ingersoll. I shall be pleased to forward them to you upon your acceptance of the same.

Yours truly,
MARILLA RICKER

July 12th, 1908.

LETTER NUMBER FOUR—THE RETORT COURTEOUS

The Board declines the proffered gift with the explanation that Ingersoll sought to take away the religious faith of the nation and offered nothing in return. It also passes Mrs. Ricker a gratuitous testimonial as to the excellence of the Sermon on the Mount.

DEAR MADAM:—The members of the Board of Education of East Aurora (who also have charge of the Public Library located in the East Aurora Union School building) desire to express to you their thanks for your generous offer to contribute to the library an edition of the complete works of Robert G. Ingersoll, but they feel themselves constrained to decline the offer.

While we agree with you that these books contain " noble sentiments " and are " models of utterance," we can not overlook the fact that they also contain a celebrated atheist's attack upon the religious faith upheld by the parents of the children whose edu-

cation is committed to our charge. An edition of Ingersoll's selected works would be very acceptable to us, as so many of his speeches, addresses and tributes are incomparable for eloquence and beauty; but an edition which also contains the atheistical lectures and writings of this celebrated man could have no proper place in a library intended for the use of the young. We desire our youth to cultivate and cherish a steadfast faith in God. Mr. Ingersoll's writings on religious subjects can accomplish no good purpose. He attacked the religious faith of the American nation, but offered nothing in place of the religious belief he sought to destroy. He made slighting and blasphemous allusions to the Holy Scriptures, which we believe contain a code of morals and ethics which, if followed, can not fail to guide the American people safely along the paths of rectitude and virtue. The doctrine inculcated by the Sermon on the Mount is worth more in practical value than all of the sentiments and utterances of all of the philosophers that have ever lived. And because we entertain the views here briefly expressed, we find it necessary to decline your kind offer with thanks.

Yours respectfully,
THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

East Aurora, N. Y., July 21st, 1098.

LETTER NUMBER FIVE—THE REPROOF VALIANT

Mr. Hubbard sets the Board right as to what Ingersoll took away from the people; and that the Cause of Education may not suffer, offers a full set of his own printed works to the East Aurora Library.

GENTLEMEN:—I hereby tender to you a complete set of my printed books, this as a gift from me to the Village Library for the use and benefit of my neighbors, the citizens of East Aurora. To convince you that these volumes are worthy of a place on your shelves as fairly good specimens of the book-maker's

craft, I will explain that the books I propose to give you are printed on Italian hand-made paper, in three colors, under the direction of Mr. Charles Rosen, and are bound by Mr. Louis H. Kinder. They are valued at ten dollars per volume. There will be forty volumes in all.

As to the text of the work, I must in frankness explain that in various places it parallels the thought of Robert G. Ingersoll, a set of whose works you recently declined to accept as a gift ❧ ❧

¶ Personally, I lay no claim to being a better man nor a greater writer than Robert G. Ingersoll.

And may I here explain that for over twenty years I have been a taxpayer and citizen of this village, and have always taken an earnest and active interest in the cause of education. May I also explain that at the present time I receive about three-fourths of the mail that comes to the village, and am the largest taxpayer in the town. You will pardon a father's pride, when I also tell you that my daughter, Miriam, had the highest general average of marks, for scholarship and conduct, of any pupil in our High School, at the last term—and she has read Ingersoll since she could read at all.

When children graduate from, or leave our public school, if they do not go away from the vicinity, they usually apply to me for work. At the present time there are on my pay-roll over two hundred persons who are, or have been, pupils in our excellent public school. And the value of the service of these people I assume does not turn on the fact that they are orthodox.

I freely admit that all or any of these things do not prove that I should have a greater voice in school affairs than any other citizen, but I state them simply to show you that I am not indifferent to the best interests of the people in our town. These people in one sense are my people, doing my work for me, and in their keeping, in great degree, lie my happiness and prosperity.

The peace and good order of the town are to me very vital matters. In East Aurora are several families who have moved here for the sole reason that they are in complete sympathy with me. So it seems that you are in error in assuming that all of the parents in East Aurora are opposed to the philosophy of Robert G. Ingersoll.

Ingersoll took from the Christian religion two things—its devil and its hell. I will admit that he gave us nothing in place of them but love and service.

I also note that you make invidious comparisons between the writings of Ingersoll and the Sermon on the Mount. But you should know that Ingersoll never had any words but those of admiration for the Sermon on the Mount, and the man who preached it—even for that very doubtful proposition that "The meek shall inherit the earth."

Personally, I see no reason for you to suppose that you could not have both the Sermon on the Mount and the complete writings of Ingersoll in one Village Library, which, by the way, is not merely a library for school children, but for all of the people in town, myself included. Nor do I see yet why you should deprive me of the right to use these beautiful volumes which you have declined to place on the shelves of our library, simply because there are good people in the town who do not want to read these books ❧ ❧

When you say, "Mr. Ingersoll's writings on religious subjects can accomplish no good purpose," and base your refusal to accept Ingersoll's books on this alleged reason, you are presuming to sit as censors on what the people of East Aurora shall read. If Ingersoll's works were debarred by law from circulation you might then well decline to house them, but on a mere matter of dogmatic belief, or a question of taste, your refusing this generous gift, is an injustice and a hardship for the community you are supposed to serve. The fact should here be stated that no person

is compelled to read any book in any library. In your letter to Mrs. Ricker you use the phrase " the religious faith of the American Nation." Need I call your attention to the fact that the American Nation has no distinct religious faith—Thomas Jefferson looked after that for all time. Religious faith in America is purely a private matter, and that it may be kept so the writings of all good men should have a place on our public shelves, that our citizens may choose for themselves what they would read, and worship in their own way, without restriction, let or hindrance.

In his " Freeport Speech," Abraham Lincoln quotes the words of George Washington, thus, " In order that absolute freedom shall prevail in the matter of personal religious belief, it is necessary that this country shall never have a National religion." ¶ When you state that Ingersoll did not believe in God, you make a statement which he never did. What you mean, probably, is that Ingersoll did not believe in your conception of God. That he believed in love, work, kindness and helpfulness, his work everywhere attests.

In all the works of Ingersoll there can be found no passage that would bring the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence and which could not be read in any assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. ¶ Can as much be said for the Bible?

Only those who have never read the book can say, yes.

In my writings you will find freely scattered sentiments of a similar nature to these herein expressed, for you are not unique in refusing the public access to the works of Ingersoll.

All of which I frankly explain in order that you may not act in ignorance in accepting or declining the complete edition of my writings which I now offer you.

Sincerely yours,
ELBERT HUBBARD

East Aurora, N. Y. July 27th, 1908.

LETTER NUMBER SIX—REPLY CHURLISH

The Board graciously accepts the gift, and intimates that it is about to inaugurate a Department of Objectionable Literature, and that probably some of Mr. Hubbard's books will find a resting place in this department.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of July 27th ultimo, tendering a complete set of your " printed books " " as a gift to the village library for the use and benefit " of your " neighbors, the citizens of East Aurora," has been received, and the Board of Education, in whose charge the library is, accepts the books with assurance of its grateful appreciation of your generosity.

We can not doubt but that this set of books, coming from your establishment, will be fine " specimens of the book-maker's craft," and your statement that the books offered are " printed on Italian hand-made paper in three colors, under the direction of Mr. Charles Rosen, and bound by Mr. Louis H. Kinder of ' The Roycrofters,' " valued at $10.00 per volume, and forty volumes in all, gives us a basis for appreciation of their value.

¶ It would be ungracious, indeed, for us to decline your offer, as we recognize the consideration due you as a " citizen " and " the largest taxpayer " of this village, receiving " about three-fourths of the mail that comes to the village," and at the present time having on your " payroll over two hundred persons who are or have been pupils in our excellent public school."

We regret thay you have found it necessary, in making your offer to criticise the action of this board in declining to accept a complete edition of the writings of Robert G. Ingersoll. We stated that we would have been glad to accept the selected works of Ingersoll, but the complete edition was offered us more especially, as was apparent from the letter of Mrs. Ricker, because it included Ingersoll's writings on religious subjects; or in other words, his atheistical writings. We do not place your writings in any

respect on the same plane with those of Robert G. Ingersoll. In refusing to accept Ingersoll's atheistical writings, we did our duty, as we believe, to the children whose education has been placed in our charge by religious parents.

In your letter you say that we " are presuming to sit as censors as to what the people of East Aurora shall read," and that " if Ingersoll's writings were debarred by law from circulation," we " might then well decline to house them; " and that our refusal to accept the Ingersoll writings is " an injustice and a hardship for the community we are supposed to serve." You further say that the village library is not merely a library for school children but for all of the people in town, yourself included. In reply we would call your attention to the fact that the State Education Department at Albany furnishes a part of the money for the purchase of books for the library located in the High School building, and that this department must approve of the books purchased by us for the library before it will furnish a part of the money for the payment thereof. This department has already refused to approve the purchase of the writings of Robert G. Ingersoll ❧ ❧

While the library is intended largely for the use of children in the school and is largely used by them, we recognize the force of your statement that it is also a village library, and in order to meet the situation fairly and to be consistent in our determination to protect the children of religious parents, we are contemplating the establishment of a new department of objectionable literature in this library, to correspond to similar departments in other public libraries, and then to place in the department of objectionable literature such books as should not properly be read by school children, under a rule that such books can not be taken out by any child without the special request of its parents. It may be, by examination of the set of books which you so generously offer us, we shall find it necessary to place a certain number of the

forty volumes which you offer, in this department of objectionable literature.

To prove to you that we have good authority for our opinion of the atheistical writings of Colonel Ingersoll, we would quote from the opinions of a great American and a great Englishman, the former being the Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, a former Attorney-General of the United States and a former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania; the latter being William E. Gladstone, several times Prime Minister, and one of the greatest of England's statesmen. They crossed swords with Ingersoll twenty years ago when he was engaged in a vigorous attack on religion, and published answers in the *North American Review* to Ingersoll's atheistical articles. The former expressed himself as follows:

" The bad classes of society have always hated the doctrine and discipline which reproached their wickedness and frightened them by threats of punishment in another world. Aforetime they showed their contempt of divine authority only by actions; but now, under new leadership, their enmity against God breaks out into articulate blasphemy. They assemble themselves together; they hear with passionate admiration the bold harangue which ridicules and defies the Maker of the universe; fiercely they rage against the Highest, and loudly they laugh, alike at the justice that condemns, and the mercy that offers to pardon them. The orator who relieves them by assurances of impunity, and tells them that no supreme authority has made any law to control them, is applauded to the echo, and paid a high price for his congenial labor; he pockets their money, and flatters himself that he is a great power, profoundly moving ' the world of thought.'

¶ " The lamentable fact must be admitted that ' a little learning is a dangerous thing' to some persons. The sciolist, with a mere smattering of physical knowledge, is apt to mistake himself for a philosopher, and swelling with his own importance, he gives

out, like Simon Magus, 'that himself is some great one.' His vanity becomes inflamed more and more, until he begins to think he knows all things. He takes every occasion to show his accomplishments by finding fault with the works of creation and Providence; and this is an exercise in which he can not long continue without learning to disbelieve in any being greater than himself. It was to such a person, and not to the unpretending simpleton, that Solomon applied his often-quoted aphorism, 'the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.' These are what Paul refers to as 'vain babblings and the opposition of science, falsely so-called,' but they are perfectly powerless to stop or turn aside the great current of human thought on the subject of Christian theology. That majestic stream, supplied from a thousand unfailing fountains, rolls on and will roll forever."

The latter wrote as follows:

"Colonel Ingersoll writes with a rare and enviable brilliancy, but also with an impetus which he seems unable to control. Denunciation, sarcasm and invective, may in consequence be said to constitute the staple of his work; and if argument, or some favorable admission here and there, peeps out for a moment, the writer soon leaves the dry and barren heights of careful thought for his favorite and more luxurious galloping-grounds beneath."

¶ In using the phrase, "the religious faith of the American nation," we intended to refer to the religious faith of the American people. We might be presumed to be familiar with the fact that freedom of religion is guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, but an examination of the last census of the United States will disclose the fact that the American people cherish a religious faith.

We have no intention of undertaking to interfere with the choice of citizens as to what they would read or as to the form of worship that they prefer. The village of East Aurora is a church-going community, having at the present time no less than nine churches

for a population of less than 3,000 persons, and it is evident that in undertaking to follow the wishes of the parents of the children who attend the East Aurora Union School by declining to receive the atheistical writings of Robert G. Ingersoll we have made no mistake. Yours very respectfully,

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION OF
EAST AURORA HIGH SCHOOL

East Aurora, N. Y., Aug. 11th, 1908.

LETTER NUMBER SEVEN—THE COUNTERCHECK QUARRELSOME

Mr. Hubbard congratulates the Board on its proposed Department of Objectionable Literature, but begs to be excused from putting himself forward for honors in this direction—and so withdraws his offer of a present of his books.

GENTLEMEN:—I am in receipt of your kind letter of August 11th, wherein you accept my offer of a complete set of my books.

I also note that you contemplate the inauguration of a " Department of Objectionable Literature." By a peculiar coincidence it seems that this innovation had not occurred to you until I offered you my books. You add, " We may find it necessary to place a certain number of the forty volumes which you offer in this department of objectionable literature."

This is surely an honor which I had not contemplated when I proffered you the volumes. Quite naturally, I do not consider my writings worthy of this special distinction. And most certainly not those which have been approved by time and then reprinted in the de luxe form of the books I tendered you. We have all heard of gifts that had a string attached, but it is seldom that one hears of an acceptance with a proviso.

I must thank you for your frank intimation as to the probable destiny of my books at your hands, and although I can not decide

whether your reference to " objectionable literature " comes as a threat or a promise, yet the thought of seeing certain of these children of my brain separated from their companions in a case labelled " Objectionable " is so painful that I beg to withdraw my original offer.

Imagine my masterpiece, *The Essay on Silence* muzzled, locked and guarded in your " Department of Objectionable Literature! " ❧ ❧

So I have decided to place the volumes in the Roycroft Library and then simply notify my neighbors that the books are at their disposal without let or hindrance, and not deceive them by adding to the natural pleasures of reading, the further spice of perusing things duly dubbed " Dangerous " by a School Board.

If perchance no one wishes to run the risk of a soul-smirch by reading them, they can serve for seats for children who need a little elevation at the Roycroft round tables, or for pressing of butterflies or botanical specimens.

Your statement that the Library Department at Albany " had refused to approve of the purchase of the writings of Robert G. Ingersoll," is interesting if it were relevant. Why you should refuse as a gift what the Department declines to buy, is not exactly pertinent to the issue, unless you wish to convey the idea that you are not allowed to accept the books at all. If this is the case, I beg to disillusion you, and relieve you of the handicap. You may buy or accept any book you choose and the Department has no authority to trouble you.

It is true, as you explain, that the Department has refused to sanction the purchase of Ingersoll's works. But you neglect to state that the Department expressly stated that it did not undertake to condemn the works of Ingersoll, but that where a limited amount of money only was at command, it was simply a matter of taste or judgment in selection as to what books it was best to buy ❧ ❧

You quote as authority for condemning Ingersoll, the late Judge Jeremiah Black and William E. Gladstone. You should have followed the example of Ingersoll and given the full text of both articles by Black and Gladstone, with Ingersoll's reply, or not have quoted these men at all. Their articles on Ingersoll's philosophy are to be found in full in the complete Dresden edition of Ingersoll (which unfortunately is not in your library). So if Ingersoll gave the bite he also supplied the antidote. See Vol. VI, Dresden Edition of Ingersoll's Works, page 221.

You refer me to certain census reports. It has been said that statistics lie like epitaphs, but I will call your attention to the fact that the last census gave six hundred and sixty church members in East Aurora, out of a population of eighteen hundred.

Your desire to preserve a static religion and prevent the children from surpassing their parents is worthy of a better cause. Had no man in the past improved upon the religion of his mother we would all be under the domain of augury and astrology, eating raw meat and worshipping fire as a thing too sacred for use. ¶ As I understand it, it is not the business of a school board to uphold, protect, defend and perpetuate the particular religious faith of the parents of the children. If education means anything it means access to books, not their suppression. Is it the desire of the School Board that no child shall surpass its parents?

Surely, the duties of a Board of Education do not lie in the direction of limiting the opportunities for knowledge, but in extending them. Education through suppression is popular today only in Russia. ¶ That the people should know what Robert G. Ingersoll really taught, is, I believe, a very vital thing. And in order to know what is taught in Ingersoll's books the people should not be forced to depend upon interested and prejudiced partisans who have never read them. America does not recognize any Index Expurgatorius.

I note your statement that the Village of East Aurora has nine

churches. This, I believe, is incontrovertible. And by a singular coincidence East Aurora also has nine saloons. Strangely enough, the only people of the village with whom I am non persona grata, are the zealous upholders of one or the other, or both, of these institutions. ¶ With nine churches struggling for existence in a small town there is of necessity much strife, often ill-concealed; and this strife and emotionalism, with the aid of the nine saloons, aforesaid, often finds form in disease, poverty, ignorance and incompetence

The man who is so prejudiced against the Great Agnostic that he refuses to allow his son to carry an Ingersoll watch, is typical. ¶ But no one claims that the ignorance, poverty and incompetence to be found in our village is owing to the influence of liberal thought.

Rather, it is a fact, that the cigarette smoking boys who hang around the station, and against whom the constable was recently ordered by the president of the village to enforce the gambling ordinance, are mostly the children of church members.

A taste for books tends towards sobriety, industry and economy. The young people in the Roycroft Shop who have savings bank accounts are those who read Ingersoll, not those who don't. Your slip-shod, idle, profligate and unreliable youth may get "converted" once a year, but he does not read or study anything. His nights are given to "pool," "craps," and the insidious "fish-fry." If the preachers of this town would work with the School Board for a higher intellectual life, and encourage independent thinking and healthful living, we might indeed have an ideal village. But this is not possible as long as a campaign of supression is deemed desirable, and a "Department of Objectionable Literature" is a feature of our Public Library.

Down to comparatively recent times all books were refused to the common people. Until Martin Luther came upon the stage, the Bible had a padlock on it. The Dark Ages were dark simply

because men were not allowed to see light. And darkness will be upon the face of the land just as long as Boards of Education seek to render tabu the writings of men who stand for a wider intellectual horizon, and the liberty of man, woman and child. ¶ I wish you well in your " Department of Objectionable Literature." Once you have started the Department, I am sure you will feel a personal pride in making it a conspicuous success. But you will please excuse me from pushing myself forward for honors in this particular direction—my modesty forbids.

Sincerely yours,

ELBERT HUBBARD

East Aurora, Aug. 17th, 1908.

LETTER NUMBER EIGHT—THE LIE CIRCUMSTANTIAL

[This letter has not yet been received]

LETTER NUMBER NINE—THE LIE DIRECT

[This letter will be written as soon as Number Eight comes to hand]

Theology vs. Social Science

SOCIOLOGY is the science that treats of the relations of man with his fellows—the science of society. That sociology is not a fixed and positive science, like chemistry or mathematics, is very true, for the reason that so far, no man has arisen who is great enough to place humanity on the slide, or to analyze it and resolve it into its constituent parts

But this I think holds: Our best knowledge of humanity is gained from observation and experience, and not from so-called Sacred Books

And it was right here that the Church and State separated, this on the advice of Thomas Jefferson, attorney for the State, and a divorce was granted by a jury of the people.

The state is the crystallized opinion of its best and most active minds. It does not represent the highest, nor yet the lowest—it is the average of intelligence—the Spirit of the Hive.

The church is a minority report of the drones.

The drone is a specialist out of a job.

The business of the drones is to give advice to the workers.

¶ The drones believe in honey, but they object to making it.

¶ A Statesman is one who directs and serves the State; a Churchman is one who is devoted to the Church.

The State exists for the good of all the people; the Church exists for the people who profess it, and the discomfiture and humiliation of those who don't. The State believes men should be governed by the reason of living men.

The Church believes we should be governed by books written by men who have been dead for thousands of years.

The word " God " is not in our Constitution. The word " Man " is mentioned a great many times.

Our Government is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. ¶ The Church is a government by priests who claim to be acting as Agents for Deity; and their government is of themselves, for themselves, and by themselves.

The part the people play in a government by priests is to work and pay—the priests pray and play.

The Church is now a water-logged hulk.

In England this hulk is towed by the Ship of State.

In America we have cut the cable and are forging ahead, but the holy drones on the derelict still shout orders to our pilot, and threaten us with what their Principal will do to us if we fail to obey his Agents.

And to a degree we defer to their cries, but we do not let them run our ship, a thing they much desire to do.

There have been Rationalists who strongly advised taking the crew off the floating hulk and sending the dangerous derelict to Davy Jones' Locker, but it is now believed that the best thing to do is to pump her out, disinfect her, and fit her for a school-ship. ¶ If we could set her motley crew pumping out her bilge, scraping the barnacles from her bottom, getting her anchors free from seaweed, and holystoning her decks, it would be a great stroke for good. As it is now, she is too slow for a transport and too rotten for a scow ❧ ❧

When we get hold of a real fact, and somebody declares it is not a fact because it is contrary to Scripture, we cleave to the fact, and are not troubled about the Scripture. This is a condition that could not have existed a short time ago.

The cry of "infidel" and "atheist" still goes up, but we are not deterred, remembering, with Andrew D. White, that the term "infidel," has been hurled by theologians at nearly every man who has ever done anything for the race. Every man who has stood out for freedom and progress, and who has achieved distinction in art, science, history and philanthropy has been

called atheist and infidel. That is to say, the men who have benefited the world most have been the so-called " infidels."

The true type of theologian is a man who never learns a new thing nor forgets an old one. ¶ Theology still presumes to dictate to men what they shall think, what days they shall work, when they shall rest, and how they shall manage their domestic relations ❧ ❧

The Church has always taught that the giving of alms was a duty, as if poverty was a disease in itself and not a mere symptom—the result of a cause. To abolish poverty by striking at the root of the cause has ever been, and is now, opposed by theologians. The Church is built on mendicancy, and the higher laws of sociology and economics are as unknown to theology as were the laws of astronomy in the days of Copernicus and Galileo.

No theological convention meets but that the subject of divorce is brought up for discussion. At a recent Methodist Conference at Los Angeles four days were given to the " divorce problem," and the opponents of divorce all made their most telling points by citing Scripture. During that discussion, in which forty-seven men took part, one man said, " Let us leave Scripture out of this argument, and try to reach truth through the facts of Social Science." At this simple utterance there was a howl of disapproval—a score of men sprang to their feet and demanded to be heard. The chairman slivered and shivered the desk with his gavel, and shouted for order. Finally a woman stood on a table and lifted the hymn, " Come to Jesus Just Now." Two thousand voices chimed in, and the little man who had suggested that the relationship of men and women should be considered without reference to the Bible, was drowned in the tumult like a blind bitch's puppy. ¶ On this same occasion a resolution was offered forbidding any clergyman to marry the guilty party to a divorcé, which involves the delicate assumption that the clergyman can determine who the guilty party really is.

In all of these discussions by theologians who seek to regulate society, there was not a single instance where the point was made that, in many instances, divorce is an attempt to cancel a vicious and immoral condition. The parties to a divorce may be actuated by the highest and loftiest motives that move mankind, instead of the basest and worst, as charged by those Los Angeles preachers, but this was not admitted.

Divorce often is a direct move in the interests of peace and purity, but your true theologian does not know it. Also, it may be that the marriage of the " guilty party " may be the one thing that will redeem him, save his soul alive and give him back to society a useful individual. But theology will not for an instant admit this. Theology believes that marriage is a bad thing given to bad people as reward for not being worse—read St. Paul! ¶ When it is found that a man and woman are absolutely mismated, and together they can only live out a lingering death, civilization says that the State performs an act of humanity in setting them free. To fix the cause of this mismating on one party, or both, and declare that the bond is irrevocable, is the work of men who believe that this little life, with its blunders, accidents and frailties, fixes man's place in eternity. From those who believe in the righteousness of eternal torture, small justice can be expected here. If you believe in future damnation, the damnation of a man and woman now and here is, to you, a trivial matter.

Question—Do the people who preach eternal damnation as a matter of justice hold a monopoly on pity and mercy, and are they better fitted on account of their belief in the justice of eternal damnation to formulate a code of ethics now? Further, if a man believes in the justice of infinite damnation, does not the inhumanity of this belief unfit him for dealing out finite justice here? If so, then why should not all orthodox priests and preachers be debarred from having a voice in the codification of laws where human happiness and welfare are involved?

When the clergy band together and declare whom they will marry and whom they will not, in spite and in defiance of the legal enactments of the land, setting aside the laws of the State, it is time that the State stepped in and took from them the legal right of performing the marriage ceremony at all.

The divorce of Church and State is now universally believed to have been a very great and wise movement toward social betterment. The clergy once were our law-makers—they were the only notaries—the administering of oaths was theirs exclusively—and now they have been cut off from all part in legal procedures, except performing the marriage rite. In some countries this privilege has also been denied them—that is to say, a marriage by a clergyman in France is not of itself legal, neither is it in most of the states in America. It is not forbidden in France for a priest to perform the marriage rite, any more than the sweet satisfaction of jumping over a broomstick by colored people in Alabama is forbidden. The Church rite of marriage should be no more in the eyes of the law than is baptism or " consecration." That is good which serves, and the science of sociology is seeking to solve what is best for humanity; this through the study of history, through observation and experience, and not through books written by barbarians centuries ago.

In all these theological discussions on the divorce problem, the assumption is, that in the relationship of the sexes there is something essentially base, low, wicked, perverse and immoral, but by a wise provision, God has arranged to sanctify the relationship through His agents, the priests. The assumption is carried still further, that what the Church sanctifies is necessarily good and right ❧ ❧

Here social science steps in and shows that incompatibility of temperament is not removed by the words of a priest. That which God has put asunder no man can join together.

And just here you get the actual reason why the Church opposes

divorce—the Church claims to consecrate. If you allow divorce you admit the impotence of the so-called consecration. If a thing is consecrated, it is beautiful, beneficent, true, right, and altogether lovely.

When the preacher says, " For better and for worse, in sickness and in health, through hell and high water, his heirs and assigns forever," he would have us think that this is all there is of it. But I am told by a woman who has been married three times that it is n't ❧ ❧

If a man and a woman are unfitted by nature for each other—if they annoy, disturb, distrust, distress, thwart and bring out the worst qualities in each, the Church still sticks to it that their marriage is a consecration. A fact is nothing to a Churchman—the wine, he swears, turns to blood, although nobody sees it, nor does the microscope reveal a single corpuscle; still, when the bell rings, the miracle takes place.

" Whatever shall be bound on earth shall be bound in heaven." The priest has the power to unite now and forever. Of course, we know better—we know that the priest can no more unite discordant elements in human character than he can mix an alkali with an oil that contains no fatty acid.

When a court steps in and cancels the bond consecrated by a priest, having found it delusive, fickle and futile, then the whole idea of priestly power crumbles into nothingness.

We still allow priests to marry folks in America, but we do not allow them to issue divorces. If the Pope of Rome should cancel the marriage of a man and woman living in New York, we would smile—the courts do not recognize His Holiness.

And so when the theologians of Christendom seek to have their say in the regulation of conduct, it is only a last feeble, convulsive protest, because their official life has been taken away.

The appeal to Scripture will not do—we want the truth. And as we have gone to Nature for our facts in geology, chemistry,

astronomy and biology, so are we now going to Nature for our social facts.

When I speak here of priests, I do not refer to priests of the Roman Catholic Church, exclusively. Protestantism has been as bitter a foe to science as Catholicism. Luther and Melanchthon fought astronomy step by step. Luther declared, " A man who says the earth is not the center of the universe is a liar, and the truth of God is not in him."

Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, opposed Darwin tooth and nail, and so did Rev. Dr. Hodge of Princeton, and the Rev. Dr. Talmage of Brooklyn. A priest is a priest, and the difference between Protestantism and Rome is microscopic. In proportion as a priest doubts the divinity of his mission, and loses faith in the sacredness of his institution, does he grow and progress. If Dr. Buckley and Bishop Doane have lost faith in an infallible Pope, they still claim to believe in an infallible book, and when they want to prove truth they appeal to it. For myself, I would rather believe in the infallibility of a man I know, than in the infallibility of a book that was written by unknown persons and has been translated and retranslated by men of whom I know nothing ❧ ❧

A Catholic priest who is honest and sincere should be respected for his sincerity, but a Protestant clergyman is beautiful in character just in proportion to his pretense, and his excellence lies in his hypocrisy. The Catholic is consistent in his frank superstition, but the Protestant preacher while deriding superstition, yet demands faith in miracles, and for truth, cites us to a volume in which he does not believe. Theology opposes divorce for exactly the same reason that Wilberforce berated Darwin, and the Pope banished Copernicus. That which threatens the curtailment of their power, theologians have always bitterly opposed as sinful. It was thought that " evolution would banish God from the universe," to use the language of Dean

Hodge. To say that the earth moved, was contrary to Scripture. And to give the civil authorities sole control of divorce was to declare that marriage might be a sacred contract, and it might not—it all depended upon how it turned out. This rendered the priest superfluous. If a marriage is to be sacred, only the man and woman themselves can make it so.

When the courts are appealed to for a divorce, it is the culmination of a long siege of terrible misery and awful heartache. People do not get up in the morning, eat their breakfast, and say," Go to, we will go down town and get a divorce."

Divorce is the last expedient of a man and woman sorely stricken by unkind fate. People may enter lightly into marriage, but they do not enter lightly on divorce. It is a fearful ordeal. And men and women are wise, usually, in stumbling through life in bonds, and dying in harness with famishing hearts unquenched, rather than face the disgrace of a divorce court.

No man or woman can go through divorce proceedings without awful scars, and most divorce candidates are ruined by the ordeal, utterly. Swallows may wing their way through spider's webs, but flies are caught and perish.

Divorce is heroic treatment. It seeks to give relief from the results of a most unhappy accident—the mismating of a man and woman

There is only one thing more terrible than divorce, and that is to go through life manacled hand and foot, with an iron compress on head and heart. But usually the victim had better die than seek relief through the cold-chisel and sledge-hammer ordeal. Divorce means to have your soul dragged naked at the cart's tail for the amusement of the mob—and more.

Divorce does not break bonds—it amputates ligaments and tears through tendrils.

But the consensus of scientific thought is that this amputation and uprooting, at times, is wise and well. It is better that the

courts and their adjuncts, the newspapers, should use their cold-chisels than that men and women should die, and dying slowly, should vitiate the atmosphere and spread social pollution.

Divorce is an expedient directed towards moral health. The courts of the world believe this; the people who sustain the courts believe it; the clergy alone, protests.

A man from Mars would surely suppose that these high-chokered, self-appointed guardians of their neighbor's business had invented the Sexual Impulse, duly filed caveats on it, and were now renting it out on royalty, on terms and regulations dictated by themselves in convention assembled.

As we have seen, the clergy protests because divorce is a tacit acknowledgment that in the priestly rite there is no virtue. ¶ Only that is sacred which serves. Hitch a racer with a draught horse and you will get a team that can neither make fast time nor pull a load

Woman has gained her present degree of freedom through the legal right of divorce, which the courts of the civilized world have granted her.

Without divorce—with an indissoluble marriage tie—she is a chattel. Divorce gives woman the right to her own person, and insures her immunity from innate brutality.

It would be quite absurd to claim that all divorces spring from right motives, but this I believe holds: The desire for divorce is not, necessarily, any more base than the desire to wed. Just take a little time and think that over!

No doubt fickle and foolish people often demand divorces, when what they need is merely a vacation. And the courts, recognizing this instability of the human heart, have tried the expedient of the " interlocutory decree." There are also various other delays provided that often rescue people from their own rashness. But no doubt the courts are occasionally imposed upon through the connivance of lawyers, and men and women are separated who really

need each other and are better off together than divided. Judges are sometimes imposed upon and make mistakes, very much as clergymen are constantly marrying the headstrong and unfit. ¶ But the world is now demanding wiser judges and better lawyers, and in response to this law of supply and demand we are getting better lawyers to manage our courts.

I know many attorneys who refuse to take any part in divorce proceedings until they have gone into the vital issues and done all they possibly could to bring about a reconciliation. That such lawyers are the exception, I am not willing to believe—they are in every city—the attorneys, who, realizing human limitations, work to keep their clients out of court and seek to bind up broken hearts and heal the hurts of unkind fate.

Yet these men of heart, who look upon humanity with pitying eyes, seeing things from the broad vantage ground of wide experience, know full well that there are cases where separation is wise and well. They realize that the intent of statute law is not to make perpetual the blunders of youth.

" Unfaithfulness is the only Biblical excuse for divorce, and therefore the only cause upon which divorces should be granted," said Bishop Warren. This is about as far as your theologian reasons. He does not perceive that unfaithfulness, usually, is the result of a cause, and that the cause is incompatibility. Neither was the truth mentioned in the entire discussion at the Los Angeles conference that in those states where unfaithfulness is the only legal grounds for divorce, unfaithfulness or pretended unfaithfulness is often resorted to in order that freedom from an intolerable bond shall be gained. Neither in this ministerial discussion was it once admitted that both parties to a mismating may be, and usually are, absolutely innocent—that the causes of incompatibility are congenital and fixed in the natures of each, and that in such instances these innocent parties can not gain freedom without moral disgrace, and the social undoing of one of the parties.

¶ When theologians discuss divorce they start with the Biblical assumption that the human heart is depraved and altogether wicked, and that men love darkness rather than light. Close students of sociology no longer believe this. We believe that the man who does not desire to do what is proper and right is the rare exception—such a one is an unnatural production, a victim of degeneracy. The natural man wishes to do what is best for himself, and least harmful to others, and if not too much interfered with will work out his own salvation, just as animals avoid by instinct the poisonous vine.The belief that man needs constant looking after, and his welfare demands many laws, regulations and specially appointed supervisors to mete out punishment, is all purely priestly and quite gratuitous.

In ancient Rome men owned their wives and put them away at will. Later, when a man put away his wife he had to record the fact before the nearest procurator. Still later, this procurator took upon himself the privilege of investigating the case a little, and if the woman was not at fault the man must provide for her. ¶ And there we get the first glimmering recognition of the modern rights of woman.

In the reign of Marcus Aurelius, a woman for the first time in Roman rule came before the tribunal, with a woman friend as attorney, and asked for divorce and protection from a brutal husband. The case created great astonishment and some merriment among the lawyers. But the woman's cause was heard and her prayer granted. When Constantine made all Rome Christian by edict the rights of women were practically cancelled. A thousand years of night went by, and when natural science demanded that it should be freed from priestly rule, woman, too, asked that she be recognized by the courts as a human being, and not a thing ❧ ❧

Now three-fourths of all divorces are granted on the requests of women ❧ ❧

Very, very slowly has the world made head. Woman's right to divorce has been granted by the infidel courts, and not by the Church. Even yet the Catholic Church and the Church of England refuse to recognize divorces granted by the civil courts, and declare that divorcees, who again marry, are living in concubinage, their children illegitimate. And so we get the queer spectacle of William of Albany tying his bulldog to a horse-block, adjusting his breeks, and going into a convention, declaring who shall not marry who, on penalty of social ostracism here and eternal damnation hereafter.

And likewise comes from Los Angeles the nasal yammer of preachers who declare their intent to set their Churchly rules against the laws of the State.

Divorce lays bare your imperfections before the world, and the world whips you with its displeasure, not for what you do, but for being found out. In good Church circles you can talk about anything you wish, so long as you do not do it; and you can do anything you wish, so long as you do not talk about it.

Individual priests and preachers, I am told, are often modest, truthful, honest in their unofficial characters. They may know the truth, and often speak it, confidentially; but a convention of preachers does those things it ought not, and leaves undone those things it should have done. It is stupidity seven times compounded, where the rule of the blatant reigns. Each delegate is afraid of all the rest, and none dare express his honest thought for fear of being unfrocked. Truth to a preacher is preposterous. The vital things to him are a bishop's voice and a highcut vest. ¶ Men may speak the truth—but not in a convention, dearie, not in a convention.

The priestly clutch for power veils itself in a whining solicitude for mankind, and declares divorce base and immoral, citing you Scripture as proof, and refusing so much as to look through Galileo's telescope and see that divorce, in the main, is founded on a

higher conception of morality than the world in savage times could comprehend.

Thoreau says: " Many no doubt are well disposed, but so sluggish by constitution and by habit that they can not conceive of a man who is actuated by a higher motive than they are themselves."

Instead of a move toward laxity and license, the desire for divorce may spring, and often does, from a passion for purity. A passion for purity, I am well aware, to the average theolog, is quite preposterous. To be honest, to him, is to be absurd. He cares more for the world's approval than for an upright life, free from quarrel, quibble, bickering and misunderstandings, that dwarf, stunt and finally destroy all that is holiest, purest and best in man's nature; and never for a moment will he admit that the relationship of the incompatible is the one essentially immoral thing in the world.

Life a Search for Power

ANY one who takes the trip up the Rhine can not but be seriously impressed with the fact that the chief business of man, until yesterday, was war. ¶ At every bend of the storied river is a castle. ¶ Each commanding cliff has a fort. Every point of vantage is crowned with a redoubt, or the ruins of one, where men, armed with every known weapon of their time, once bade defiance to other men, and challenged to the death their brothers.

No man could travel without an armed guard—every man went laden with the instruments of death.

The history of the race is a history of war and blood. The men who could kill most and quickest, were the men who owned the earth, and those who destroyed most were those to whom all honors were paid.

Very gradually things have changed, until over the fairest portion of the earth life and property are now secure. Men who mind their own business have nothing to fear, and those are safest who carry no weapons. The honors are going to the men who can build up; who can create. Within proper limits we may express ourselves upon any subject of vital interest—we give men the right to their own opinions, and everywhere it is understood that a person has a perfect right to be wrong in his conclusions as well as right.

No more striking proof of change is found than in the fact that we have recently seen public opinion forcing arbitration upon men who " had nothing to arbitrate." The men who owned these rock-ribbed fortresses and frowning castles on the Rhine once had nothing to arbitrate. They took their position and held it—but not forever.

It is the people who rule, for strong men are only strong as they

are backed up by the people. When the people feel deeply and think sanely, and vibrate together, the " rulers " quickly fall into line and do the goose-step.

And now it has come to pass that the people object to being used as stones and sticks to fight the battles of the seeming strong. Their quibbles, quarrels, feuds and selfish struggles for place and power are none of ours. Helen and Paris may elope for all of us—that is their affair—and all of Priam's loud cries of " To arms " fall upon the ears of men who have work to do at home.

We smile.

And here is a prophecy: In America conscription will never again be attempted. It has gone and gone forever. Arbitrate your differences—you both are right, and both are wrong. Fighting may test which side is the stronger, but not which side is nearest right. Calm deliberation will bring us near to Truth, but heat, anger, strife and war only drive her far afield.

That the world is fast getting rid of the thought of physical strife is very sure, but let us not plume ourselves too much upon it—we have a long way yet to travel. The idea of danger is strong upon us—the habit of the centuries is still with us: we have not gotten rid of the thought of struggle and strife.

" Society is in league against all of its members," wrote Emerson. And as once every clan was at enmity with every other clan, and every nation at war with every other nation, so yet does every man in his heart distrust every other man. Suspicion, hate, jealousy, apprehension—all forms of fear—fill the hearts of men. The newspapers that have the largest circulation are those whose columns bulge with tales of disgrace, defeat and death. If joy comes to you the news will go unheralded, but should great grief, woe, disgrace and hopes dashed upon the rocks be your portion, the wires will flash the news from continent to continent, and flaring headlines will tell the tale to people who never before heard of you.

And all that this proves is that it is a satisfaction to a vast number of people to hear of the downfall of others—it is a gratification to them to know that disaster has caught some one in the toils. ¶ The newspapers print what the people want, and thus does the savage still swing his club and flourish his spear.

Ride in any American city, on the morning cars, or upon any suburban train, and note the greedy grab for the daily papers, and observe how the savory morsels of scandal are rolled beneath the tongue!

So long as most men glory in the defeat of other men, it is a perversion of words to call this a Christian Land.

But, as clan once united with clan, and nation with nation, for a mutual protection, so do a goodly number of people now recognize that men should unite with men—not only in deed, but in thought—for a mutual benefit.

To hold a thought of fear is to pollute the mind—prejudice poisons, jealousy is a thing to zealously avoid, and hate hurts worst the one who hates.

And the argument is this: So long as the thought of rivalry is rife, and jealousy, fear, unrest and hate are in our minds, we are still in the savage state.

War robs men of their divine birthright, and turns the tide of being back to chaos.

You have so much life—what will you do with it? If you use it in pulling down other lives, you shall soon forfeit your own.

And even though you do not do an overt destructive act, the thought of hate or fear reacts to your great disadvantage, honeycombs the will and tends to destroy the tissues of your body. ¶ Every school, factory, store and institution is to a degree a hot-bed of strife, jealousy and heart-burning. Plot and counter-plot fill the air. There is disappointment, discontent and apprehension everywhere. The employees or helpers unite in friendships and all exclusive friendships breed factions and feuds and tend

in the end to separate men. Beware of chums—they only pool their weaknesses.

He is strongest who stands alone.

Be a friend to all—stand by all—speak well of all.

If you lend a willing ear to any man's troubles, you make them your own, and you do not lessen his.

By listening to tales of trouble you absorb trouble—that is to say, you take discord into your being.

And the more discord you have in your cosmos the weaker are you—you are that much nearer death and dissolution.

The more harmony you possess the stronger are you. The institution or business that succeeds in a masterly way is the one that has at its head a man of strong, stern and inflexible purpose. The more this man keeps his eye on the Central Idea—the more he focuses on his work—and keeps fear and hesitation and distrust at bay, the more sure he is to win.

Should this man stop to take part in the bickerings and chewing matches, he is gone, and the Commissioner in Bankruptcy should be telephoned.

The soil is bounteous, the mountains are full of precious gifts, the opportunity to work is everywhere. Society needs men who can serve it—humanity wants help, the help of strong, sensible, unselfish men.

The age is crying for men—civilization wants men who can save it from dissolution; and those who can benefit it most are those who are freest from prejudice, hate, revenge, whim and fear.

Two thousand years ago lived One who saw the absurdity of a man loving only his friends—He saw that this meant faction: lines of social cleavage: with ultimate discord, and so He painted the truth large and declared we should love our enemies and do good to those who might despitefully use us. He was one with the erring, the weak, the insane, the poor, and so free was He from prejudice and fear that we have confounded Him with Deity

and confused Him with the Maker of the Worlds. He was one set apart, because He had no competition in matters of love.

Well did John Ruskin intimate that the wise man of today knows more than did Jesus of Nazareth. He lived in a beggarly, semi-tropical country, and the whole economic problem that confronts us was to Him unguessed. The world of art was to Him an undiscovered country.

It is not necessary for us to leave our tasks and pattern our lives after His, but if we can imitate His sublime patience and keep thoughts of discord out of our lives, we, too, can work such wonders that men will indeed truthfully say that we are Sons of God.

There is n't much rivalry here—be patient, generous, kind, even to foolish folk and absurd people. Do not extricate yourself—be one with all—be Universal. So little real competition is there in this line that any man, in any walk of life, who puts jealousy, hate and fear behind him can make himself distinguished. And all good things shall be his—they will flow to him. Power gravitates to the man who can use it—and love is the highest form of power that exists

If ever a man shall live who has infinite power, he will be found to be one who has infinite love.

And the way to be patient, and generous—to free yourself from discord—is not to take a grip on yourself and strive to be kind—not that. Just don't think much about it, but lose yourself in your work.

Do not go out of your way to do good, but do good whenever it comes in your way. Men who make a business of doing good to others are apt to hate others engaged in the same occupation

Simply be filled with the thought of good and it will radiate—you do not have to bother about it any more than you need trouble about your digestion.

Do not be disturbed about saving your soul—it will be saved if you make it worth saving.
Do your work.
Think the good.
And evil, which is a negative condition, shall be swallowed up by good.
Think no evil: and if you think only the good, you will think no evil
Life is a search for power. To have power you must have life, and life in abundance. And life in abundance comes only through great love.

Simeon Stylites

S the traveler journeys through southern Italy, Sicily and certain parts of what was ancient Greece, he will see broken arches, parts of viaducts, and now and again a single beautiful column pointing to the sky. All about is the desert, or solitary pastures, and only this white milestone marking the path of the centuries and telling in its own silent, solemn way of a day that is dead.

In the Fifth Century a monk called Simeon the Syrian, having taken the vow of chastity, poverty and obedience, began to fear greatly lest he might not be true to his pledge. And that he might live absolutely beyond reproach, always in public view, free from temptation, and immune from the tongue of scandal, he decided to live in the world, and still not be of it. To this end he climbed to the top of a marble column, sixty feet high, and there on the capstone he lived a life beyond reproach.

Simeon was then twenty-four years old.

The environment was circumscribed, but there was outlook, sunshine, ventilation—three good things. But beyond these the place had certain disadvantages. The capstone was a little less than three feet square, so Simeon could not lie down. He slept sitting, with his head bowed between his knees, and indeed, in this posture he passed most of his time. Any recklessness in movement, and he would have slipped from his perilous position and been dashed to death upon the stones beneath.

As the sun arose he stood up, just for a few moments, and held his arms out in greeting, blessing and prayer. Three times during the day did he thus stretch his cramped limbs, and pray with his face to the East. At such times those who stood near shared in his prayers, and went away blessed and refreshed.

How did Simeon get to the top of the column? Well, his com-

panions at the monastery, a mile away, said he was carried there in the night by a miraculous power; that he went to sleep in his stone cell and awoke on the pillar. Other monks said that Simeon had gone to pay his respects to a fair lady, and in wrath God had caught him and placed him on high. The probabilities are, however, Terese, as viewed by an unbeliever, that he shot a line over the column with a bow and arrow and then drew up a rope ladder and ascended with ease.

However, in the morning the simple people of the scattered village saw the man on the column. All day he stayed there. Then next day he was still there.

The days passed, with the scorching heat of the midday sun, and the cool winds of night.

Still Simeon kept his place.

The rainy season came on, when the nights were cold and dark. Simeon sat there with bowed head, and drew the folds of his single garment, a black robe, over his face.

Another season came; the sun again grew warm, then hot, and the sand-storms raged and blew, when the people below almost lost sight of the man on the column. Some prophesied he would be blown off, but the morning light revealed his form, naked from the waist up, standing with hands outstretched to greet the rising god of light.

Once each day, as darkness gathered, a monk came with a basket containing a bottle of goat's milk and a little loaf of black bread, and Simeon dropped down a rope and drew up the basket.

Simeon Stylites never spoke, for words are folly, and to the calls of saint or sinner he made no reply. He lived in a perpetual attitude of adoration, expecting at any moment the second coming of our Lord.

Did Simeon suffer? During those first weeks he must have suffered terribly and horribly. There was no respite nor rest from the hard surface of the rock, and aching muscles could find no

change from the cramped and perilous position. If he fell, it was damnation for his soul—all were agreed as to this.

But man's body and mind accommodate themselves to almost any condition. One thing at least, Simeon was free from economic responsiblities, free from social cares and intrusion.

Bores with sad stories and unappreciated lives and fond hopes unrealized, never broke in upon his peace. He was never pressed for time. No frivolous dame of tarnished fame sought to share his perilous perch. The people on a slow schedule, ten minutes late, never irritated his temper. His correspondence never got in a heap.

Simeon kept no track of the days, having no engagements to meet, nor offices to perform, beyond the prayers at morn, midday and night.

Memory died in him, the hurts became callouses, the world-pain died out of his heart, to cling became a habit—language was lost through disuse. The food he ate was minimum in quantity; sensation ceased, and the dry, hot winds reduced bodily tissue to a dessicated something called a saint—loved, feared and reverenced for his fortitude.

This pillar which had once graced the portal to a Pagan Temple, again became a place of pious pilgrimage, and people flocked to Simeon's rock, so that they might be near when he stretched out his black, bony hands to the East, and the spirit of Almighty God, for a space, hovered close around.

So much attention did the abnegation of Simeon attract, that various other pillars, marking the ruins of art and greatness gone, in that vicinity were crowned by pious monks. Their thought was to show how Christianity had triumphed over heathenism. Imitators were numerous. About then the Bishops in assembly asked, "Is Simeon sincere?" To test the matter of Simeon's pride, he was ordered to come down from his retreat.

As to his chastity, there was little doubt, his poverty was beyond

question, but how about obedience to his superiors? The order was shouted up to him in a Bishop's Voice—he must let down his rope, draw up a ladder, and descend.

Straightway, Simeon made preparation to pack up his baggage and obey. And then the Bishops relented and cried, " We have changed our minds and now order you to remain! "

Simeon lifted his hands in adoration and thankfulness and renewed his lease.

And so he lived on and on and on—he lived on the top of that pillar, never once descending for thirty years.

All his former companions grew a-weary and died, one by one, and the monastery bells tolled their requiem as they were laid to rest. Did Simeon hear the bells and say, " Soon it will be my turn? " ❧ ❧

Probably not. His senses had flown, for what good were they! ¶ The young monk, who now at eventide brought the basket with the bottle of goat's milk and the loaf of dry bread, was born since Simeon had taken his place on the pillar.

" He has always been there," the people said, and crossed themselves hurriedly.

But one evening when the young monk came with his basket, no line was dropped from above. He waited and then called aloud, but all in vain.

When sunrise came, there sat the monk, his face between his knees, the folds of his black robe drawn over his head. But he did not rise and lift his hands in prayer.

All day he sat there, motionless.

The people watched in whispered silence. Would he arise at sundown and pray, and with outstretched hands bless the assembled pilgrims? And as they watched a vulture came sailing through the blue ether, and circled nearer and nearer; and off on the horizon was another—and still another, circling nearer and nearer.

A Word About Bachelors

I WISH to say a word about bachelors. Not the girl bachelor, but the sleek and well fed fellow between thirty and seventy-five, who delights in calling himself, and in being called, an " Old Bach." Now, be it known I have no objection to a man remaining single; but I do emphatically protest against his getting off that moth-eaten, musty joke, thus—" I would get married, but I can not find a woman who will have me! "

Everybody laughs at this because his grandfather did and he feels it his duty, but let us, who at the best are indifferent honest, never smile at that joke again. The Old Bach, nineteen times out of twenty, is a polygamist, and the reason he does not wed is because he prefers six wives instead of one; and has already discounted all the joys of paradise.

And yet he poses as a celibate, hints at his self-imposed virtue, and makes bids for the sympathy of school girls and silly married women. He affects ignorance, displays unblushing hypocrisy and tells you it is innocence. When he dies, a score of women come forward, from all parts of the country, with children and well attested claims. You say these women are mere adventurers, impostors, etc. They may be adventurers, but they are not impostors. The man was an impostor, for any one of these women would have gladly married him and been " respectable." It was not her fault, but his. Women do not live hidden in a city flat through choice. Polygamy may be right and it may not; I am preaching no sermon against masculine promiscuity, but I do protest against this hypocritical Old Bach springing his antediluvian jokes on us about his unhallowed condition, when all the time we can guess the facts. He is the pet of Respectable Society, although his closest female friends would be spit upon

if they materialized with the unbonneted at a Four o' Clock, where their liege prances like a patriarch in Turkey on a holy day. I make no mention here of those very rare cases where death and tragedy have entered and the man walks through life wedded to a sweet, sad memory. The only point I care to emphasize now is that silence and social obscurity are the things that most become an Old Bach: we want none of his little ironies concerning his lechery ❧ ❧

Friends and Enemies

IN a late issue of the Chicago *American,* Opie Read said, "I believe Fra Elbertus has more near, dear, personal and loving friends than any man in America. He was at the Auditorium yesterday with one of his sons—and what big, tall, splendid, pink-cheeked fellows those East Aurora boys are! This boy might have stood as a model for the Apollo of Belvedere—weighs one hundred and seventy, and only fifteen years old. Well, there was a little ovation for the Fra and Apollo: that is the way it is everywhere—men, women and children love the Fra. He has coaling stations in every city. Yet I hear from various sources that he also has a goodly list of enemies."

Opie is not always right, and he will never be president, but I give the above extract because it will rejoice his friends to see that he is surely getting back to health and his pristine condition of pristinosity. Since Opie adopted Christian Science, cut out the budge, and got rid of forty pounds of adipose, he has taken a new lease of life—turning the dial backward. Let the joy bells ring out their joyfullest refrain!

Opie is right, no man in America has so many friends as I have. Never a mail arrives that does not bring me love letters from men and women, old or young, rich or poor, high or low—they are my own. They tell me of a sympathy that does not faint, and of a hope that does not falter: they tell of faith and trust and of the brotherhood of those who would live Consecrated Lives.

These friends demand nothing—they only seek to give. And giving much they receive much.

I believe there is not a city of ten thousand inhabitants in the United States where I could not go to a bank and, unintroduced, ask for five hundred dollars—a thousand—or what I need, and

get it. There is not a railroad manager that would not issue me transportation on the simple hint that it would be acceptable. All good things that earth affords are brought and laid at my feet ❧ ❧

It would be absurd to say that every one is my friend—comparatively speaking, I am not widely known—but everywhere are the Elect Few who Understand.

I express for these the things they know. Who are my brethren? All those who think as I do, whose heads are in a certain stratum, who breathe the same atmosphere—these know all that I know. My thoughts are theirs, and their thoughts are mine. We have the same feelings, aspirations, hopes—our destiny is one. We are going to the same place, so we go hand in hand.

Life is a search for our own—for those whose hearts beat in unison with ours—who respond to the same vibrations. Men are tuned to a certain key. Those tuned to F do not respond when you strike D. Our own are those who are in our key. And when this is struck we answer back out of the silence. I have occasionally struck the key, and so mine own vibrate in sympathy with me ❧ ❧

These are the friends who await me in every town, village, hamlet, and city—we think alike—no introduction is needed, mine own shall come to me. They meet me at the station; and when I go away they accompany me to the train, and we part as lovers part—looking forward to the time when we shall meet again.

But if I have friends, I too have enemies: yet there is this difference, the friendships, for the most part, are real, substantial and lasting. They are built on positive qualities, while the enmities are a vapor that only awaits the sunshine, when it will be dissipated into nothingness.

The friendships are built on an understanding, while the enmities are simply a lack of understanding.

That some of my enemies are incapable of understanding me

or any one else, time has in several instances proved. Five years ago a man ridiculed, reviled and denounced me in various periodicals. He was a brilliant writer, and so his tale of woe and fancied wrong found credence with those who should have known better. His railings soon became maudlin, then general. Ere long the iron gates of Bloomingdale closed upon him, and then death freed him from the foes that his diseased brain had conjured forth. ¶ Those who followed the case now know that pity should have been this man's portion from the first—he mistook his best friend for an enemy.

In the case of the writer just mentioned, when his family had him taken before the Cadi and he was adjudged a lunatic, part of the evidence that convicted him was the fact that he had a violent antipathy toward me. The poetic unities seem to justify me in assuming that those who oppose me are mentally irresponsible. A good many people in my own town used to point me out as I passed by and touch their foreheads with the forefinger ominously. And they continued to touch their foreheads until it came to be generally known that I had a bigger bank balance than any one in town, and then instead of explaining that I was a fool, they said I was a rogue. So I now hold the balance true by viewing all those who defame me as victims of temporary aberration ❧ ❧

Not long ago when I gave it out to a member of the Sewing Circle that I was going to swear out writs *de lunatico inquirendo* against all those in the village who did not think as I did, there was a reign of hysteria in the East Aurora Woman's Club, and several of our First Citizens had goose-flesh.

But let us make distinctions: There is a difference between hate and the cheery calumny of the grocery. This setter brand of defamation is born of a mental vacuum, touched with jealousy. It really means little beyond the desire of the setter to show that he has superior insight. My neighbors who defame me come to

me now and then for favors, and I go to them—even when I do not need the favors, because I know they will be complimented and pleased to be of service to me.

Hate is another thing; and when you find an individual who indulges it, feeds upon it, and hugs it to his heart, he is one for whom Bloomingdale yawns. Hate is a toxin: it poisons the well-springs of the soul: its end is madness and the grave. Hate hurts most the one who hates. To be hated may be annoying, but to hate is a calamity. And if hate is a ptomaine, good-will is a panacea. There is nothing so hygienic as friendship—to love and be loved means an even pulse, clear eyes, good digestion, sound sleep—success.

Strike the key, and at once the vibrations start. All who are on your wire get the benefit; and this wire is a wireless wire that circles the globe like a Marconi cable. The way to strike the key is this: when you find a person who loves the things that you love, who is trying to be honest and simple and genuine; who is willing to say I do not know, and who is not so very good and knows it (so does not blame other folks), but likes to mind his own business, thus giving other folks an opportunity to mind theirs—stand by this man. Help him wherever you can, encourage him and give him good cheer. Use your friends by being of use to them. A thousand little things will suggest themselves where you can be of service—push the good things along.

Get in line with the vibrations, and when you feel them coming, pass them on—it is the only way to keep them.

These friends of yours are everywhere, but you will never know it unless you sound your A.

Let me say it again: no man in America is so blest with friends as I, and yet I heard Fred Gardner of Chicago, say the same thing of himself. Freddie telephoned over to the Chicago Stock Exchange the other day and told them to take a holiday, " because Fra Elbertus had come to town! " They did n't, but Freddie did.

The Grey Brothers

THE Monastery Le Trap at Charlestown, Mass., is a Branch of the ancient and honorable Religious Order of the Grey Brothers. The Prior of the place is a near and dear friend of mine. When I lectured in Boston none of the Brothers came to hear me, being unavoidably detained at home, as courteously expressed to me in a little note from the Prior. And so I made a Little Journey over to see them. They were so glad to greet me that, I noticed, immediately after I was inside, they locked the big iron gate so I could not hasten away.

The Prior informed me that there are over one hundred thousand members of the Order, scattered here and there in their retreats over the country. The members are all thoroughly impressed with the necessity of silence, poverty, chastity and obedience; and should they relax a trifle in austerity the Authorities in charge duly reprove them.

I have many friends belonging to the Order of the Grey Brothers —in Stillwater, Jackson, Joliet and Auburn. In fact, St. Hamiltonius of Stillwater once proposed my name for Honorary Membership, but I was blackballed by a renegade Presbyterian Preacher who was doing penance in the place; he said my morality was all right, but my belief was faulty—which surely is better than the reverse. However, many others there be, including Flinn of Atlanta, who declare I am fully qualified for a sojourn among these Brothers who not only keep good company and good hours, but occasionally other things as well. All of which is really consoling to my sense of approbation, for although it is a humiliating fact that five per cent of the Grey Brothers are degenerates, yet Max Muller once said that this was also true of the members of three Learned Professions. A degenerate, by the way, is a man who renders the world no service—who receives

but does not bestow, and who has no disposition to carry his share of life's burdens. The only sin is to be unkind; the one virtue is to serve; and so, even if the Grey Brothers are no better than clergymen and lawyers, they are at least no worse.

A few of the Order who have been expelled from their several Institutions are with me here in the Roycroft Shop, and I find them cheerful, willing and obliging. In fact, two of these men belonging to the Arch-Varlets worked all night last week fixing a printing press that had broken, so to have it ready to run in the morning. A joker near said, " That is nothing—they are used to night work," and we fined him three pans of salt fish for being too fresh.

After all, is there anything better than a willingness to HELP—A cheerful, active, intelligent, earnest wish to be useful? Why, I 'd fall all over myself any time to help these boys, just because they are doing their best to help me. You see, they are doing the work for me which I would do for myself if I only had enough hands and feet.

They do my work.

Therefore, I try to treat them as I would like to be treated. They are I, and I am them.

But what I was going to say was that when I visited the Grey Brothers at Charlestown, I was presented with a Manuscript Book, illumined, finely bound and done into a volume by a dozen of the faithful there in retreat. This book was made up of selections from the *Philistine*. The volume cost a lot of work, all done in cloister cells by night and on Fast Days. I was surprised, pleased, yet I blubbered a bit, mopped and replied in a jumble ❧ ❧

Then, here 's to you, Grey Brothers! Some of you dress in plain grey—others wear stripes showing honorable distinction—never mind, I love you all! The austerities of your cult may at times seem oppressive, but many things you have to be thankful for.

Most of the time you are free from intrusion—you have your evenings to yourself—you have time to meditate and commune with the Great Silence.

Many of the greatest men earth has known have belonged to your Order—St. Paul, Erasmus, William Tyndale, Martin Luther, Sir Walter Raleigh, Napoleon, and so many others that if I should print their names this booklet would look like a copy of the City Directory. Much of the world's best literature has been written behind the bars—parts of the *Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe;* Luther translated all of the *Bible* there, into German; Horace Greeley did a big stunt under the same cheerful conditions, and Prince Kropotkin the same. So here 's a hand-grasp through the gratings, and over the walls I send you thoughts of brotherhood and stout words of comradeship. We are Brothers all—all are in bonds—bonds of habit, ignorance, error, limitation, incapacity.

Our Brother Henley, Grey Brother by Grace, once wrote this:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole:
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

* * * *

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll:
I am the Master of my fate,
I am the Captain of my soul.

EVERYWOMAN

Everywoman

HEINRICH HEINE once said, "you can go to the theater but once in a lifetime."

He also says that you never experience but one Kiss. I am no expert in either—work these things out for yourself. ¶ Life is too short for explanations, and people who do not understand without an explanation never will with.

I have just been to see a play.

I saw it one night, and then I waited over the next day to see the same play again.

The play I saw was *Everywoman*, at the Herald Square Theater. Both evenings I sat the play through from the overture until the final curtain, and then I sat in my seat until almost everybody else had filed out of the theater.

I wanted to watch the effect of the play on the people.

I had not seen a play, before, from beginning to end, that I can remember, for twenty-five years. Two acts is usually quite enough; and I, being a plain every-day man, then begin to fidget ❧ ❧

I fidget myself out into the lobby until the next act begins, then I try that, and then I am fidgeted out again into the street. Occasionally I go to vaudeville, where there are, say, eight acts. If one does not please me I sit it through and stick it out, cultivating patience, grinning and bearing it—in any event I bear it even if I do not always grin. I live on faith and hope, and salve my soul with the thought that the next act will fit my mood. Sometimes it does, and sometimes it does n't, but out of the eight acts you usually get something that supplies a little gladsome radium. This is why vaudeville is so successful. It does not harp on one string. The acts are written by different men. Whereas, a play is written by one individual. And the transcript

of any one individual's mind is not apt to match itself as an affinity against yours.

How many people can you spend an evening with and not fidget, jug, mince and amble over the cosmic universe the while!

¶ This play of *Everywoman* gripped me from the first parting of the curtains ❧ ❧

Perhaps it is because I being every man love every woman.

¶ What my name is counts for naught. If I had been left on somebody else's doorstep I would have had a different name. It all turns on the cabbage-leaf that sheltered you.

I see that the Governor of Tennessee has recently congratulated himself on the fact that his executive mansion is not overrun by kinsmen and cousins. This, on account of the fact that the worthy Governor has no family-tree to climb. His mother was an orphan asylum and he never had a father.

The world is a sort of orphan asylum. Each of the characters in this play of *Everywoman* represents human traits. There are no big individual parts that tower above the rest, throwing all else into the shade.

The play is balanced. Everybody does his work. There is no weakling in the cast. All you see is strength, suggestion, symbol, lesson, reproof, reminder—each being true to his nature.

You are sitting in the grandstand and watching yourself go by ❧ ❧

Every man is a composite. He is both man and woman, he is virtue and vice, he is youth and old age, beauty and modesty, conscience and flattery, truth and love, bluff and stuff, puff and passion, wealth and witless society, age and greed, charity and vanity, vice and virtue, priest and populace, law and disorder, grovel and sneak.

And yet in the play *Everywoman* there is enough comedy to give you rest; enough by-play to throw open the window and let in the fresh air; enough witchery of girls so the curtains are parted

and the sun streams in from the East carrying the perfume of life's morning.

Problem plays that send the auditor away dumb, confused, undone, are un-American. We want something that will help us live, help us think, help us become.

At the same time we do not exactly relish the cold Norwegian intellectualism of Ibsen nor the Germanic contentiousness of Nietzsche and Hartmann. The eternal cleverness of Bernard Shaw eventually palls and repels. The man is too damnably smart. He is not one of ourselves. We are just plain Mr. Everyman and Mrs. Everywoman. We have work to do, and we go to the theater to be amused, to see beautiful pictures. The play that makes us think, makes us feel, sounds our heart-strings, and then makes us laugh, eventually giving us pleasant benefaction and benediction, this is the American Play. ¶ The second night I saw *Everywoman* I went alone. I did not want any one to speak to me, to say, "How fine!" "How beautiful!" I did not want to applaud unless I were forced to. And the experience proved Heinrich Heine a falsifier. I enjoyed the play as much the second night as I did the first.

The whole thing now looms large in my memory, and I feel that the witnessing of this play was an event, an epoch, a great white milestone in my life's little journey.

The curtain goes up, and, instead of revealing an open stage, shows the dark olive-green plush curtains, beautiful in their monotonous tone, and the sheen of light that plays over them. You wonder what is to come next.

There in the silence we sit, looking and wondering, when the gently parting curtains allow the character of Nobody to slip through the folds and the man in the priestly robes stands there before us ❧ ❧

Nobody is clad in a flowing garment of green from top to toe. The hood of the cloak is thrown over his head, and instinctively

you think of Dante, steeped in thought, walking the water-front in Florence of old, waiting for Beatrice to pass. ¶ The green spot-light thrown upon Nobody causes the figure to fade into the curtains, and he seems more like an apparition than a man. ¶ His speech is not hasty.

He stands there long enough to make a superb picture. You have never seen anything like this before.

Here is a man of intellect, a man of worth, a man of melancholy, the man who ushered in the Italian Renaissance—when the world was born again.

Nobody speaks—slowly, clearly, carefully, with an enunciation that makes you think Henry Irving has come back to life. He is the announcer of the play. What he says is not so much as the way he says it. The picture is the thing that has compassed us about and taken us captive.

Nobody fades away as the curtains part and reveal over at the left a half-dozen girls in gala attire.

There is Everywoman, surrounded by her retinue of companions. These companions are Youth, Beauty, Modesty—beautiful, dancing, singing girls, natural girls, sweet and unsophisticated. They talk, they move, they laugh, they play, they gossip.

Life is a glorious thing to them all. Everywoman you can see is queen. She does not try to overtop the rest. They are all girls together; and yet, there is something about Everywoman that is easily distinguished. She is the average woman, and a little more. In her are all the dreams, the hopes, the aspirations, the ambitions with which the life of the normal woman is freighted. She has youth, beauty, modesty, brain and body.

By and by another young woman appears, very modestly garbed in Quaker gray. This is Conscience, handmaiden to Everywoman. As the play evolves, you hear of a certain character called Truth. You wonder how she will look, and you think of Pilate's question and you ask it to yourself.

These girls are very much afraid of Nobody, he is so commanding. His intellect is so stirring, his glance so true, he is so unafraid, so impersonal. He fades into the landscape, he stands by a pillar silent, and you do not see that he is there until he speaks. And when Nobody speaks every one listens.

Even Everywoman is impressed by Nobody.

He is the only man of whom she is afraid. She shrinks from him, and when he speaks she turns her back and half shudders, but she listens to his every word.

Nobody is always master of the situation. The gossips throw out the hint that Truth lives with Nobody. Soon we are told that Truth is coming, and we are to see her. She is to come with Nobody

Nobody finally appears, walking silently and slow, green-robed, impersonal as ever.

Behind him, at a little distance, comes Truth—and oh! what a disappointment! She is a witch—old, wrinkled, bedraggled, leaning upon her crutch and cane. A scourge of cords is in her hand

The part is taken by a most accomplished play-actor, a woman of brains and worth. When she speaks you behold that she has intellect and character behind her.

Everywoman is afraid of her. Youth hides. Beauty and Modesty slip back into shadow. Flattery disappears.

Well have the gossips told us that Truth is beloved by Nobody.

¶ The Second Act shows Everywoman's ambition to shine upon the stage

Her life is not so much the love of art as the love of self. She wants to be admired, and her desire is for the desire of the man. She is a woman, and she is every woman.

Irony here creeps in, and the lesson is a bitter one—we are not used to facing Truth—she is not in our class—she is not respectable. These people have no names. They are Nobodies, and so we

sit and pack the pauses with feeling—a little confused, a little ashamed, a little in doubt, but withal pleased with ourselves because we see the import of it all, or at least we think we do, which is just as well.

When we are pleased with people it is because they have made us pleased with ourselves; and this play of *Everywoman* bestows upon us a great compliment.

We flatter ourselves that we see the import in it all. Whether we do or not is a question we will debate with ourselves for days and months to come.

In the Second Act, when Everywoman makes her appearance on the stage she is met by Bluff and Stuff, theater-managers, and rare comedians both.

Then comes Puff, a press-agent, who beguiles us with persiflage and piffle.

Passion, a play-actor, comes and sings a love-ditty to Everywoman and he sings superbly well. He does not buffoon his part.

¶ Then appears Time, a call-boy, old, white, feeble, doddering across the stage; and you think how Time will eventually call us all, and give the cue for the curtain to fall on our fifth act.

Wealth, and Witless (a member of the best society), come in to visit Everywoman on the stage. They are repelled by Bluff and Stuff until Messrs. Bluff and Stuff discover that Wealth is wealthy and Witless is a member of one of the first families.

At once they begin to grovel and crawl and cringe.

Here we get some superb play-acting—and if one of these theater managers is gotten up to impersonate a certain popular playwriter in New York and Chicago, why, what boots it? The take-off is complete, the irony subtle.

Wealth, Witless, Bluff, Stuff and Puff all pay court to Everywoman; while Youth, Beauty, Conscience and Modesty dance attendance. Here come in winsome, moving, musical melodies, pleasing as anything that ever came out of the ink-bottles of

Indiana, satisfying our senses of sight and color, and ministering to the sense of esthetics.

Beauty the companion of Everywoman, is fading at every appearance, Modesty is disconsolate, and Youth sleepy, tired and slow, and tears of pity and a great solemn silence seem to fill the playhouse ❧ ❧

But now we laugh as Bluff and Stuff and Puff, and Wealth and Witless make us congratulate ourselves that we are neither millionaires nor do we belong to the best society.

Just remember, please, that the scene of this play is New York City, with Fifth Avenue, the great and fashionable hotels, the restaurants where flunkies flunky without ceasing, and gay Broadway, and the Great White Way are all before us.

There is a rehearsal led by Bluff and Stuff, the theater-managers, wherein they give Everywoman much good advice.

The ballet scene, where Pert, Flirt, Smiles, Dimples, Curls, Curves, Shape, Shy and Giggles do Terpsichorean miracles, led by those two old rogues whom Time is waiting in the wings to call, assisted by remittance-men, students, stage-door Johnnies, gamblers, beggars, idlers, grafters, merrymakers, visitors from Tonawanda and Kalamazoo—all form a rare, beauteous and natural rest in the program.

All the while, however, you realize that this is but a scene in the life of Everywoman, for Everywoman here abandons herself to the fun; and to capture Bluff, Stuff and Puff, and lasso Wealth and Witless are to her great achievements.

The woman succeeds. She usually does, I am told, and to succeed is to die.

Nothing fails like success.

The next scene shows the new and gorgeous apartment of Everywoman in the city. There is a wonderful feast, where her friends have gathered. With them all come Youth and Beauty and Modesty and Conscience, who are all weary and worn.

Beauty is ill to the death, and when they call her to sit at the table, she lies back in her chair and closes her eyes, taking no part in the revelry.

The feast goes on without her, and Bluff and Stuff add to the merriment, with Time in the distance, and silent grim waiters, pawns on this chessboard of Destiny, who are the peers, far, of most of the guests.

It is a gay scene, full of suggestion, full of symbol, full of earnest thought. You are alternately delighted and disgusted, pleased and petrified, sated and edified. You laugh, cry and sigh.

Finally the guests go, one by one. Every feast has an end. Youth is asleep in a big chair. Beauty lies cold and silent, ghastly in her beautiful garments, which you soon discover to be her winding-sheet, for Conscience announces to you the fact that she is dead. Wealth comes back after all have gone, and Everywoman scorns him. His visit is inopportune—for Beauty is dead and Everywoman is watching her there, so quiet, so still, so worn and weary and cold. Wealth is a fool—the partner of Witless—he does not know that Everywoman can be busy with only one big emotion at a time ❧ ❧

The scene of Act Four is laid on Broadway, on New Year's Eve. Color, sound, music, lights, are all there—a wonderful effect of motion and fleeting beauty is produced.

Into this abandon enters Everywoman, now attended only by Youth and Conscience, and neither is as trim or beautiful as she once was ❧ ❧

Finally the revelers dance themselves tired, and disappear into the restaurants as the bells toll the midnight hour.

The revelry is now inside; and out on the cold pavement of Broadway, Everywoman is alone with her companion Youth, but Youth seems to have lost most of her individuality.

Everywoman's hair is silvered by the falling snow, her fine clothing is faded and torn. Truth limps in, approaches Every-

woman and speaks with warning words. ¶ We have caught a glimpse of Love, but he does not linger.

Nobody comes and goes, shod with feet of felt, always with dignity, intelligence, precision, poise and unused power. He is Mephisto refined, softened, subdued by the clash of years.

At last, alone on this one night at the beginning of the New Year—which at the last is only the old year come back—Everywoman, forsaken by all her friends, save Conscience alone, cries aloud in her grief, " Have I not one friend left? "

And Nobody steps out of the shadow and says, " Yes! I am your friend! " ❧ ❧

It is a startling scene, so full of feeling and suggestion that the audience pays it the tribute of silence absolute and supreme. ¶ Then some one who seems to be impressed with the necessity of doing something, makes a noise, and the whole house bursts into a roar of applause.

Here the play should end.

But the poetic unities and the stage requirements seem to demand one more short Canticle, and the scene now is the same as scene Number One. ¶ We are again shown the modest, simple dwelling of Everywoman. On her hearth-rug sleeps Love, a full-grown youth, a manly fellow, strong, simple, beautiful, healthy, natural, normal and sane.

Everywoman comes back to her own house attended by Nobody —and you can guess the rest.

Next Truth enters; and Truth, instead of growing older with the years, has reversed the rule and has become beautiful, strong, noble and erect.

Truth is the mother of Love, and she has a right to enter here ❧ ❧

The lovely green plush curtains close and shut out the stage, and Nobody—still wearing his robe of invisible green—comes softly to the front, and says: " Be merciful, be just, be fair to

every woman, everywhere. Her faults are many. Nobody's the blame." ❧ ❧

Nobody pauses, slips slowly back, and is lost behind the green curtains ❧ ❧

It is a big man who can play Nobody.

In order to be a Nobody you have to be a Somebody.

So the play is ended, and we sit there with tear-dimmed eyes, not knowing whether to go or to stay.

The play is done! But Life, the play in which we are cast, yet goes on ❧ ❧

Everywoman will never die, because every woman lives and Nobody is immortal.

The company is composed of splendid players. These men and women have power, poise and their work reveals the noble reserve which marks the superior actor. Theirs is the art that conceals the art. One will travel the wide world over before he finds their equals in most delicate and exacting roles.

And the author? Oh, yes—Walter Browne—a hard-working, patient, plodding, plugging newspaper-man—not even a journalist—working on a salary; the play accepted, rehearsed, and the author dead before the opening night, his hands folded just so, and in his stiffened fingers a de luxe printed copy of the play. ¶ No applause ever reached his ears. All he knew was the quiet joy of work well done, and the burdens of those who go forth to their labors until the evening. ¶ From his seat in Valhalla does he know of his great achievement? Let us hope so, and if he does, he must smile a sad, ironic smile at the vanity of the thing called "success." And *Everywoman* is a success—the greatest in the history of American histrionics.

Music Hungry

I'M FORTY miles from a lemon, Dear, and the same distance from a library, but if memory serves me rightly Emerson once said, "I would bathe me in sweet sounds. Ah, that would be a rest and benediction!" And so tonight I 'm music hungry. I 've spurred my spirit in a vain attempt to write, but the result is a composition that would make you think of a book advertisement by Lawrence Hutton in *Harper's*. You know Annie Besant told us that the soul lives on certain planes and if one would express divine thoughts the spirit must rise above the lowlands. I think there 's something in that, for one can not be much wiser or better than the people he is with. And to reach an attitude where the sense of sublimity is possible I need music.

Some day, you know, I am to write a beautiful thing that shall link my name with that of the Great Ones gone, but I 'm sure I can never do it without you are in the next room at the piano. You 'll have to play each morning for an hour to lift me into the right atmosphere, and then you can steal out on tiptoe and I 'll finish the chapter. When the chapter is done I 'll read it to you and kiss your cheek and you 'll say it is Sublime, as you ever do. And what a joy it is that comes after work well done! It is an ambrosia worth going through Hades to sip. But to be really happy you must have some one with whom to share your joy: one can bear grief but it takes two to be glad. Peg Woffington knew that when she played her part like an angel of light, for in the wings she knew Sir Henry Vane was waiting with her cloak, and when she danced panting off the stage she went straight to his arms, oblivious to the roar of applause and loud calls of Bravo! Bravo! —she only heard his whispered words, well done!

Yes, Dear, I 'm music hungry:—hungry for music—and you.

Total Depravity

THE greatest scheme for the acquisition of power and pelf ever consummated by human brain was when a man devised the dogma of total depravity ❧ ❧

If an individual believes he is headed for hell, he certainly will be willing to grasp at any possible method for deliverance from his terrible predicament.

And, as if to make the thing doubly secure, the man was told that disbelief in the dogma of total depravity would deepen his guilt, although how his punishment could be increased was not stated, since already he had been given the limit.

But in any event, lack of faith in the doctrine of total depravity was construed into proof of the thing itself.

And so, having gotten the man into a " receptive mood "—that is, scared stiff—the next thing was to offer him " salvation." ¶ And the only way by which man could be saved was through the Church, and its agents.

That is, you had to acknowledge the divine authority of the Church, and you had to pay. The Catholic plan of praying men out of purgatory is only a refinement of the Protestant dogma that you were damned before you were born.

The threat of punishment and the offer of reward made the whole scheme workable. It was endless hell if you did n't, and eternal paradise if you did. No wonder the Chinamen accepted both Joss and Jesus, in order to be on the safe side!

The monumental effrontery of the two propositions—that of total depravity and salvation, these two being equal halves of the whole scheme—is almost past human belief. And it certainly never could have been worked had it not been backed up by the law. Soldiers armed with swords and spears, fagots and combustibles, made it perilous even to smile at the monstrous falsehood.

Tyranny, persecution, strange and awful punishments, disgrace and death have followed in the wake of this gospel of glad tidings. It is the most villainous scheme ever pushed on a suffering world, and has shortened human life incomputably by generating fear. Having once been accepted and espoused, it was fixed in the heart of the race. And down the centuries it has run on momentum, spreading hate, fear, unrest and consequent disease.

Pascal says, "In viewing the march of human evolution, the philosophic mind should look upon humanity as one man, and not as a conglomeration of individuals." ¶ Look back down the centuries, ten thousand years, and see this man coming out of the uplands of India, making his way to the West, in migration after migration, club in hand, seeking food and shelter. Has he not made a terrific fight for freedom? And has he not, in great degree, proved himself victor?

The last vestige of the doctrine of total depravity went down on the *Titanic,* when Jews, Infidels, Agnostics and Christians stood firm, and death put all on a parity. The Law of Compensation never rests. The tragedy of the *Titanic* made us think better of our kind ❧ ❧

However, my fellow-worker in the vineyard of the Lord, Billy Sunday, still glosses and galvanizes the most terrific, brutal, beastly and inhuman fetish, whereby the budding intellect of man was ironed out to conformity. Billy still insists that the race is hell-bent for perdition, and that salvation lies in hitting the sawdust trail—that is, in conformity.

The Reverend Billy had adopted the old, old copyright and still uses it effectively for his own profit and aggrandizement.

It is so easy to hit the sawdust trail and shake hands with the Reverend One, and thereby have your sins forgiven, that every mental defective in the vicinity and every immature person and every neurotic succumbs to the blandishment, like the Chink who takes no chances.

Superstition in the mind is like a scrofulous taint in the blood: it may take centuries to eradicate it.

And so adown the years has walked Pascal's individual man; and he carries with him the scars of conflict, and in his being are the rudiments of ancient fears and savage doubts.

But this man is certainly in motion and in process. He is not standing still.

And the endeavors of the Whirling Dervish to make religious tyranny palatable only reveals the fact that the Evangelistic Formula has got to be revised. And it is only a question of a short time before it will be spewed entirely.

A man who fills the minds of children with a fever of fear, who scatters superstition and distributes diabolism, belongs to an age that is past. He perpetuates the ills he professes to cure. Personally, I like Billy Sunday. Meet him as man to man and he is a good sport and a charming gentleman. He never pushes his hypnotic spell on his friends, nor does he pull it on you personally when you talk with him over the teacups. He is a good man in a pernicious business. He is good, just as grafters, gamblers, panders and panhandlers may be good men in all their domestic and neighborly relations.

No, I admire Billy—he has many strong and manly habits. But he is a flimflammer just the same, and the worst is he hypnotizes even himself. Out from under the hypnosis, away from the sawdust, he is sane and charming.

An Ancient Maxim

NOW this is a very ancient maxim, honored in the observance by honorable men for twenty and four centuries and more:

LET WHAT THOU SEEST IN THE HOUSE OF THY FRIEND BE AS THOUGH IT WERE NAUGHT

To live on close, friendly and confidential terms with a man—to eat his bread—and afterwards disagreeing with him, go before a gaping world and expose his faults, foibles, weaknesses and mistakes is a most disgraceful thing to do. The deliberate, premeditated attempt to reveal the worst in any person or thing, is a shocking occupation, and he who indulges in it will reap the contumely that he endeavors to cast over another. Every life has its faults—we grant that—but it is the excellence we want revealed, not the mistakes.

When a man takes it upon himself to reveal the faults of another, he is in honor bound to place in parallel columns a truthful record of the good this man has done.

And this no man can do—he is a prejudiced party; and his " exposé " of his former friend is never a fair and just account, as all wise men know.

To expose your alleged enemy is a form of self-vindication which never vindicates. Beware of vindications.

Beware of exposures—they are all indecent. To expose another is to expose yourself.

Beware of speaking ill of your friends, but be still more cautious of speaking ill of your enemies—your words will be a boomerang.

¶ The commercial traveler who sells the most goods never runs down his rivals. Your alleged enemy is always a rival—remember that

The sentiment of refraining from harsh words concerning those

with whom they have disagreed, has ever been strong in the minds of wise men. This is what causes over three-fourths of all divorce actions to be brought by women. A man who is a man would sooner plead guilty to disgraceful conduct than to bring a similar charge against a woman. Every lawyer is familiar with scores of cases where men of average intellect have accepted guilt rather than expose the folly of one with whom they have lived in close and sacred relations.

So long as this instinct is strong in men, we can not say they are "totally depraved."

To bear disgrace rather than inflict it is surely divine.

Believing that every man does what he does because he thinks it is the best thing to do—that is, that Self Interest is the first law of life, and that righteousness is only a form of commonsense, my advice is, avoid disparaging your rival.

But should you still seek obloquy, there is no surer and quicker way to disgrace yourself than to attempt to disgrace another.

Claim Your Heritage

NO greater shock ever comes to a young man from the country, who makes his way up, than the discovery that rich people are, for the most part, woefully ignorant. He has always imagined that material splendor and spiritual gifts go hand in hand; and now if he is wise, he discovers that millionaires are too busy making money, and too anxious about what they have made, and their families are too intent on spending it, to ever acquire a calm, judicial mental attitude.

The rich are not the leisure class; and they need education no less than the poor. Lord, enlighten thou the rich, should be the prayer of every man who works for progress: give clearness to their mental perceptions, awaken in them the receptive spirit, soften their callous hearts, and arouse their powers of reason. Danger lies in their folly, not in their wisdom; their weakness is to be feared, not their strength.

That the wealthy and influential class should fear change, and cling stubbornly to conservatism is certainly to be expected. To convince this class that spiritual and temporal good can be improved upon by a more liberal policy has been a task a thousand times greater than the exciting of the poor to riot. It is easy to fire the discontented, but to arouse the rich, and carry truth home to the blindly prejudiced is a different matter. Too often the reformer has been one who caused the rich to band themselves against the poor.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a Tory who defended the existing order on the plea of its usefulness. He approached the vital issue from the inside, taught the conservative to think, and thus opened the eyes of the aristocrats without exciting their fears or unduly arousing their wrath.

Self preservation prompts men to move in the line of least resis-

tance. And that any man should ever have put his safety in peril by questioning the authority of those able and ready to confiscate his property and take away his life, is very strange. Such a person must belong to one of two types. He either must be a revolutionist—one who would supplant existing authority with his own, thus knowingly and willingly hazarding all—or he is an innocent, indiscreet individual, absolutely devoid of all interest in the Main Chance.

Coleridge belonged to the last mentioned type. Genius needs a keeper. Here was a man so absorbed in abstract thought, so intent on attaining high and holy truth, that he neglected his friends, neglected his family, neglected himself until his body refused to obey the helm. It is easy to find fault with such a man, but to refuse to grant an admiring recognition of his worth, on account of what he was not, is an error, pardonable only to the rude, crude and vulgar. The cultivated mind sees the good and fixes attention on that.

Coleridge formulated no system, solved no complex problems, made no brilliant discoveries. But his habit of analysis enriched the world beyond our power to compute. He taught men to think, and separate truth from error. He was not popular, for he did not adapt himself to the many. His business was to teach teachers—he conducted a Normal School, and taught teachers how to teach. Coleridge went to the very bottom of a subject, and his subtle mind refused to take anything for granted. He approached every proposition with an unprejudiced mind. In his *Aids to Reflection,* he says, "He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all."

The average man believes a thing first, and then searches for proof to bolster his opinion. Every observer must have noticed the tenuous, cobweb quality of reasons that are deemed sufficient

to the person who thinks he knows, or whose interests lie in a certain direction. The limitations of men seem to make it necessary that pure truth should come to us through men who are stripped for eternity. Kant, the villager who never traveled more than a day's walk from his birthplace, and Coleridge, the homeless and houseless aristocrat, with no selfish interests in the material world, view things without prejudice.

The method of Coleridge, from his youth, was to divide the whole into parts. Then he begins to eliminate, and divides down, rejecting all things that are not the thing, until he finds the thing. He begins all inquiries by supposing that nothing is known on the subject. He will not grant you that murder and robbery are bad—you must show why they are bad, and if you can not explain, he will take the subject up and divide it into heads for you. ¶ First, the effect on the sufferer. Second, the evil to the doer. Third, the danger of a bad example. Fourth, the injury to society through the feeling of insecurity. Fifth, the pain given to the families of both doer and sufferer. Next he will look for excuses for the crime and give all the credit he can; and then finally strike a balance and give a conclusion.

One of Coleridge's best points was in calling attention to what constitutes proof; he saw all fallacies and discovered at a glance illusions in logic that have long been palmed off on the world as facts. He saw the gulf that lies between coincidence and sequence, and hastened the day when the old-time pedant, with his mighty tomes and tiresome sermons about nothing, should be no more. And so today, the man who writes must have something to say, and he who speaks must have a message. " Coleridge," says Principal Shairp, " was the originator and creator of the Higher Criticism." The race has gained ground, made head upon the whole, and thanks to the thinkers gone, there are thinkers now in every community who weigh, sift, try and decide. No statement made by an interested party can go unchallenged. " How do you

know? " and " Why? " we ask. That is good which serves—man is the important item, this earth is the place, and the time is now. So all good men and women and all churches are endeavoring to make earth heaven, and all agree that to live, now and here, the best one can, is the fittest preparation for a life to come.

We no longer accept the doctrine that our natures are rooted in infamy, and that the desires of the flesh are cunning traps set by Satan, with God's permission to undo us. We believe that no one can harm us but ourselves, that sin is misdirected energy, that there is no devil but fear, and that the Universe is planned for good. On every side we find beauty and excellence held in the balance of things. We know that work is a blessing, that winter is as necessary as summer, that night is as useful as day, that death is a manifestation of Life, and just as good. We believe in the Now and Here. We believe in You and we believe in a Power that is in Ourselves that makes for Righteousness.

These things have not been taught us by a Superior Class who governed us and to whom we paid taxes and tithes—we have simply thought things out for ourselves, and in spite of them. We have listened to Coleridge, and others, who said, " You should use your reason and separate the good from the bad, the false from the true, the useless from the useful. Be yourself and think for yourself: and while your conclusions may not be infallible they will be nearer right than the conclusions forced upon you by those who have a personal interest in keeping you in ignorance. You grow through exercise of your faculties, and if you do not reason now you never will advance. We are all sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Claim your heritage! "

Dining Clubs

IN his *American Notes*, Charles Dickens took occasion to make a few slightly sarcastic remarks upon our use of the word "guest." I am of the opinion that the particular inspiration of that paragraph was the incident of his being collared and kicked out of the Louisville Hotel where he was a guest. It will be remembered that the immediate cause of his being honored with the swift kicks, administered by the Landlord in person, was that the Landlord headed a delegation of the Chief Citizens who wished to tender him the freedom of the City in a Gold Box. The author of *Pickwick* listened to the speech of welcome and then made the following remark: "Landlord, when I want to see you I will ring."

The Landlord, being a member of one of the Fust Families, felt his honor aspersed or something, and straightway fired "Boz" bodily. This could not now be done legally, for, thanks to that old zealot, John Brown (and six), there exists a United States law forbidding any hotelkeeper to refuse board and lodging to any one white, black, or brown. In short, you can legally make your self a guest of any public inn—you simply push in the door and camp

Rev. Dr. E. C. Bolles and I were once guests at a bum hostelry at Herkimer, N. Y., where we were delegates to a Universalist Convention. We asked to be seated at the same table so we could settle a few mooted theological questions, but the Landlord objected and accosted us thus, "Say, now you fellers will set where I say, or else climb!"

We decided to "climb"—that is, we would cease being the guests of mine host, and told him so in picturesque English, while various divines looked on and gave us the smile audible.

¶ Of late, I see that the use of the word "guest" is not quite so

circumscribed as it was. Formerly we paid for the privilege of being a guest, but now men with tuppence worth o' fame are paid good money for consenting to be a guest. In fact, as I write, there lies before me a letter from a Club—a Dining Club —stating they will pay me one hundred dollars if I will be their guest de gustibus for a single evening. Is n't that a reckless offer—and they supply all the wittles and booze too!

It surely is a queer thing that men should in cold blood bind themselves to dine together once a month and each man pay three dollars for the privilege, and half of this sum to go to some alleged Muck-a-Muck who, having reached the age of consent, consents for a consideration to be a guest and to talk to his dear friends whom he has never seen before and hopes to God never to see again.

May I here add that I have accepted the seductive proposal mentioned, and am to be the guest of the Club in consideration of the hundred simoleons; and further, it may not be amiss to state that I am open to a reasonable number of such alliances for a like honorarium.

In explanation of this bedizening of divine friendship and as apology for the tariff, I may explain that to be a guest under the conditions named is a great wear and tear on one's conscience and nervous system. It is always hard work to play a part: and the thought that you are a guest is in your mind from 7:30, when you begin the hand shaking, to 12—midnight, when the last prosy speaker that follows you has been rung off.

I will gladly lecture for fifty dollars, but I 'll not be a guest for less than a hundred.

To make a man shake hands with two hundred persons who look alike and are dressed alike; sit for three hours through fourteen courses of impossible hash; smile at commonplaces; and all the while hold fast with his mental sphincter to a five-thousand-word speech, is pretty near cruelty to animals.

To dine with those you respect and admire—who are interested in the same themes that interest you—and hold sweet converse is a great joy. To eat and drink and talk with the woman you love is the supremest blessing the gods send.

But you do not ever eat for two blessed hours with Her—there are things that do not last that long, and the piquancy of appetite is one of them. Just in proportion to the height of a pleasure is the penalty for its abuse. And it seems to me that the Dining Club is the perversion of a beautiful instinct—the desire to break bread and commune the while with those who are your own.

In every large city of America these Dining Clubs are found; and very seldom are the various members really acquainted with each other, and there is no real reason why they should be. Their interests and tastes are all diverse—the only points they hold in common are the possession of a dress-suit (secured often only for this occasion) and an income that fans ambition into breaking into the Upper Circles with a social jimmy.

There is no throbbing desire or curiosity to hear the speaker's message: the diners only want to see him, and then say or have it said and announced, that they dined with him. And the most damning count is that the membership in these Clubs is limited to men. Usually, however, there is one Ladies' Night in the season, when the members bring their wives or sisters. These women do not represent the best feminine minds or the women who really want to hear you, they only represent the accidental relationship with the fellows who have incomes over three thousand dollars. These women are usually fat, matronly, overdressed and have still less interest in your speech than the men. The entire audience has gorged on its fourteen courses, and the edge of intellect has been dulled by a long and tedious conversation, and a mad, frantic effort to be clever with elbow neighbors. So the gooseberry eyes blink at you for a full hour while you try to be wise and witty, but perforce are neither, because silence

and meditation precede all good speeches, not inanity and gluttony ❧ ❧

The formal banquet is a relic of barbarism and deserves to rank with the Chippewa Snake Dance or the Bee-Jee Festival of the Matabeles ❧ ❧

The Dining Club is a vain effort to secure Culture by going cross-lots. The old-time Lyceum, open to all who would pay the modest sum required, was a boon and a blessing. But the modern Dining Club, with its absence of the best women and its sparsity of intellectual men, built on the false hypothesis that it is in syzygies to the Mitre Tavern and Will's Coffee House, is a barren jactancy and pride inflated antic of America's bourgeoisie.

Sells-Floto Circus

I SPENT a bright pea-green day, a short time ago, at the Sells-Floto Circus.

This show has a few things that distinguish it from all others of the sawdust ring.

The Sells-Floto folks have the fattest, sleekest, happiest lot of animals you ever saw in your life. Not only are they not underfed, but they are not overfed; moreover, they are fed in the right way and at the right time. And best of all, they are well loved. Even the baboons are loved. And Luther Burbank says that nothing thrives that is not well loved—except bull-meese, cockle-burs and groundhogs.

Last year the Sells-Floto carried more than two hundred horses through a season from April First to October First, without losing an animal or having a single serious accident.

Two exhibits interested me very much. One was a mother monkey and her baby. The baby was just a month old the day I made my visit. The keeper told me that the mother and the baby monkey had never been separated night or day. That is to say, the baby monkey was always in the mother's arms, or riding on her hip or on her back, with his arms around her. At night the little fellow slept closely folded in his mother's embrace.

When the baby was first born they gave the mother monkey and her little heir-apparent a special cage; but they soon saw that she pined for the society of her kind, and so they just put her in the cage where she was before, with a dozen other monkeys.

¶ And she was boss of the cage. The things she said to the other monkeys are unprintable, but mixed up in it all was a deal of pride in her offspring, and the other monkeys in the cage sat around in a circle and preserved a discreet and sincere admiration for the baby. But they kept their distance.

I handed a peanut to the mother and she shucked it gracefully,

and then, in the most delicate and gentle way possible, offered the little baby monkey some. The baby monkey did not care for peanuts, not having evolved to the peanut age; but nevertheless, the mother offers the baby something of everything that she herself eats. When she has n't anything else to do, she monkeys with the baby. She kisses it, caresses it, combs its hair, polishes it up until it actually shines. No human mother, giving her baby a bath, ever took a greater pride or had a greater joy in the care of her kiddy than does Mrs. Simian.

And the little monkey returned the affection. When the visitors came too close, the little monkey would look in distress and doubt, and then throw his arms around his mother's neck and bury his face in her shoulder, hoping we would pass by. Then he would peek out, and if we were still there, he would close his eyes and again hide his face.

Alfred Russel Wallace, in his book on the Malayan Peninsula, has some most interesting things to say on the habits of monkeys and orang-outangs.

It will be remembered that Alfred Russel Wallace wrote a book paralleling Darwin's *Origin of Species,* not knowing that Darwin was writing a book on a theme similar to his own.

Wallace was fully convinced, years before Darwin's book was issued, that man was an evolution from a lower form of life.

¶ The young of the orang-outang are quite as intelligent, and a deal more self-reliant, than babies of the human species.

All the little tricks that belong to the human family in the young are found duplicated in the orang-outangs.

Alfred Russel Wallace never quite forgave himself for having shot a female orang-outang that was carrying in her arms a baby. The little youngster's grief over the loss of his mother touched even the hearts of the yellow men who were servants to the naturalist. They carried the baby home with them, and fed and cared for him, as they would a human infant.

The baby demanded that he be rocked to sleep at night and sung to. He would waken and cry also, unless he felt the touch and caress of a hand. If left alone, he would remain quiet; but if he heard any one stepping around, he would set up a squawl, attracting attention to himself, and demanding to be taken up and carried, petted and cooed to.

The life of an orang-outang in captivity, we have been told again and again, is two years. They die of tuberculosis.

However, the Sells-Floto folks have two orang-outangs that they have carried with them for three years—by name Barney and Estella. These babies were born in the circus. They are now four years old. They wear clothes without protest, and Barney obligingly buttons up Estella's dress in the back.

Every day, for several hours, these orangs are out of their cage in absolute liberty. However, they are instructed not to go beyond certain bounds, and while they are not tethered in any way, or confined, they obey instructions.

They have a big square table on which they play, and on this table is a rigging similar to the mast of a ship. There are various ropes dangling, and these orang-outangs play up and down on the ropes ❧ ❧

They have four hands instead of two, because a human's foot is only a deformed hand. The orangs are ambidextrous, and the ease and grace and surety they show in climbing are very wonderful. All the time they are full of fun and play and frolic. They will take off the hat of a visitor and try it on their own heads. They will examine your watch, steal your handkerchief, and play rough house, exactly as youngsters of the human species delight to do.

¶ They chew gum, and are very grateful for it. And they divide good things between them. Barney will chew his gum and pass it along to his mate, and she will chew it awhile and pass it back.

¶ If one of these orang-outangs is carried away where he can not see the other, he is disconsolate, and will bump his head on

the floor and cry in grief. Barney must know all the time where Estella is, otherwise his heart is broken. Sometimes, to get him going, she will hide down under the table, and then Barney plays "I Spy," and hunts her up. They evidently have a pretty good idea of games—these same games that youngsters evolve for themselves, of pretending to hide and lying in wait, and pouncing on each other, or pretending to fight and do each other violence. ¶ These orang-outangs certainly have a distinct idea that they must not injure each other. And even in their practical jokes, they never go so far as to cause each other pain.

They will bite the hand of a visitor, but very gently, so as never to leave a tooth-mark, and they never leave a tooth-mark on each other, nor do they scratch and strike with their hands. ¶ There is only one man in America putting forth any claim to intellectuality who derides, today, the Darwinian theory. That man is William Jennings Bryan.

Probably Doctor Bryan never heard of Samuel Wilberforce and a remark he once made about Darwin and his work, in the presence of Thomas Huxley. So I 'll print it here, and send Bill a marked copy.

The occasion was a meeting of a Scientific Society.

The Origin of Species had been published the year before, and tongues were wagging. Darwin was not present, but Huxley, who was known to be a personal friend of Darwin, was in his seat. The intent of the chairman was to keep Darwin and his pestiferous book out of all the discussion—Darwin was a good man to smother with silence.

But Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, in the course of a speech on other subjects, began to run short of material, and so switched off upon a theme he had already exploited from the pulpit with marked effect. All public speakers carry this boiler-plate matter for use in time of stress.

The Bishop began to denounce "those enemies of the Church

and Society who make covert attacks upon the Bible in the name of Science." He warmed to his theme, and by a series of misstatements and various appeals to the prejudices of his audience, worked the assemblage up to a high pitch of hilarity. Toward the close of his speech he happened to spy Huxley seated near, and pointed a pudgy finger at him, bellowed, " I beg to be informed if the learned gentleman before me is really willing to be regarded as the descendant of a monkey? "

As the Bishop sat down, there was a wild burst of applause and much laughter, but amid the din were calls, " Huxley! Huxley! " These shouts increased, as it came over the people that, while the Bishop had made a great speech, he had gone a trifle too far in ridiculing a member, who up to this time had been silent. The good English spirit of fair play was at work.

Still Huxley sat silent.

Then the enemy, thinking he was vanquished, took up the cry with intent to add to his discomfiture—" Huxley! Huxley! "

¶ Slowly Huxley arose. He stood still until the last buzzing whisper had died away. When he spoke it was in so low a tone that the people leaned forward to catch his words.

There was no jest in his voice or manner. The air grew tense. His quiet reserve played itself off against the florid exuberance of the Bishop. The Bishop was not a man given to exact statements—his knowledge of science was general, not specific. Said Huxley, " Since a question of personal preference has been brought into the discussion of a great scientific theme, I will confess that if the alternatives were a descent on the one hand from a respectable monkey, or on the other from a Bishop of the Church of England, who could stoop to misrepresentation and sophistry, and who has attempted in this presence to throw discredit upon a man who has given his life to the cause of Science, then, if forced to decide, I would declare in favor of the monkey."

¶ When Huxley took his seat, there was a silence that could be felt ❧ ❧

Several ladies were in tears. There were fears that the Bishop would reply, and to keep down such a possible unpleasant move, the audience now applauded Huxley roundly, and amid the din the chairman declared the meeting adjourned.

From that time forward Huxley was famous throughout England as a good man to let alone in public debate.

The Sells-Floto people have eliminated tuberculosis through fresh air, exercise, right diet, and the happy habit.

In Denver, at their Winter Quarters, the monkeys run out in the snow all Winter. In the cages are steam-pipes, but above the cages are big, open spaces, and the monkeys run in and out at will ❧ ❧

They roll in the snow, snowball each other, tumble, frolic like boys out of school.

And when their toes get cold they will scoot down below and sit by the steam-pipes until they get dry and warm, and then they are out and at it again.

The love of Nature gives the monkey health, the same as it does men ❧ ❧

There is no substitute for fresh air and exercise. Play is a necessary element in health.

Only healthy people reproduce themselves. It is exactly the same with the monkey tribe.

A vegetable diet, with a plentiful supply of fresh air, is the simple law of dietetics with both monkeys and men.

Our Christian friends used to deny the immortality of everything except man, the idea being that man is something peculiar, distinct, and beyond and above Nature. Man was created, they said, by fiat, although it was possible that other animals were evolved ❧ ❧

I believe now that even Billy Sunday does not claim to know

whether monkeys have souls or not; and Billy Sunday is the world's great expert on the unknowable.

Billy is n't a man of intellect. No one claims him as such, and I believe that neither does he make the proud boast for himself that he is a man of reason. All of his claims are based on printed authority, and when you ask him for a reason, he quotes you from a book first issued in parts in Asia, several thousand years ago ❧ ❧

Billy claims, however, that there is no reason to suppose that your dog, and horse, and cow, and rabbits, and birds, and white mice, and monkeys, will be in the Paradise that he depicts. He uses the phrase, " Die like a dog," although he tells us that the infidel will not even be allowed to do this much.

To die like a dog and forget, and sleep a dreamless sleep, is n't so bad; but the infidel, according to Billy, is going to live on and on forever in hell. And in hell, according to the Billy doctrine, there are various animals and brutes devised and created for the special purpose of tormenting the souls of men who, in life, did not agree with the Billy philosophy.

Smile, everybody, and let these things pass, even in spite of the Hepburn Bill!

Alfred Russel Wallace says that man is only happy, evolving; contented, when engaged in the domestication of animals; that through man's care of animals, his love for them, he is united to the universal world of life. And no man has ever been able to show us where the dividing-line is between the animal and the vegetable kingdom.

We are happy, and well, and strong, and efficient, only when we are working with nature. There is no vegetation without animals, and without vegetation there are no animals. The animal and the vegetable kingdom are complementary parts of each other. Man is a manifestation of Nature. Man's business is to obey Nature, work with Nature, Manipulate Nature, use Nature.

¶ The Sells-Floto Circus is managed by sober, sincere, earnest, kindly, gracious gentlemen who love the animals that are in their charge, who constantly study their needs, and who give them a never-ceasing care and attention, day and night, Winter and Summer, in sunshine and in storm, on the railroad or in the City, under the tents or in the open air. And these men are to me eminently worthy of the highest respect that we can give to any of our fellow-men.

Is not their business much more beautiful than that, say, of men who set themselves up as being something better and above nature, and who deny immortality to the so-called brute, and yet would give it to another kind of brute that calls himself a man?

Once again, everybody smile, and pity the child that does n't have pets in the way of living things, whether they be flowers, vegetables or animals.

Also pity the men who do not love horses, dogs, cats, babies, women, men and monkeys.

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, immediately following the big exhibition in the Main Tent, a concert will be given to which you are all invited. The gentlemanly ushers will now pass among you with tickets—all for the small sum of ten cents, one dime, two nickles! Thanking you, one and all, for your kee-ind attention, I now bid you reservoir and oshkerspiel. May you all live long and prosper!

In Praise of the Potato

I HAVE just returned from a dash for the dough to the extreme topmost spot of terra-cotta in the United States. This is the place upon which rest the nethermost terrestrial rocks that uphold Aroostook County, Maine. I swooped down upon it as the Goths and Osteopaths captured Rome.

¶ Houlton is the County Seat of Aroostook County. It is one hundred thirty miles as the Old Crow flies, Northeast of Bangor.

¶ Bangor is one hundred fifty miles from Portland, and Portland is one hundred miles from Boston.

I reached Portland in safety, and there escaped the pitfalls of teetotalism through being piloted by Frank W. Low, of the firm of Low & Behold, royal Roycrofter-at-large, hunter, trapper and dealer in furs and pelts, to the life-saving station of the Elks. Here frozen cubes of aqua fortis were given out, each marked Canadian Club.

At the Elks' Cache I met Colonel Boothby, who runs a line of dog-sledges to Bangor. I suggested to Boothby that he extend the courtesy of the kioodles and a sleeping-bag, but he swore i'faith that the Hepburn Bill forbade. However, he gave me a tie-pass instead, good for one first-class passage when countersigned by Kramer Himself, of French Lick Springs.

I gave a spiel to the natives in Portland, first taking out a stumpage license, on the dangers of too much Littlefieldism and chewing the political gum-drop to excess.

Dear Aunt Charlotte was there, chirp and chic, aged ninety, frank, appreciative and beautiful as usual.

The Reverend Doctor Blanchard interrupted the meeting to ask, "What is the object of *The Philistine* Magazine?" Nobody being able to answer, Frank Low led the orchestra a snowshoe gallop, after which I was urged for prudential reasons to lose no

time in starting for the frozen nadir of the North. At Bangor lives the Honorable Lou Stearns, picturesque purveyor in legal lore, and bibliophile by prenatal tendency.

I sent a wireless to Lou to lay me in a stock of pemmican, as Houlton was the objective point, and the best I could expect there was a frost, as the Blubber Trust was busy.

Lou was out of town, and pemmican, but his partner gave me some frappé advice, this being the only thing they had in stock, and being like the Merry Widow's Cruse: the more they gave the more they had left.

At Bangor I fell in with Colonel Bill Ricker of Poland Spring, the sidewalk being glare and glacé. I mistook Ricker at first for a section of the Aurora Borealis, the town being arid, his whiskers catching the sun's last rays, and looking like molten copper, or the coiffure of Simonetta, when Bottichelly—one of the fifty-seven—met her wading in the Spring of Poland, the place from whence came the pianists, hirsute and hungry, with artistic touch and technique intact.

Ricker of Poland would look like a polled Angus were it not for the deep, dark, Durham dye of his lilacs.

But never say " dye " to Ricker, for the chromatic ensemble is his own, and never shall in friendly grasp the hand of such as Gene Hale clasp.

Colonel Ricker is a natural son of Marilla Ricker, authored by Hannibal Hamlin, authorized by Jove, and shows what can be done in eugenics under a tariff law that protects the infant industry ❧ ❧

It was Tom Reed who first introduced me to Ricker, and Tom told a story in Ricker's presence, apropos of nothing:

Once a little boy asked his papa this question:

" Papa, are angels men or women? "

" They are all men, my son, all men—Heaven being strictly Buick."

" But, papa, I never saw a picture of an angel with whiskers ! "

¶ " Certainly not, my son, certainly not, for even a really good man can become an angel only by a close shave."

And the band played pee-nuckle.

I reached Houlton accompanied by a single colored man, who was married, and reminded me that his wife and children were in want, and that the Pullmans have no payroll, by pounding me on the back with the butt end of a whisk-broom.

I presented him with twenty-five gum-drops.

" Houlton! " called the coon.

I stepped off, expecting to meet a howling mob of Esquimaux, with the nearest white settlement a hundred miles away. I was disappointed ❧ ❧

Houlton is one of the most beautiful little cities in America. It has only seven thousand people, yet it is a metropolis. It has an Elks' Clubhouse that cost fifty thousand dollars. It has a model Public Library. It has an up-to-date Post-Office Building. Here are hundreds of beautiful residences, five banks, splendid schools, and business blocks of solid brick or stone. Houlton has a general look of thrift, progress and prosperity, which is as exceptional as it is surprising.

Between Bangor and Houlton you traverse a country for nearly a hundred miles where the land is covered with stumps, slashings and scrub timber, and is worth but a few dollars an acre, save for the young spruce-trees which are used to make paper for the journals that are saffron.

Yet around Houlton one beholds only splendid farms, smiling and prosperous to a degree which one sees, say, only in Iowa and Illinois, where Corn is King.

What is the secret of all this wealth and prosperity?

Potatoes, child, just potatoes!

Maine has two great crops—politicians and potatoes. Land on which the pines have flourished is always good potato soil.

The ashes from the burned timber help the tuber, and the soil, properly tickled, laughs a harvest. All of which somebody discovered in Aroostook County, quite accidentally about twenty years or so ago, when the timber had gone. Land was then worth, say, ten dollars an acre, and if wholly uncleared, a dollar or two an acre was about right.

Now, farms about Houlton are worth from one hundred to two hundred dollars an acre, simply because the land will produce a sure return on that investment.

The annual potato crop for the last eight years in Aroostook County has been from ten to twenty million bushels. These have sold at from thirty-five cents to a dollar a bushel, which does not count the fancy seed-potatoes, which often bring a dollar apiece.

¶ Aroostook County is a hundred miles long, and a hundred wide. It comprises about six thousand square miles, or one-fifth of the State of Maine. Aroostook County is as large as the State of Massachusetts.

But less than one-fourth of the County is cultivated. Only a strip about fifteen miles wide by seventy long is under the plow. West of this you can go for seventy-five miles through an absolutely unsettled forest, traversed only by hunters, trappers and by occasional woodsmen.

More than half of the State of Maine you can not call inhabited.

¶ Maine really has n't been discovered.

Houlton had its rise first as a site for a block-house on the Canadian frontier. Here were stationed Robert E. Lee, George B. McClellan and General Magruder, in order to see that the boundary-line was not pulled all out of shape.

All they popped was corks. Their duties were largely in the line of draw-poker.

The trading-post came naturally into being, and the town followed. This is how and why the land was cleared, and the Eastern side of Maine settled before the interior.

East of Maine lies New Brunswick. Few people know this. Americans as a rule, outside of the Eighth Grade and High School, know nothing of Canada. New Brunswick raises potatoes, too, and could raise more. The duty is just twenty-five cents a bushel, and this represents the difference in price on this side of the line and the other.

Naturally, Houlton believes in a high tariff on potatoes—Boston and New York City do not. General Hancock was right when he made that remark which cost him the Presidency. This shows what a man may get for telling the truth. Yet, New Brunswick has other products besides potatoes, and her people are intelligent and prosperous. One thing sure, New Brunswick is a good place to slip the human product. She produces men!

There are only four great potato-raising districts in America. These are Western New York, Southern Michigan, the Greeley region in Colorado, and Aroostook County, Maine. All over America potatoes can be produced, but you have n't a potato country until you can roll out three or four hundred bushels an acre. In Illinois, the very garden-spot of the world, a hundred bushels is a good yield. Around East Aurora, we usually raise about two hundred bushels an acre. But the Aroostook Country turns out, often, as high as four hundred bushels an acre.

Potatoes require a soil with more or less clay and gravel, and not too rich in loam. In other words, potatoes are like folks—they require a certain amount of difficulty and hardship.

And another feature in which they are like humans: they need a change of environment. They " run out " when seed is planted over and over from one locality, just as families die for want of transplantation and transmigration. In Illinois we used to save the little scrubby potatoes to plant, and the good ones we sold or ate. The result was, we soon were raising scrubs.

In Aroostook County are men who are now making a study of the potato, and are evolving a potato science.

In Houlton is a group of young fellows who are doing for the world with potatoes what the Funk Brothers of Bloomington, Illinois, are doing with seed-corn.

Plenty of educated folks do not know that the seed of the potato is not the tuber or root which we eat. Potatoes flower, and bear a little black seed in a pod or ball. To get a new breed, we have to plant the seed, not the " eye." And here again you find a case where genius does not reproduce itself. The " eye " will give you the same sort of a potato, but the seed harks back to a former ancestor, and may give you something totally different.

To fertilize the flower of a potato-vine with the pollen of some one particular breed is a delicate operation. Then to plant the seed and pick out certain tubers and plant these requires great patience and much time. You thus see why and how certain potatoes may be cheap at a dollar each.

Small potatoes and few in a hill, probably mean an ill-bred potato, where the poorest have been used for seed. The Divine Energy that takes the special form called a potato, is very particular at times. It has its likes, dislikes, preferences, prejudices and joys.

Some potatoes cross with others most happily, and others are grouchy, glum and unsociable.

Potatoes like a change of soil and climate. They have a passion for migrating. In the Greeley country in Colorado, they raise such crops that I dare not tell you the truth as to how many bushels per acre, for fear you would put me in the Ananias Club. But these tremendous crops are mostly raised from seed carried from Maine, just as the finest roses in California are slipped in Monroe County, New York. Transplanted to a more favorable soil, with more water and sunshine, the new product is twice the size of its parents.

For several years this increase will be noted, and then the breed gets tired, languishes, grows small, becomes sickly and has to be

abandoned. A rotation of crops, or a moving from field to field, is the only thing that will keep one kind of potato from running out.

Aroostook County potatoes are sent to Texas and all Southern States for seed purposes.

Potatoes in the South will run about a hundred bushels to the acre. The potato does not like hot weather, but a Maine potato planted in the South will often jump the yield from a hundred to two hundred bushels an acre.

The Roycrofters raise several thousand bushels of potatoes each year. The little spuds or the irregular, crooked ones we cook in big boilers and mash up with middlings for the hens and little pigs as winter feed.

In Aroostook County they use their little potatoes for making starch. I am quite sure that this means more money than feeding them to pigs, but our plan of keeping a lot of live-stock certainly will make our land outlast theirs.

The Maine potatoes are not large, but they run remarkably even in size and are ripe and mealy. And I really think that for quality they beat the world. New York State farmers may yet catch up with them, but it will not be until we take Horace Greeley's advice, and mix brains with manure.

"Are you much troubled by rot out your way?" asked a farmer of me at Houlton.

"What 's that?" I asked.

"Are you troubled by rot at East Aurora?"

"Indeed, God knows we are," I answered; "but it 's only of a literary kind!"

The Irish potato is a strictly American product. It was first carried into Ireland only about one hundred fifty years ago. ¶ The transplanting was a lucky stroke. The soil and climate of Ireland seemed perfectly adapted to its wants. It increased in size and the yield was doubled. Then we began to bring potatoes

over here for seed purposes, and advertised them as " Irish Potatoes." At about the same time, the yam, or sweet potato, was imported from the West Indies, and the name " Irish Potato " became fixed.

No doubt the potato saved Ireland from starvation and turned the tide from absolute misery to a life that was at least tolerable. The " murphy " meant four hundred bushels to the acre as against thirty bushels of wheat for the same land.

Our yield of wheat here in America is only an average of fourteen bushels to the acre. As a food-staple, the potato will eventually be king, not corn nor wheat.

The potato yield in Ireland has now dropped to about two hundred bushels to the acre, on account of failure to rotate crops and import new seed, but the " praties " are the food that makes the Irish boys and girls grow strong.

Transplanted Irish folks now pretty nearly rule the world. When there is a prize-fight for the world's championship, the argument is usually between two Irishmen—ask McAdoo!

Potatoes can be cooked in a great number of ways, and are nutritious and appetizing. People who work, do not grow tired of potatoes.

We hear a deal about the high price of foodstuffs, but please note this fact: Potatoes are one-third cheaper today than they were a year ago.

All those good people who are taking the " meat pledge " will make the discovery that going without meat is really no sacrifice at the last.

They will all feel better and stronger for the experiment.

Meat for folks who work indoors, if eaten three times a day, is little better than poison. It fevers the blood and taints the breath.

¶ The high prices of foodstuffs do not token famine—not at all. We have been eating too much meat—too much of everything. The flurry of high prices, like every trouble, has its compensation.

Society has congested in the cities. The farmer has been a joke to many; the comic papers feature him as a lout and a lubber, devoid of intellect, narrow and absurd.

But the farmer is now coming into his own. The multiplicity of hungry mouths in the cities is turning the tide.

High prices mean unrest. We are hunting out the cause. The farmer does not get all the increase—there 's the middleman.

¶ A wise economy will tend to cut him out and set him to work as a producer. High prices encourage him to produce, and high prices call people from the town to the farms. High prices mean scientific farming, as opposed to the old cut-and-try, let-'er-go methods

By the selection of a better seed for potato-planting, those Houlton boys are an index-finger, pointing the way. For not only does Aroostook County raise a potato crop worth ten million dollars a year, but she is showing farmers all over the world how to double their potato results.

All troubles, all calamities put us on our nerve and bring out our latent powers. The State of Maine has only been skimming her cream. She has a thousand miles of sea-coast, and Boston and New York are the natural and easy markets for her produce. These Aroostook farmers, with fat bank-accounts, drive horses raised in Montana. Milk with them is ten cents a quart. The butter they eat comes from Orange County, New York. Eventually, to keep up their land, they will raise stock, and diversify their crops. And all over America better methods will prevail.

¶ The Agricultural Schools are sending thousands of boys and girls back to the farms, filled with enthusiasm and practical ideas.

¶ Only an era of high prices could bring about this better scientific production. So out of it all will evolve a betterment great and far-reaching.

And just now, I sing the praises of the pratie, the murphy and the spud.

The Glorious Fourth

SPASM of horror swept over the country a few weeks ago, when one hundred and seventy-four children were caught in a fire trap at Collinwood and killed.

Yet now we are getting ready to destroy, or irreparably wound and injure, at least five thousand children, exactly as we have done once a year for several decades.

The instruments of death are deliberately being purchased, placed on sale, advertised in alluring lines, and on July Fourth, the massacre will be at its maximum.

Last year there were reported, in the large cities alone, over three hundred deaths from lockjaw, following injury to hands; four hundred and forty persons lost one eye, and over a hundred children were reported as having both eyes blown out by explosives on this one day.

Hardly a village can be found in America, where there are not armless or sightless beings who are living out lingering deaths, victims of this violent way of expressing " patriotism."

In every city and village care is now being taken to see that Collinwood's disaster shall not occur again.

So great is the feeling of shame, remorse and revulsion at Collinwood that many families have moved away from that suburb, and there is an effort being made to change the name of the place.

¶ We would forget the slaughter of the innocents.

At Collinwood silence came to the stricken children almost instantly. Suffocation means quick insensibility and the passing is painless.

There were no maimed and suffering at Collinwood—death was merciful.

But in this matter of the destruction of life and property on July

Fourth, we are making active preparation to repeat it with all its lingering variations.

The tragedies are so scattered—and although we know that deaths will surely follow, we are inwardly praying that it will not be our loved ones that shall perish.

Aside from the lives lost and the human bodies mutilated, there is an annual average loss from accidental fire, in America, of about five million dollars, traceable to fireworks. The money spent in these diabolical Chinese inventions is also over five million dollars. We pass laws to keep out Chinese, but we let in the worst thing they manufacture.

What have we to show for this?

I 'll tell you: Noise, distracted nerves, smoke, fire, sightless eyes, maimed hands, powder blown faces and corpses of little boys and girls. And a debit entry in money of ten million dollars.

Is the life of one innocent, little prattling toddler worth the fun?

Whose toddler?

Why, yours!

Yes, we shut out the Chinese by law, but we welcome their diabolic Noise, Stench and Smoke and pay them good money—and we also pay the lares and penates a bonus in blood.

The Chinese are not so bad as we are, for they only make these things to sell—mostly to Christians. They say, " We supply a demand, and if you did n't want them we would not make them."

¶ An educated Chinese writes me that there are many towns in China where it is a crime to fire off a firecracker.

With us the innocent little firecracker is giving place to a " giant cracker," and the toy pistol is replaced with blank cartridges and a sure-enough pistol, with the I-did n't-know-it-was-loaded story, set in electrotype.

Do not blame the children for these things. If we prohibited the sale of useless explosives, there would be none sold. Men drink whisky in silence, but the bomb advertises its own futility.

¶ Do not blame the children—it is the full grown men and women who set the example. These city lawyers, preachers, railroad officials, storekeepers, college professors and bankers who go to the country on July Fourth and desecrate the day—they are the people to blame! They have educated our children to think that Noise stands for love of country, when behind it all is the lust to break loose and indulge for a day in savagery, and wallow in the unusual.

I reckon we really have n't stopped to think about it—that is all. So much noise has been made that we could n't hear ourselves think ☙ ☙

Then we are such a busy people!

But let us get together now and boycott the cracker, explaining the matter to our boys and girls—they will understand. We will not be robbing them of anything. There are hundreds of ways to have fun, aside from explosives. Let us be men and women, not wild savages.

Let us protect the Children.

War Helps Business

THERE should never be a war of aggression unless on a direct and popular vote of the people, women included. As it is now, the right to declare war rests with Congress, and Congress is swayed, usually, by about half a dozen men or less. The people pay the freight—the people are the sufferers—and it should be they who declare war, not the men who probably profit by it. The men who declare war are not the men who do the fighting.

That a few demagogues should have the power in enlightened America to use thousands of lives and millions of treasure in furthering their war-like and lustful ambitions, is an anachronism which civilization should remedy and quickly, too.

As a rule the men who declare war have nothing to lose, and everything to gain. They say, " War helps business."

And so it does.

Just as death helps undertakers.

To allow a few men the power to declare war is a monstrous wrong. The parents of the young men who are to be food for vultures should have the say in this matter. Let the men themselves who are to fight be questioned.

Let the wives of the rank and file second their opinions. Not to do this is to live in a land where the demagogue, the bounder and the soldier of fortune may at any time coin your blood into dollars and use your skull to erect a monument to his own glory.

If it had been put to a popular vote, would we ever have gone to war with Spain?

Certainly not. We were stampeded into that awful blunder of the bounder. The cost of that war will never, never be told. The expense for pensions has just begun. The Philippines are a burden and our chief danger and menace today. Some day, we may have

to fight to hold them. And as for the benefit to Cuba, we could have done all we have done, through wise diplomacy instead of force ❧ ❧

Let there be no war of aggression, unless on a popular vote of all the people, women included.

Subsidize Motherhood

THE State should pension any mother who personally assumes the care of her child. Thus would we place a premium on loyalty and mother-love. Our present plan of disgracing free or natural maternity, places a premium on abandonment and murder, and makes the child, if it survives, a charge upon the community. The statesman who has the courage to carry through a bill for the protection and support of woman, at a time when she especially needs love and friendship, will live in the gratitude of millions unborn, and the wisdom of the future will crown him with laurel.

We are strong as we move with Nature—we are weak as we disregard her

We must not fear Nature, but we should fear for the man who sets himself against Nature.

Let the Christ-Spirit of Charity, and the Scientific Spirit of Commonsense combine, and the question of race suicide will solve itself. We must conserve the best among human beings instead of destroying them. The " baby farm " is a place where eighty per cent of the little boarders are killed by neglect and narcotics. The best conducted orphan asylums are places where the child is institutionalized, his individuality ironed out, his soul stunned, stunted and dwarfed.

Let the church and church people cease their policy of social damnation for the woman who makes a " mistake." Let them follow the attitude of their Leader and they may discover that God makes no mistakes. Let them cease their blundering and immoral haste to separate the innocent child from the loving breast of its mother, sending one into moral hell and the other to an orphan asylum.

The church's sociology has been as fallacious as her astronomy.

She should study psychology, not ancient history and prophecy. The habit of robbing the unmarried mother of her child is a crime against Nature, and as punishment for it God has made us a race of scrubs.

For the State to subsidize motherhood is to do away with the necessity of the mother's dependence upon some particular man or men ❧ ❧

As long as a woman is obliged to look to some certain man for sustenance and shelter at a time when she is incapacitated for doing the world's work, she is to that extent a slave and a menial, and is in great danger of heading for perdition.

Is there any greater service a good woman can render the State than to be the mother of strong and beautiful children—children born in freedom and joy, and loved into being? A president has told us no, and he is right. But he has not told us that the mother must be free; he would still have her a dependent upon the bounty of a male individual.

The plan for immediate betterment is simple—reverence maternity, respect mother-love, and pension all mothers who stand by Nature and are loyal to their God-given instincts. Thus will we encourage honesty and conserve the best in our population. ¶ And this pension, extending over a trying time, is not so much for the material support of the mother, as it is to convince her that she is not abandoned and repudiated by her kind. The Cosmic Urge, or Creative Principle, must be respected and upheld, not scorned and scoffed and made the butt of vile loaferism. And still another reason why society should sustain the mother, is on account of its effect on the unborn. That which depresses or unnerves is bad in tendency, bad in practice, and followed with bad results.

For the education and purification of our own minds on this great question of creation, we must begin to respect the miracle of Maternity.

The orphan asylum and the hospital, to which the church so proudly points are necessities, only because the church creates the conditions that foster them. Both are indictments of our mode of life.

When we abandon fear, and learn how to work, play and love, there will be no need for hospitals. And when we allow the mother to follow her divine impulse and cling to and care for her child, the orphan asylum will be an anachronism and a superfluity.

¶ We shall have no more actual need for hospitals and asylums than do the birds. Insane asylums and prisons are the results of hate, greed, prejudice and perverted social ambitions.

Hospitals and orphan homes precede insane asylums and prisons, and make them a necessity. All lead to death and dissolution, not to health or reformation.

Let us respect, honor and reverence maternity.

Love should rule the world, and it can and will if we only cease building dams to stop its flow.

The policies of Cain have been given a thorough test—it is time that they were abandoned.

"A New Commandment I give unto you—that ye love one another!"

The Efficient Man

THE efficient man is he who sees the obvious, who does the duty nearest him—and does it well—and keeps on.

The secret of efficiency is no secret. It is simply the possession of imagination to know the right, and the will to do it.

The man who depends upon "inspiration," "actinic rays," booze, bromide, cigarettes and Micawber-like chances to reveal his "brilliancy," shows as much chance of success as a man who fires his duck-gun out of the doorway, on the off-chance of getting his dinner from a flock of geese that may be flying over.

¶ The efficient man is he who possesses the power that accomplishes a desired or a designed work; who has the quality that produces the best business results, and renders the most effective service

Efficiency is a habit. And a habit is consecutive, not spasmodic.

¶ The efficient man is the ever-growing man.

His first lesson in efficiency is to realize the importance of the perpendicular pronoun.

He must be able to conjugate the verb "to be." That is to say, he must have sufficient self-confidence and self respect for his own personality to say, "I am;" sufficient sense to recognize the existence of others—"He is"—and the value of co-operation —"We are."

"Hell is the fear of failure," says Carlisle; and not until we have cast out this devil of self depreciation and fear shall we become efficient and begin to climb the ladder of success.

Once suggest to yourself that you are a failure and your progress will be crab-like—your mental processes hobbling around on crutches

Unquestionably the first step toward efficiency is self respect.

¶ And the man with self respect will not suffer from mental strabismus nor goitre of the ego. He will also respect the feelings of others, realize the desirability of companionship and co-operation

A grounded wire is wasted energy. Light and power come from contact

Only one man out of each two hundred and fifty can be regarded as ninety-five per cent efficient. Most men require supervision. They have to be checked up and constantly looked after, and this supervision they have to pay for, themselves.

Constructively, we are all down for Henry Ford's five dollars a day. The reason we only get four dollars is because we pay one dollar a day for supervision. If a man requires a little more supervision he gets only three dollars a day.

This lack of Efficiency is not on account of an imperfect bodily development or a sparse area of brain. It turns on a matter of will

The average young man is intent on having a good time. His work is a secondary proposition. Bodily health and physical future well-being are not considered by, say, more than one man out of each fifty.

I believe one of the great causes of inefficiency is late hours and late suppers. The man who imbibes stimulants and eats a supper at ten or eleven or twelve o'clock is robbing his brain of that much energy, and this robbery will manifest itself the next morning. There is little hope of promotion for such a man. He is not a man of character. No man can be called a man of character who does not prize his sleep, his digestion, his ability to think

Eight hours sleep are absolutely required by the average man, and if he will get this sleep say from ten to six in the morning, and manage to get two hours' exercise in the open every day, eat sparingly, breathe deeply, and get on good terms with cold

water inside and out, his chances of becoming an efficient man are very favorable.

If I wanted to give a man a recipe for becoming ninety-five per cent individual, I would have him print on a big card and tack it over his desk two words, these words PHYSICAL CULTURE. Man's body is a machine; the energy that runs through this machine is a part of the Great Intelligence that makes the world go round ❧ ❧

And to cultivate his machine, and properly care for it, is the highest wisdom.

Unless the machine is in good working order it will not intelligently transmit energy. Prize your physique, prize your strength, prize your energy and realize that it is a divine inheritance!

¶ The laws of health are very simple. We all understand them. Every one knows them. The next thing is to bring will to bear and obey the laws. Disobedience means unrest, pain, eventually disease, a shortening of life, and an inefficiency all along life's little journey.

¶ Choose ye this day whom ye will serve. If you want health think health, talk health, bathe in the sunshine, preserve your equanimity, play with the children, and do not put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brain.

Physical disability can not always be helped, and can therefore be pardoned; but physical debility is avoidable and is not to be condoned ❧ ❧

Health is a simple proposition and illness is a complex one, and if we stick to the simple in diet, living, and habits we shall not be physically depleted.

The efficient man refuses to be ill. He realizes that health is his chief asset, and that his usefulness is limited, his efficiency impaired if he neglects the care of his body.

A good digestion is as important and as obligatory as a good conscience; pure blood is as necessary as pure faith; a vigorous

brain means a strong will; good teeth and a clean skin mean better work.

The physical is the substratum of the moral, and this fact ought to give the food we eat, and the air we breathe a tremendous significance ❧ ❧

To eat moderately, to breathe deeply, to sleep, to work, to play, laugh, live and love—these build up a constitution, a physical manhood, that is fair to look upon and fitted for service.

And when this perfect body is crowned by a brain that is alert and intelligent, it gives a combination that solves the problems of life and is the greatest hope of the race.

Health is a matter of cause and effect—cultivate it.

Whilst diet, exercise, sleep, and care of the body are important factors in mental and physical development, the question of association and environment is to be reckoned with.

The first sure symptoms of a mind in health are in the heart restfulness and pleasure found in the home—in the companionship of wife, friends and books.

We hear a great deal of man being married to his art or business. The inference is that marriage interferes with a man's career. ¶ Bacon says, "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief."

We may therefore say that wife and children are disciplinarians! ¶ A person's character is but half formed until he is married. He has developed but one side of his nature.

When a man marries and adds home, wife, children to his vocabulary and to his life, his thoughts, hopes, aims, aspirations and ideals are purified and he is inspired to greater effort and efficiency. He has given bonds to the world for good behavior.

"What I am—what little I have been enabled to do—I owe largely to my wife," said Robert Louis Stevenson.

"It 's all the doings of the little woman with the brown eyes,"

declared the blind Senator of Oklahoma when elected to that office. Mrs. Gladstone was the Grand Old Man's dynamo. Mrs. Edison is the great inventor's right hand.

Marriage, however, is an open question; from the beginning of the world such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in.

Still, love is life's great lubricant and there is no greater incentive, no greater aid to efficiency than the companionship of a good woman. The mind grows by what it feeds upon.

Books are mental pabulum; and the pure food law should apply to them as it does to articles of consumption.

Pure literature—good books—are meat and drink. They are the silos that feed the mind, nourishing and energizing it.

Reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man; and he who chooses his reading and his companions wisely will become efficient and respected.

Tell me what a man does between the hours of seven and ten, evenings, and I will give you his horoscope.

Diogenes was a philosopher—and a joker. He searched for an honest man, using a lantern to assist him, in broad daylight. And he did n't find one.

And when you find a self-dubbed 100-point Man, you 'll find a man who has ceased to grow.

He is satisfied with himself; and he is the limit, all right!

Efficiency means evolution—growth—development.

It means eternal vigilence, ceaseless endeavor, stretching upward, going forward. It means the elimination of the useless, the breaking of the fetters of fear and superstition that hamper our progress

Efficiency is getting out of the ruts, thinking imperially, standing on your own legs, rising on stepping-stones of your dead self to higher things. Efficiency!

The Efficient Man! he is a god in embryo!

Scamp

I WAS mousing the other day in a book that is somewhat disjointed and disconnected, and yet interesting—*The Standard Dictionary*—when I came across the word " scamp." It is a handy word to fling, and I am not sure but that it has been gently tossed once or twice, in my direction. Condemnation is usually a sort of subtle flattery, so I 'm not sad.

¶ But now I 'll prove that I am not a scamp.

To scamp means to cut short, to be superficial, slip-shod, careless, indifferent. To say, " let 'er go, who cares—this is good enough! " If anybody ever was a stickler for honest work, I am that bucolic party. I often make things so fine that only one man out of ten thousand can buy them, and I have to keep 'em myself

You know that when you get an idea in your head, how everything you read contains allusions to the same thing. Knowledge is mucilaginous. Well, next day after I was looking up that pleasant word, " scamp," I was reading in the Amusing Works of my old college chum, Erasmus, when I ran across the word again, but spelled in Dutch, thus, "schamp." Now Erasmus was a printer and also he became the most learned man of his time. He was a successful author, and he was also the best authority on paper, inks, bindings and general bookmaking in Italy, Holland or Germany. Being a lover of learning, and listening to the lure of words, he never wallowed in wealth. But in his hunt for ideas he had a lot of fun. Kipling says, " There is no hunt equal to a man hunt." But Kip is wrong—to chase a thought is twice the fun. Erasmus chased ideas and very naturally the preachers chased Erasmus—out of England, through France, down to Italy and then he found refuge at Basel with Froben, the great Printer and Publisher

Up in Frankfort was a writer-printer, who not being able to answer the arguments of Erasmus, called him bad names. Among the other choice ones he heaved at Erasmus was " bastardicus." Erasmus was used to this, for in his youth he had been taunted with having no name and he said, " Then I 'll make one for myself." And he did.

But this gentle pen-pusher in Frankfort who passed his vocabulary at Froben's proof-reader, Erasmus in time calls a " schamp," because he used cheap paper, cheap ink and close margins. Soon after the word was carried to England and spelled " schamp" —a man who cheats in quality, weight, size and count. But the first use merely meant a printer who scamps his margins and so cheats on paper. I am sorry to see that Erasmus imitated his enemies and was ambidexterous with the literary stinkpot. His vocabulary was equal to that of Muldoon. Erasmus refers to one of his critics as a " scenophylax-stikken," and another he calls a " schnide enchologion-schistosomus." And perhaps they may have been—I really do not know.

But as an authority on books Erasmus can still be read. He it was who fixed the classic page margin—twice as wide at the top as on the inside; twice as wide at the outside as the top; twice as wide at the bottom as the side. And any printer who varies from this displays his ignorance of proportion.

Erasmus says, " To use poor paper marks the decline of taste both in printer and patron."

After the death of Erasmus, Froben's firm failed because they got to making things cheap. " Compete in quality, not price," was the working motto of Erasmus.

All of the great bookmaking centers languished when they began to scamp. That wordy wordissimus at Frankfort who called Erasmus names, gave up business and then the ghost, and Erasmus wrote his epitaph, and thus supplied Benjamin Franklin an idea—" Here lies an old book, its cover gone, its leaves torn, the

worms at work on its vitals." The wisdom of doing good work still applies, just as it did in the days of Erasmus.

During the Eighties, there was a rage for cheap books in America, fanned by the men who made them. And they all fanned out. ¶ But during, say, the last five years, the tide has turned, and the demand is for a better quality of paper. The people are more critical

A book on cheap paper does not convince. It is not prized, it is like a wheezy doctor with pigtail tobacco breath, who needs a manicure. A book should not only be true, it must be beautiful in order to help you on your way to Elysium, where there are no scamps and where lives Erasmus, rent-free, because he supplies fun and instruction for the boarders.

A Classical Education

TEACHING things out of season is a woeful waste of time. It is also a great consumer of nerve force, for both pupil and teacher.

For instance, the English plan of having little boys of eight study Latin and Greek, killed a lot of boys, and probably never helped a single one to shoulder life's burden and be a better man.

Knowledge not used, like anything else not used, is objectionable and often dangerous.

Nature intends knowledge for service, not as an ornament or for purposes of bric-a-brac.

"Delay adolescence—delay adolescence!" cries Stanley Hall. The reason is plain. The rare-ripe rots. What boy well raised, of ten or twelve, can compare with your street gamin who has the knowledge and the shrewdness of a grown-up broker! But the Arab never becomes a man. The awkward and bashful boy from the country—with mind slowly ripening in its rough husk, gathering gear as he goes, securing knowledge in order to use it, and by using it, making it absolutely his own, and gaining capacity for more, is the type that scores.

The priestly plan of having one set of men do all the thinking, and another set all of the work is tragedy for both. ¶ To quit the world of work in order to get an education is as bad as quitting the world of work and struggle in order to be "good." The tendency of the classical education is to unfit the youth for work. He gains knowledge, like the gamin, in advance of his needs. The boy of eighteen who enters college and graduates at twenty-two, when he comes home wants to run his father's business. Certainly he will not wash windows.

He has knowledge but no dexterity—he has learning but no competence

He owns a kit of tools, but does not know how to use them. And now, if his father is rich, a place is made for him where he can do no damage, a genteel and honorable place, and he hypnotizes himself and deceives his friends with the fallacy that he is really doing something.

In the meantime the plain and alert young man brought up in the business, keeps the chimes on the barrel, otherwise 't would busticate ❧ ❧

Use and acquaintance should go hand in hand. Skill must be applied. All great writers learned to write in just one way—by writing. To acquire the kit is absurd—get the tools one at a time as you need them.

College has just one thing to recommend it, and that is the change of environment that it affords the pupil. This is what does him good—new faces, new scenes, new ideas, new associations. The curriculum is nil—if it keeps the fledgling out of mischief it accomplishes its purpose. But four years in college tends to ossification instead of fluidity—and seven years means the pupil gets caught and held by environment: he stays too long. ¶ Alexander von Humboldt was right—one year in any college is enough for any man. One year gives him inspiration and all the spirit of good there is in it; a longer period fixes frats, fads and fancies in his noodle as necessities. Men are only great as they train on. College may place you in the Two-thirty list, but you get into the Free-for-all only by letting the Bunch take your dust. ¶ Happy is the man, like Ralph Waldo Emerson, who is discarded by his Alma Mater, or like Henry Thoreau, who discarded her ❧ ❧

In any event, in God's name, get weaned!

Educated Millionaires

WHEN our friend La Follette introduced us to the one hundred men for whom we work, and who take care of our money, he did a unique and interesting service. Several of these men, it will be remembered, swore halibis and asked to be searched. La Follette courteously accepted their denials, apologized and put them in the dummy class, that curious collection of commercial and financial teddy bears that dance only when somebody pushes a button and the buzzer buzzes.

¶ However, since nothing lies like figures, it may be that La Follette did not tell the whole story, and that there is more to be said. La Follette did not intend to erect a Hall of Fame, but certain it is, he did not construct either a Den or a Hall of Infamy.

¶ All he did was to point out a very interesting phenomenon in social evolution.

Of those ten men in what La Follette might call his Class A, only one of them, J. Pierpont Morgan, is a college graduate. Morgan got his degree at Harvard in 1871, and was so elated and surprised when he secured the sheepskin that he has never looked inside of a book since. He could not decline the verb " To love," to save his bank-balance alive.

His art collecting is done vicariously, and his excursions in philosophy, religion and bibliogenesis, are left to experts.

In fact it would be a miracle if it were otherwise—human limitations forbid.

Morgan knows the sciences of finance and finesse better than any other living man. In religion he, like most millionaires, patronizes the conventional, swallows the popular, and believes that anything which tends to keep the dear people quiet is good enough

To expect a financier to be interested in anything but expediency

is too much to hope for. Champ Clark, Tom Watson, La Follette know the great names in history. They have a certain knowledge of the arts, delve in science, and reverence the martyrs, reformers, inventors, discoverers. But during the time they have studied and dreamed and dived and delved, other men have collared the swag and placed their own names in what horsemen call " The List."

Yet, while it is a great general truth that the mind of a millionaire is a howling wilderness, to use the phrase of the late Judge Jere Black, it is never safe to dogmatize. There is one man in that list of one hundred, and only one, who deserves to be called an educated man.

Of course, all education is comparative, anyway. But Andrew Carnegie possesses a liberal mind. He does not delegate his religious views to specialists and then merely pay and O. K. the report. He thinks, and he expresses his thoughts. He is the world's most prominent advocate of international peace. He also reverences the memory of his mother and pays tribute to her by improving upon her religion. He no more accepts her theological creed than he does her conclusions on finance, pedagogy, art and science.

Andrew Carnegie s mind began to evolve when as a lad he was given the freedom of James Anderson's little library of five hundred volumes and counted it paradise.

Anderson, the boss teamster and ironmaster, like the man who taught Alexander von Humboldt, had at least one good pupil. The germ of all of this great chain of Carnegie Libraries originated in the mind of Anderson, and the seed was sown when he threw open his private library, and there walked in a young, stubby, sandy Scot with an eager, hungry, receptive Scotch mind ❧ ❧

What an epoch! that moment when this youth from over the sea ventured into that room and stood on one foot, then on

t'other, rolling his hat and gazing on the five hundred books with his wide-open, wondering eyes of blue!

From errand boy to clerk, telegraph operator, chief clerk, assistant despatcher, division superintendent, manager—financier, owner and distributor, and one of the ten men in Senator La Follette's list!

And the only educated man in the list!

Andrew Carnegie has no respect for popular theology. He gives no money to build churches to unknown gods, sends no missionaries to the heathen with intent of replacing their superstitions with others just as good, contributes no funds for the support of creeds, whose tendency is to divide and separate men.

Every Carnegie Library is a radiating center of light, and the building itself is an object lesson in good taste and honest construction. The condition that the town accepting a Carnegie Library shall raise a fixed sum, yearly, for its maintenance is the wise saving clause which prevents the gift from pauperizing the recipients. Responsibility is a burden, but the carrying of a burden gives strength. Oh, wise Andrew Carnegie!

James Anderson died never knowing or guessing or imagining the good he had done in giving the public the use of his books.

¶ If every Carnegie Library, during each fifty years of its existence, inspires and gives opportunity to one solitary, eager, hungry receptive mind to grow, evolve and become, they will revolutionize the race and do more good than all the churches that ever pointed their spires toward the vacuous ether and diverted mankind from the beauties of this world to a hope of happiness in another.

In closing this paragraph I desire to say that I have no furtive designs on Mr. Carnegie's exchequer in way of an artistic touch. In material things, I have all I need or can use. Mr. Carnegie has nothing that I want, save his hope, his courage, his sincerity, his zeal for peace, his Scotch persistency and devotion to humanity,

and these he can not impart to me—I must achieve them for myself ❧ ❧

I have written these words, seated on a bench in Schenley Park, overlooking the Carnegie Library, Museum and School given by Andrew Carnegie to the City of Pittsburgh. In these buildings aggregating a gift of ten million dollars, I see the germ of an unfoldment which Mr. Carnegie probably no more realizes than did James Anderson when he flung open the doors of his one little room, 16 x 20, and invited a shy little youth to enter. The Pittsburgh " fast set " are drowning themselves in the convenient waters of the Monongahela, the natural end of idleness and orthodoxy, but the Pittsburgh Spirit, which is really the Carnegie Spirit, symbolizes industry, progression, competence, helpfulness, solidity, genuineness, art and beauty—is as yet only a young but robust youngster.

Its manhood will make Athens pale, and Rome and Venice hide their heads. Give Pittsburgh time! The work is under way and it will not languish nor rest.

Pretense

UT in the seething world women occasionally walk off the dock in the darkness.

Society jigs and ambles by with a coil of rope, but before throwing it, demands of the drowning one a certificate of character from her Pastor, or a letter of recommendation from her Sunday School Superintendent, or a testimonial from a School Principal.

¶ Not being able to produce the document the struggler is left to go down to her death in the damp.

I think I 'll start a crusade for the reformation of reformers. I am fully persuaded that our besetting sin, as a people, is neither intemperance nor grafting, but plain pretense.

We are not frank and honest with ourselves nor with each other.

¶ The disposition to cheapen and adulterate and get the start of our fellows by Number Six Bluff and Guff is the universal habit of Church and State.

We are copper cents trying to pass for half-dollars.

My suggestion is that for a whole year we let the heathen rest, resign all public work in the Personal Purity League, and declare a vacation in the W. C. T. U.

Then let each man and woman set a guard over his own spirit and try to be greater than he who taketh a city.

In other words, just do our work and practise the old, plain, simple virtues of gentleness, charity and honesty, doing unto others as we would be done by.

By this method we should not have to talk so much and do so much, and so could think and rest, and dream and love. I 'm sure it would be better for our nerves—that are getting outside of our clothes—and possibly just as well for the heathen and drunkard.

¶ Stop this violent running to and fro, and be simple and honest —only for a year! And then possibly at the end of that time we

could sit in the presence of each other and be silent without being uncomfortable ❧ ❧

Let us try being gentle in our judgments—just kind—and see if we can't reform more wrongs than by going after folks who have made mistakes, with come-alongs and the loud ballyhoo and a brass-plated bazoo. Let us be kind—something the world has really never tried.

Devotion and Enterprise

IN ART," said Ouida, "absolute devotion is required in order to rise above the mediocre." ¶ Art says to her devotee, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me!"

This is not only true of Art but it is true in Business. He who is unwilling or unable to give to his business the last measure of devotion is doomed to failure, or else will work out his days at the command of another.

Our Socialistic friends talk much of two things, Capital and Labor, seemingly beautifully innocent and ignorant of the fact that Capital and Labor of themselves can never maintain a Business, much less build one up.

In order to be effective Labor must be intelligently directed, and Capital not wisely safeguarded will melt away like the morning dew

Labor seems to think that Business is a matter of bossism. ¶ The truth is that the business that is bossed is headed for the bankrupt court.

The business that wins is one where a wise, cautious and yet courageous man is at the helm.

If a ship were started from Sandy Hook, headed for England, and her wheel lashed, she would reach Davy Jones' Locker, but all other ports would elude her.

To steer a ship at sea, even in an approximately straight line, requires constant manipulation.

To manage a business successfully requires a constant readiness to change your course—throw away a good idea the minute a better one is found. A constant search for better goods, better tools and better methods is the rule.

The tug of inertia is everywhere—what some one has called the eternal cussedness of inanimate things. To overcome this inertia

and circumvent the cussedness, is the work of the man of Enterprise. He is the man who makes Labor effective and Capital useful. Without him hunger lurks just around the corner. Capital may be stupid, indifferent and selfish; Labor may work eight hours and forget it, but your man of Enterprise is a man of devotion, of consecration. He slumbers not nor sleeps.

Automobile Accidents

CERTAIN dealer in automobiles has made a careful investigation of six hundred accidents where fatalities have occurred.

He has grouped the causes of accidents and endeavored to draw a moral from them.

The one really important point that this man has made is that a majority of accidents occurred to high-priced and high-powered cars.

These were usually driven by men who did not own them, and in most instances when the accident occurred, the machine was out of the garage without the owner's knowledge.

It was not always exactly joy-riding, because the driver has the car out on the excuse of testing it, or of going on some errand. But along the route he took in a friend or two, and in his anxiety to give these friends a thrill, and often carrying on a conversation at the same time, he lost control; and a fraction of a second throws you against the curb.

In several instances, the trouble was started by picking up an inconvenient dog in the steering-gear. A few years ago we thought it perfectly safe to run over the canine if he failed to get out of the way. Now we see that there is pretty nearly as much danger for the occupants of the machine as for the dog. Strong drink plays a big part in accidents. Where accidents occurred, very seldom was the driver drunk. In many instances, however, the party had stopped for refreshments. It seems that if there is any business that demands absolute sobriety it is running an automobile. Dutch courage goes all right most everywhere else. A boozy man can drive horses with comparative safety. The horse is cautious of where he goes, and usually his instincts are right. But the machine has no brain. The machine relies on man absolutely when it comes to thinking, and is perfectly willing to go

over the cliff if man does not interfere. And a little additional courage and enthusiasm, just a little increase in the pulse, lessens the driver's ability to gauge distance and speed.

A large proportion of fatalities occur by collisions with street-cars. And often these are on double tracks.

For instance, a driver is following a street-car. The car does not seem to be going fast enough, and there is a wagon just to the right of the street-car. So the chauffeur rolls around the car to the left, and just as he is well around he sees a car coming toward him

It is then his business to do one of two things: to stop and drop in behind the car that is going the same way that he is going, or to put on speed and swing in ahead of it before the other car arrives. ¶ Here is a condition where he has to carry three things in his head; one is the speed of his own machine; the second is the speed of the car he is passing; and third, he has to estimate the speed of the car that is coming toward him.

And here is just where he goes wrong. Only a very sober and level-headed man can cope with this condition, and probably without the stimulant—trifling though it is—this man would have been content with taking his time and passing the car on the right side.

It was surprising to find how quite a number of accidents occurred by breaking the rule of the road to pass a vehicle on the left side when you are both going the same way. But here is a loaded wagon in the middle of the road. There is room for you to pass on the right side. You start to pass, and unconsciously you blow your horn, which is usually the proper thing to do. But in passing a vehicle, to blow your horn always warns the man ahead to pull in to the right. So you blow your horn as you pass him on the right. He pulls directly in the line you are going.

If there is a curb near you that you can not mount, and you can not stop in time, you put on a little extra steam, hoping to get

through before the driver drawing in to the right, blocks the roadway ☙ ☙

The result is that you are going at a faster rate than you intend, and you strike his horses or the curb. If there is a telegraph-pole handy, you will probably steer for that.

It remains for this automobile man who has made up a list of these accidents, having investigated them from every standpoint, to continue his investigations and write a book on the subject of automobile accidents, and show how they are to be avoided. No such book is to be had in America. A careful study of such a volume would undoubtedly tend to lessen accidents.

It seems that moderate-priced cars, driven by their owners, are reasonably safe from accident. High-priced cars run by very young chauffeurs are the ones who take the risk. Boys under sixteen and men over fifty are bad drivers. But the parties that take the risks and cause the accidents, often losing their own lives, are not going anywhere anyway and have nothing to do when they get there. For example, the seven boys in Philadelphia in a high-priced car that ran off a viaduct and were killed, is typical. They were going at fifty miles an hour on a perfectly smooth and safe road. They got into an argument and then into a scuffle. The driver was giving his friends a thrill, and he certainly succeeded.

In Chicago a high-priced car driven by a convivial chauffeur who was taking his friends out for an airing ran through an open draw at forty-five miles an hour. The watchman did everything possible to warn the man, but his vision was evidently blurred, and he imagined that the man who was frantically waving a lantern and trying to stop him was simply intent on curtailing his sweet privilege to " let 'er go." So he swung to one side and put on increased power, endeavoring to pass the watchman—and he passed him all right. He saw the bar across the road and the open draw when within less than a hundred feet from the

brink. He applied his brake with skill and swung his car to one side, with the result that he skidded sideways over the brink and in an instant was lost from view in the dark waters below.

¶ Accidents are avoidable almost without exception. Let the reckless driver be disgraced. Approbation should not be his from man, woman or child.

Keep your car under control. When in doubt observe the safe course

This is bromidal. We all know enough, but the habit of right action is not yet wholly ours. We think we are immune, but this is exactly as it should not be.

A reasonable caution is quite as heroic as reckless courage. And realizing this, there will be fewer accidents in the future than in the past. The reckless driver is in bad repute.

The Future of Fashions

DARWIN said that clothing was first used as a matter of decoration. And before people decorated their bodies with clothing they decorated them with paint.

Millinery is a secondary sexual manifestation. The first head decoration was a simple eagle's feather stuck in the hair, and the number of feathers worn and the style of wearing them tokened the status of the individual.

¶ Then came horse-tails, plumes of various kinds, and finally crowns

The Indians yet make a headdress of feathers and beads—wild, weird, barbaric.

Millinery advertises the social status of the wearer. It is also a protection for the head. But this is of secondary consideration.

¶ Yet I hope there will never come a time when use and beauty are divorced, even though they now have a vacation.

The comb of the cock, his wattles, the mane of the horse, the shaggy mane of the lion, are all secondary sexual manifestations.

¶ These appendages are born of the joy of living. Repressed, whipped-out, suppressed, unhappy people find small satisfaction in millinery

Millinery, in fact, is a secretion, and a happy, joyous, prosperous people are the people who set the fashions.

William Morris said, "Art is the expression of man's joy in his work."

Art symbols beauty, harmony, and its office is to please and to render attractive.

Thus millinery is a specimen of sartorial art.

Up to this time America has gotten her fashions from Europe. London sets the style for men, and Paris for women.

However, it so happens that the term "European culture"

brings a smile—sad, weary, satirical. There is no such thing as culture in Europe, when we consider the fact that eight hundred million people are there engaged in a terrible struggle, the object of which is to destroy life and property.

War is exactly what Sherman said it was, and a people at war, filled with thoughts of destruction and annihilation, are not fitted to create fashions, because they do not represent the joy of life ❧ ❧

One effect of the terrific struggle that is going on in Europe has been to make this country self-reliant.

There are a great many commodities which we have depended upon Europe for. Now we will have to produce these things ourselves or go without.

The United States of America is the only one of the great powers which is not at war or directly affected by the war.

It is a somewhat humiliating fact that women's dress of recent years has been patterned after the clothing worn by the *nymph du pave* of Paris.

We have been told also that in women's dresses the fashion-makers have actually " outstripped " one another.

And so, fair woman's form has been clothed in the filmiest apparels possible, say a very tight, light-weight material over fighting tights.

The skimpy and dangerous short skirt, clutching at the equator, tight where it should be generous, bunching where it ought not, was designed with intent to prove that the wearer was just merging out of girlhood and had outgrown her clothes and was in danger of bursting into life like a full-blown rose at an inopportune time ❧ ❧

This element of risk has its place in vaudeville, but not in the actual world of love and work.

The good old classic garments of our grandmammas are strictly out of the game, and the wash out on the line is no longer inter-

esting. Parisian styles have been adopted by Americans without a second thought of where they originated.

Today sane and sensible women in America are properly sizing up these modes.

The joy has gone out of Paris.

And there has been a suspicion for many years that the hilarious mirth of the Parisians was for commercial purposes.

I, myself, have seen in the cafés a man at the front door give a signal, when the hilarity in the back room would start up—this on the approach of a party of American tourists.

One thing sure, the Americans are filled with the desire to be honest, to be simple, to be direct, in all of their affairs of life. And the fashions should reflect the hearts of the people and their prevailing mood.

America has one-sixteenth the population of the world, but we have one-third the wealth of the world, and in two years we will have one-half the wealth of the world.

Our wealth was obtained by honest effort, through intelligent labor applied to land and through ministering to human wants. We have helped ourselves by helping other people.

We are now at a pivotal point in history.

Up to this time America has been a pioneer country, and pioneers naturally look elsewhere for their fashions.

Fashion is a matter of education, a harmonious arrangement evolved to a point which we term art.

But we have passed now from the pioneer period into the artistic or creative ❧ ❧

From this time on I believe that the fashions in the clothing of men and women will be formulated right here in our own America.

We have every condition here for the evolution of the artistic, the useful and the beautiful.

We have the soil, the sunshine, the climate, and occasionally we have weather.

But best of all, we have men and women, strong, earnest, helpful, intelligent people, whose desire is to benefit and bless. The fashions we will set will be of agreeable shapes, modeled with an idea of expressing the individuality of the wearer, harmonizing with height, weight, age, complexion and mental endowment.

There must be a certain amount of latitude in fashion—this to meet the peculiarities of personality. We must not all be ironed out to one dead level of mediocrity.

The flowers have been called Nature's millinery.

The birds are the choristers of Nature.

We have been told that " Nature unadorned, adorned is most," which is merely a poetic saying that listens good, but, analyzed, the sense escapes us.

People who are filled with the joy of life will always find satisfaction in adornment.

And so I predict for the millinery business a future bright with success, glowing beyond our fondest hopes.

The more progressive a people are, the more successful, the happier they are, the more will they find satisfaction in millinery.

¶ It is for us now to co-operate and evolve American fashions, and as Europe will have to come this way for her foodstuffs and for her fabrics, so I prophesy will she come here for her fashions.

¶ Our joy is not a matter of pretense. It is spontaneous. It is not born of *spiritus frumenti.* With it the Widow Cliquot has very little to do. It is the natural exuberance of harmonious living.

¶ The dead lift or drudgery of pioneer life lies behind. Art can come only when a surplus has been accumulated and a little leisure is earned. The good things of life are now to be found in America if anywhere in the wide world, and there is no logical reason why America should not set her own styles, and be herself mistress of the wardrobe.

And if in the process it happens that women will again adopt the good old-time custom of wearing underclothes, just lovely

lingerie, such as our grandmothers wore, made of cotton, four garments at least, and these made of American cotton, what a change will be worked in our economic situation!

No longer will we urge the slogan, "Buy a bale of cotton."

¶ This will all be taken care of by Mistress Fashion, and America will be proudly prosperous as never before.

Let us hasten the day. Let us not only be merchants, but let us be artists, and let our slogan resound, "American fashions for American Men and Women!"

Sacred Shrines

EVERY day in the year in come pilgrims to Mount Vernon—dozens, hundreds, thousands—and the interest in the place and its memories never fades.

¶ At Montecello we tread softly over the green turf once pressed by the feet of Thomas Jefferson, who said, "That country is governed best that is governed least."

In a quaint little old church at Richmond we are shown the pew where Patrick Henry stood when he exclaimed, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

We make quest to Independence Hall, Philadelphia; and at Arch and Third Streets we look through the iron pickets on the grave of Benjamin Franklin.

On Boyleston Street in Boston we read the name on a simple slab, "Sam Adams," and our hearts go out in admiration for the pamphleteer

On Fulton Street, in New York, just off busy Broadway, is a marble marked, "Alexander Hamilton," and every day hundreds uncover as they pass.

Then we go to Concord to visit Sleepy Hollow, where rests the dust of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Not long ago I was in Spencer County, Indiana, down near the Ohio River, and visited a little village barely more than a railroad-station, and walked a half-mile up a hillside to a grave at the top of this hill, for here sleeps Nancy Hanks, mother of Abraham Lincoln.

Then we go to Springfield, Illinois, and pay silent tribute to Abraham Lincoln, Liberator of Men.

And then we realize that the name and fame of Lincoln grow brighter as the years go by.

Sometimes the place of pilgimage is a battleground, at other times a church, or a house, more often a grave.

And the only places that are sacred shrines are where certain men have lived, worked, spoken and died. And the theme of these men has always been one and the same, and that theme is *Liberty*

No name lives enshrined in the hearts of humanity save the names of those who have fought Freedom's fight.

On the tombs of a few of these we carve simply the one word—the word *Savior.*

These are the men who died that we might live.

They flung away their lives for a noble cause, and that the only cause worth living for, fighting for, striving for, dying for—the cause of *Freedom.*

And we say with the orator: " I know not what discoveries, what inventions, what thoughts may leap from the brain of the world. I know not what garments of glory may be woven for the years to come. I can not dream of the victories to be won on the fields of thought; but I do know that coming from out the infinite sea of the future there will never touch this bank and shoal of time a richer gift, a rarer blessing, than liberty for man, woman and child."

A Great Compliment

A GREAT compliment has come my way. I might have wished it had come from another source. However, they say that your enemies are the ones who tell the truth about you. Friends are given to flattery.

From the stenographic reports of a sermon preached by the Reverend Billy Sunday recently, I clip this: "Elbert Hubbard is exactly the same kind of man as Voltaire, David Hume, Thomas Paine, Thomas Huxley and Robert Ingersoll. Hubbard stands for the same things that these men stood for." What the Reverend Billy Sunday says about me ought to be true. The sad part is, it is n't—quite.

However, he has set me a standard, and like Billy's constituents who thought the doctrine of total depravity a good thing, "if you only lived up to it," so I have something to live up to.

There were other things said by Mr. Sunday, but nothing else in his sermon really made any impression on me. So far as I could analyze, there was nothing else in the sermon worth quoting or saying ☙ ☙

Now, is n't it beautiful that this man should have put me right alongside of the men who have influenced the world most for good within the last two hundred years!

Were it not for the men mentioned by Mr. Sunday, religious liberty would be a thing unknown, superstition would still stalk rampant across the earth, and crouching fear would follow us in all our dreams.

When Voltaire shook his bony finger, every hypocrite in Christendom trembled. The right of free speech dated to Voltaire. The words of Voltaire were the explosives that razed the Bastile.

¶ Before the days of Voltaire there was a prison attached to every church, and when the prisons got too full, a few men were

taken out and hanged or burned in the public square, for the edification of people, who thought that this was all to the glory of God ❧ ❧

God was so weak, according to these people, that He could not protect His own interests. Therefore, these theological thugs who professed a religion of tenderness and compassion and love, turned the world into a hell for the benefit of everybody who did not agree with them.

Voltaire taught that no man had evolved to a point where he could comprehend absolute truth. Voltaire said we were all in process; that truth to every man was a point of view; but that, through mental growth and spiritual evolution and the expression of what he believed to be true, man would eventually become capable of interpreting truth.

Voltaire lived to be eighty-four years of age, sane, sensible, successful, witty, ironical.

David Hume was a Scotchman who built on the philosophy of Rousseau and Voltaire.

David Hume was contemporary with Adam Smith, who wrote *The Wealth of Nations,* "the greatest book," says Buckle, " ever written, save none! "

David Hume taught that man was a product of Nature, and that the more men knew about Nature, the more about his environments and surroundings, the better able was he to cope with Nature and to forecast his future.

David Hume was essentially the enemy of the Presbyterian Church ❧ ❧

The Presbyterian Church was founded by John Knox, the Scotchman, who was a Catholic monk.

John Knox imported many of the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition into Scotland. He did not believe in allowing free speech. He formulated a cast-iron creed, and his endeavor was to kill and destroy every one who differed with him in faith. Moreover, he

thought it his duty so to do. Murder was one of his implements in trade. Against the mephistic rule of John Knox was interposed the calm, judicial, philosophic, farseeing mind of David Hume. To a great degree, David Hume neutralized the vitriolic virus of the Presbyterian faith.

Hume, above all men, civilized Protestant Christianity. He said that the idea of a place of torment was absolutely incompatible with the idea of a just, all-wise and all-loving God.

David Hume said there could be no Heaven as long as Hell existed. His reason revolted at the thought of the infinite tyrant of the skies worshiped by John Knox. To Hume, Hell and Heaven were things, as far as localities were concerned, to be eradicated from the human brain.

David Hume made his appeal to the intellectual few, and he clothed his words with such grace and scholarly gesture that the heretic head-hunters overlooked him, for the most part.

Every intellectual man of his time and since must acknowledge his obligation to David Hume.

Thomas Paine was a man of Quaker parentage, born in England, a weaver by trade. From early childhood his mind was imbued with the philosophy of George Fox. He listened to the Voice. ¶ He taught the divinity of all things. He believed in his own divinity, and, like all Quakers, believed that his body should be the dwelling-place of the Holy Spirit, and that, under right conditions, God spoke through us.

In his twenties Thomas Paine met Benjamin Franklin in one of the coffeehouses of London. They became fast friends, although a period of forty years separated them, as far as age was concerned. On account of his outspoken words Paine was very obnoxious to the Churchmen of England; and finally he was duly warned and given an opportunity to escape from England. He came to Philadelphia, bearing letters of introduction from Benjamin Franklin to Doctor Benjamin Rush.

Rush was publisher of a magazine, and Paine was duly hired as editor. Paine had picked up an intimate knowledge of history. The word " liberty " loomed large in his vocabulary. He wrote three books that have influenced humanity most profoundly—*The Crisis, The Age of Reason* and *Common Sense.*

His best political pamphlet begins with the unforgetable words: " These are times that try men's souls! " His writings were distributed by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania first, and afterwards by the Federal authorities.

One of these pamphlets, *The Crisis,* was given to every soldier in the Continental Army, and they were otherwise widely distributed

Washington acknowledged his great obligation to Thomas Paine, and said: " Were it not for the backing given me by this man, public opinion would not have sustained the Continental Army in its hours of peril."

Paine stood at the pivotal point in the Revolution, and must always rank as a patriot with Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin

His life, written by the Reverend Moncure D. Conway, after a painstaking study and with research of many years, is a refutation of the many orthodox libels circulated concerning him.

Doctor Thomas Huxley was contemporary with Darwin, Spencer, Tyndall, Alfred Russel Wallace.

Darwin's *Origin of Species* was issued in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-nine, and from the first Huxley was Darwin's chief defender and exponent.

To Spencer and Huxley the world owes a great debt.

Before the days of the Big Five—Huxley, Spencer, Darwin, Tyndall and Wallace—reason was a contemptible thing throughout Christendom. Men were deliberately educated in the science of superstition. They were ruled by a theocracy.

Well did Huxley say that if half as much attention had been paid

by men to understanding this world as to making people acceptable for another, the race would be infinitely better off.

Robert Ingersoll was the son of a Congregational clergyman. He became disgusted with theology through seeing it at close view in his father's family. Ingersoll was educated in the law.

Ingersoll's *Oration on the Gods,* first delivered in a schoolhouse in Fairbury, in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-nine, was a shot heard round the world. It was the beginning of the modern American war on the infamy of superstition.

Like all great men, Ingersoll was sailing under sealed orders. Men grow through expression. Every writer writes for himself; every teacher is teaching one man, and every great orator, fired with infinite zeal in the cause of truth, is convincing one individual at least, and that is himself. Ingersoll so electrified and partially paralyzed that little audience in the schoolhouse at Fairbury that he went back to Peoria and tried the thing on a bigger scale at Parmalee's Hall, the biggest hall in Peoria. It was situated over a livery-stable, and held a thousand people. Ingersoll hired the hall and gave his lecture on the *Gods* to his townsmen as a souvenir ❧ ❧

From that time on he became a marked man. Every newspaper in Peoria opened its guns upon him; every preacher in the vicinity denounced him; his fame spread and he was invited to Chicago to deliver the same lecture.

In Chicago, however, the audience paid for admission. The hall was packed, and every newspaper in Chicago gave him a page; and this time partial justice was done him, in the reporting at least. For the most part, the report was exactly what Ingersoll had said. In their editorials they apologized for so doing, endeavoring to make peace with the people they feared offending.

However, Ingersoll's ridicule of the Christian Hell and Heaven and the tyrannical God met with a hearty amen from a vast number of people.

Ingersoll was not a scholar in the popular sense; but he had the sensitive, sympathetic ability to take up ideas that were floating in the air, fuse them and pass them back clothed in words that burned ❧ ❧

He became a spokesman for the few. His was the minority report. Gradually his constituency increased. He used the only weapon that has ever been really effectual in routing the demons of superstition, and that is ridicule.

Ingersoll did a great and necessary work, and he did it once for all.

¶ From Chicago he went to New York and gave the same lecture in Cooper Institute. From this time forward he was a national figure, and for twenty years he was America's greatest orator. Tender, sympathetic, kindly, generous, a most lovable man in his private life, above reproach and beyond criticism, he laughed the Devil out of court, and quoting his own words, we can well say that his tears of pity put out the fires of Hell.

The entire Christian religion is a totally different thing today from what it was before Ingersoll's time. And Ingersoll, beyond all other men, was the man who wrought the change. No man who lives in one town and respects his neighbors would now think of preaching the orthodox Christian religion as it was taught thirty years ago. The doctrines of total depravity, justification by faith, election and all of the infinite tissues of falsehood and folklore exist now only as poetical truth.

Now and then there are revivalists paid for endeavoring to regalvanize the corpse. These revivalists are hired with intent of recruiting the diminishing communicants in the pews. They make a certain impression on the young and the immature and the undeveloped, but the clergy, as a rule, apologize for their presence. The race of revivalists had better reap their harvest quickly. Their time is short. They are like the dealers in medical nostrums that frightened us into buying their bitters twenty-five years ago. The endeavor of those men was not to cure disease, but to con-

vince us all that we had it. The revivalist frightens the children, and every mental defective falls an easy prey. The only argument ever made for his presence is that he is valuable as a sort of police system, frightening people into a degree of virtue who otherwise could not be controlled.

The world is realizing that any system that makes error perpetual and superstition immoral is not a thing to be desired. Organized religion in America is becoming a social club. Superstition is being eliminated, and sociology taken on. Less attention is being paid to another world and more to this.

We grow through elimination, through evolution, not through revolution. And the purification of the Church was essentially the work of men on the outside, not on the inside.

The Church has not changed any faster than she has had to in order to make herself acceptable to humanity.

Christianity has been civilized, and the men to whom the honor must go for doing the work are Voltaire David Hume, Thomas Paine, Thomas Huxley, Spencer, Darwin, Wallace and Robert Ingersoll.

Are You Lovable?

THE world has more love in it today than it ever had before, but it is still running on a short allowance.

To love and be loved means the highest form of happiness that mortals know.

Not to love or be loved, means misery abject. Those who are well loved live long and well. These are the people who accomplish results in the world of art, music, literature, acting, oratory, business.

Love and Life are synonymous terms.

To love means allying yourself to the forces of the Universe—moving with the eternal tides—" hitching your wagon to a star."

¶ To love one is to love all. For loving one, we are in harmony with all. Then do our footfalls tinkle with the music of the spheres; and the days are radiant.

To be lovable, one has to have certain qualities—physical, mental and moral

And our moral and mental qualities, psychologists now tell us, turn largely on our physical condition.

The body is the instrument of Deity. It should be servant to the soul. Through the body do we reflect the Supreme Intelligence of which we are a part. ¶ Those rare moments when we are in tune with the Infinite are only possible when the body does its perfect work

" The sick man is a rascal," said old Doctor Johnson. And the world now knows it is true. To be well is not only a privilege, but a duty. The days of the flagellants are gone.

The chief cause of illness among Americans is overeating. In India, it may be famine, but here, as a people, we eat to repletion, and our energies are taxed getting rid of the waste.

Over ninety per cent of our maladies are caused by malnutrition.

The ambulance is at the door, and the ether-cone and scalpel are ours. That fashionable complaint, appendicitis, is always preceded by impaction, and before this comes a dull, sluggish condition where the peristaltic action of the digestive tract grows tired and falters.

Relief is sought in medication, and the " dope habit " is upon us. Sluggishness follows stimulation, as does night the day. And there shuffles in a desire for a pick-me-up, and the man becomes a " fiend." And I hope I do not have to explain that a fiend is not lovable ❧ ❧

All of his energies are being consumed in running his boiler, and there is no power left for the pulleys. Bad breath, watery eyes, pain in the side, dancing spots on the vision, flatulence, dizziness, headache, all mean food-poisoning. What is called heart-disease is usually a form of indigestion.

Many people eat four meals a day—breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper after the theater. Such folks are bound to suffer, and much of the time are, consequently, unloving and unlovable. ¶ When you are aware you have a stomach, you are given to introspection, and introspection means misery.

And misery is contagious.

Also, I might add, happiness is not only contagious but infectious. ¶ Joy runs over and inundates everything. It bubbles, effervesces, overflows its banks, and makes the waste places green. We keep joy by giving it away. A thought is not our own until we impart it to another. And in order to have sweet and joyous thoughts, you must have a body that can mirror your mood.

If we were sailors, living twelve hours or more a day in the open air, we could stuff our holds with a mixed cargo and thrive. But living much indoors, with vexed mental problems to solve, we need the fertile mind and the mood that sees things in their true light ❧ ❧

To this end we must get rid of the farmhand habit of eating.

¶ We want less food—and better food—this is the cry. We would be gallant, generous gentlemen, and intelligent, gracious ladies, all!

The sick, the grouchy, have got to go. We would be patient, appreciative, receptive.

We would possess our souls in patience. We would know the fine art of listening. We would sit in the silence with our friends without embarrassment; and pack each pause with feeling. For only then are we *lovable.*

To be lovable we must have moral qualities. And by them is meant the traits of character that make you able to put yourself in place of the other person. This means deference for the rights of others, consideration, sympathy, slowness to blame and quickness to command.

Mental qualities are those which we use in making decisions. Mentality means knowledge, memory, insight, ability to face problems and solve them rightly; to throw the searchlight of imagination into the future, and thus possess the prophetic vision

People who are harried, worried, in doubt, are dangerous in a business way, unsafe and unreliable.

They see slights where none are intended, are jealous, peevish, fretful, faultfinding.

They blame all their ills on others and have a faculty of making a whole houshold miserable.

And of course, they are unlovable. Such people have a coated tongue, cracked lips, blotchy complexions, dull eyes, yellow teeth.

These things mean one of three things—and usually all of them:

1. Overeating.
2. Underbreathing.
3. The wrong kind of food.

Cut down your food quantity, and increase your breathing capacity, and note how your thinking improves.

Also, select your food with greater care. Taste is the test. Cultivate taste. Enjoy eating.

Fifty per cent of people eat like Indians. They gobble, guzzle and bolt. They eat anything and everything that is brought on. This is the true farmhand habit.

A second class, say thirty per cent, want variety—endless variety—a dozen dishes at a meal. These are the people who like the old-time American-plan hotel, where an army of little dishes surrounded your plate, and you forked vigorously into each.

¶ The third class of diner selects with care. He has a discriminating palate. He cultivates the sense of taste. He wants one dish at a time, delicately served. He practises art in eating, for "art is selection," says James McNeill Whistler. The musician selects notes; the artist colors; the writer words and ideas.

Be an artist and you will be both loving and lovable.

Cut out quantity and insist on quality.

No person is lovable who eats the historic three square meals a day

One square meal a day is one too many if it makes you dull and drowsy. That tokens food-poisoning. Sleep when you sleep, but do not mix wakefulness and sleep. Both are beautiful, but one at a time, please, one at a time!

Yes, Terese, lovableness, that is what I said. A good breath, rosy lips, white teeth, a clean tongue, clear eyes! These things mean bodily well-being, then the ability to think clearly, and act wisely, to be patient, gentle, sympathetic, helpful—LOVABLE!

The Dogs of War

WAR is to be execrated, despised, feared, shunned. And yet the law of compensation never rests. ¶ Progress must be paid for with a price. Civilization is a matter of compromise, and life turns on a choice of evils.

As long as there is superstition, ignorance, violence, hate, prejudice, vengeance in the hearts of humanity, these things will occasionally boil over, and there will be war. ¶ "The recipe for peace at home is a foreign war," said Napoleon. ¶ War in America will mean activity. It will mean the diverting of human energies into certain channels and, instead of fighting enterprise, invention, creation, evolution and industrialism, we will fight the Genus Greaser.

After we have cleaned up Huerta, we will have to fight Villa, and, having downed him, we will fight all Mexico. We will then withdraw in disgrace or take possession as we did in Manila.

War means new adjustments, redistributions. It takes up economic slack, and sets people to work.

I was in Chicago last week and saw a spontaneous parade of two thousand men who were offering to sacrifice themselves on the altar of Mars.

In other words, they wanted a change, a frolic, uniforms, music, rations, applause.

When the District of Columbia assaults success, makes raids on railroads, persecutes payrolls, it does these things at the instigation of superstition, ignorance and mad unrest, all expressed in the motto of Donnybrook Fair, "Wherever you see a head, hit it."

All the great business institutions that maintain big payrolls, that build factories, lay out roadways, construct parks, maintain pension systems, night-schools, kindergartens, play-grounds,

hospitals, all these have been the target for malice, ignorance and jealousy ❧ ❧

Politicians respond to the popular clamor and make war on institutions when the mad mob cry, " Stop thief! "

In war-time business will get an armistice; the mills will work overtime; flour, corn, fabrics, steel, iron, copper, will all advance in price ❧ ❧

Money will flow, and, although pestilence, disease and death will eventually follow, and there will be empty chairs and empty hearts, yet, nevertheless, it is better that we should make war on a foreign foe, and exploit the land of the centipede and the cactus, than to have war at home carried on by the demagogue and the business-baiter.

Sitting listlessly on park benches are two million men out of jobs, undone, courage oozing away, animation gone, derelicts in mind, sullen, sour, ready to break into bakeries or banks.

Yes, better far that we should arouse ourselves, and that excitement and activity should absorb the idle men, though red ruin follow, than that the bread-line should form in a land of plenty.

¶ War increases the heart-beat. It makes people talk. It makes them exercise, and all who do not fight in arms fight vocally. We forget our introspection, and even as black death is at the door we dream of conquest.

When we are worthy of peace and prosperity and high civilization, health, happiness and noble progress, these things will be ours.

¶ As long as we indulge in hatred, jealousy and persecutions, politicians will reach out unmanicured hands to secure the vote of the non-cogitabund.

It is better to be ruled by warriors and fighters than by greasy grafters and pompadour politicians who know only one way to make money, and that is, to get yours.

War is a hectic direction that human energy takes, under certain conditions ❧ ❧

In war-time whiskey flows, the breweries run night and day, gamblers and the girls of the street prosper. Business booms. The towns run wide open. It is n't a time to clean up—it is a day for dissipation, disease and death.

And disease and death are both forms of life.

War is non-productive activity—it has no survival value.

Smoke, noise, whoop, argument, bang, waste and destruction of life and property spend themselves and leave only the dead and soaring, sailing vultures.

Nevertheless, war changes ownership, consumes the surplus, and makes a new deal.

The Supreme Intelligence that rules the world takes no thought of the individual, no thought of a nation.

Men and nations go down to dust and death, but the sun shines, the seasons come and go, and the law of gravitation would never forget, nor the stars lose their way, if both Mexico and the United States would abdicate to Death and leave the continent where it was before Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two.

Nature, having infinite time, takes no thought of clock-ticks nor heart-throbs ❧ ❧

If that perfect race does not appear on the Earth for a hundred thousand years, it will suit Nature just as well. She can wait.

Militarism in America

AMERICA today is in less danger of being attacked by a foreign foe than she has been in one hundred years ❧ ❧

Just now the fighting men of the world are very much occupied.

Militarism is slowly, surely, committing suicide. The whole world is sick of war—especially those who are in it up to their celluloid collars. They would all get out of it if they possibly could and save their faces.

Lifting the lid off hell was a terrific and costly blunder. Who was most to blame is not the question. All Europe was in it. Let them apportion the disgrace. The best thought of the world today is turned toward disarmament. These vast killing machines and aggregations of men organized for murder token the age of the Pterodactyl and the Ichthyosaurus.

Nature's animals once had terrific arrays of teeth, claws, beaks, and carried on their backs a protection that was Zeppelin-proof. ¶ So long as these terrific animals existed, there was no place for man ❧ ❧

And there will never be a really first-class race of men as long as wealth and science co-operate for killing purposes. Gradually things have modified and refined themselves until we find that the unseen is more powerful than the seen. Thought is supreme. The world is ruled by sentiment. Beauty, romance, poetry, blend into a harmonious whole, and we have the world of business—and business is the science of human service. And yet we find the strange anachronism of the best ingenuity of man being utilized to invent instruments of death and destruction.

Well does President Wilson take the stand that this is no time for Americans to " mobilize." It is for us to show the world the truth. " Thrice armed is he who knows his cause is just."

President Wilson's attitude in standing firm and not giving way to the hysteria of demagoguery, representing press and politics, is eminently wise, right, excellent, and altogether lovely. The President's action will go down in history to the eternal credit of Woodrow Wilson.

Let this be carved on his monument:

HE SET HIS FACE FIRMLY AGAINST THE TRANSPLANTATION OF KRUPPERY INTO AMERICA.

We are a peaceful people, and the way we can manifest our peaceful proclivities and prove to the world that we are what we are, is by following our regular occupations and not increasing our armament—especially in view of the fact that the expression, " Preparedness for war spells peace," has been found to be futile and fallacious.

It is our proud boast that along three thousand miles of frontier between Canada and the United States no soldiers are stationed. Unfortunately, at the present moment this is not exactly true. ¶ There is a little squad of soldiers at Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo, recently placed there to guard against a possible " Germanic Invasion." ❧ ❧

Just the other day two peaceful duck-hunters in a boat on Niagara River were shot to death by Canadian soldiers on the shore.

That this circumstance was most regrettable had been expressed by the Canadian Government and the Canadian press again and again ❧ ❧

It was all just a matter of " Preparedness."

Greenhorn soldiers, filled with the war spirit, ignorant but zealous, seeing the two men in a skiff armed with shotguns, scented danger. They were boys of the bulldog breed, and had had it drilled into them that England expects every man to do his duty ❧ ❧

So they saw their duty—" and they done it."

And two fine young men who were out for a duck dinner went to

their death, and there was crape on the door of two modest little cottages in the city of Buffalo. So much for preparedness!

The incident is trivial, comparatively, save to the families involved, but the moral is obvious; for there were men in Buffalo who stated boldly that if they could get their hands on a few high-power rifles, they would answer those Canadian soldiers shot for shot. And there you are!

President Wilson is right. And men and women who prize peace and hate war, who love their homes, their families, their country, and who realize that production, transportation and distribution spell civilization—these people are one with the sentiments of President Wilson when he says: " Less armament rather than more! And when all Europe has hysteresis, we had better not quit farms and factories and prepare to fight."

Just Water

WATER is an essential to life, and to civilization. Usually we think that water is water, and we describe it as H_2O. Anything that is wet is water ❧ ❧

Sailors designate water as salt water and fresh water. Fresh water is good to drink, and salt water is n't, although it is all right for bathing.

Our senses are so rude and crude that we do not realize that water is as sensitive as air; and while we demand pure air to breathe, yet, unless water is offensive to the taste, we regard it as satisfactory ❧ ❧

A human body is more than seventy per cent water. Let the amount of water in the human body increase or decrease from the normal, and disease and inefficiency take place. Also, let the quality of water absorbed be of the wrong kind, and disease follows. When the system is not able to dissolve and throw off the solids in the water absorbed, we get " stone," renal deposits, gallstones, Bright's disease, " Hobnail liver," and various other diseases that have been complimented by being given long Latin names. One of the latter is arteriosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries through calcareous deposits. Doctor Weir Mitchell compares old age to scale in a boiler. Men get old and die because the system gets clogged with clinkers.

When we talk about impurities in the blood, we refer only to deleterious substances in the water that circulates through the body ❧ ❧

No two specimens of water are exactly alike, yet water from similar localities the world over show like characteristics. Samples from the steppes of Russia, the plains of South Africa, and our own Western plains give the same general analysis.

Water that falls from the skies in the form of rain is the purest

form known, but in its fall from the clouds it takes up foreign substances in its passage to the earth. Rainwater always contains gases of various kinds, as well as traces of vegetable matter. ¶ Substances floating in the air are picked up by the water as it descends.

In our arguments at the Little Red Schoolhouse about the water disappearing, we were not aware of the fact that water is n't of itself a simple compound, but that it is made up of various other substances. Water is dissipated and absorbed into the air by the rays of the sun, and when condensed is precipitated and falls to the earth in the form of rain, snow or hail.

All vegetation contains a large proportion of water.

Water is found even in the rocks.

Surface water, which includes the water from rivers and streams, is of course not so pure as water that is collected fresh from the skies ❧ ❧

In passing through and over the rocks and running over the ground, water takes up foreign substances in the way of carbonates of lime and magnesia, chlorides, sulphates and alkalies, with traces of iron and other minerals, and much organic matter of vegetable origin.

Well-water is the water we get by digging or boring down below the surface of the earth. Sometimes we get good water by boring wells ten feet deep, and in other places it is necessary to go down a hundred feet; in some instances, we have Artesian wells that are several hundred feet deep, and go down below great strata of rocks where there is a pressure on the water that forces it to the surface and gives it a flow in a continuous stream.

Water takes up the qualities of either air or earth, over and through which it travels. Like a man, it is a collector.

Water from Artesian wells usually contains a large quantity of lime and magnesia carbohydrates, chlorides, and alkaline substances ❧ ❧

Shallow wells are likely to be contaminated with sewage and other refuse animal matter that falls in from the surface.

Nitrates and ammonia are the constituents usually found in these shallow wells, and the presence of these things indicates contamination of a dangerous character. The use of such water for drinking and cooking purposes often breeds typhoid fever and other maladies.

Then we have mineral waters, which produce physiological effects on the human body of a peculiar kind and nature.

Anything that excites the Erie Canal is supposed to be of a medicinal sort, but the value in the line of good health of mineral water is largely conjectural.

It does not necessarily follow because a thing is strange in its taste and peculiar in its effect that it is moving in the line of health, save as it affects the thinking processes of the individual and gives him a new thrill. Saline waters are those which contain a predominance of sulphates or chlorides.

Then there are acid waters that contain sulphuric acid.

Sea-water, which forms the ocean, contains in substance every sort and kind of material that goes to make up the round world.

¶ In sea-water there is always a certain proportion of gold, and the question of getting this gold out of the ocean still perplexes chemists who are looking for a royal road to wealth.

Water is considered as hard water or soft water, according as it contains large or small quantities of calcium or magnesium salts. It does not require a chemist to discover whether water is hard or soft.

Every country youngster knows soft water from hard when he washes his hands with soft soap.

At the corner of the house, in the good old times, always used to stand a rain-barrel. There was a big, wide board that we got in position hastily when we saw clouds coming up from the Southwest ❧ ❧

The mother who does her own washing appreciates soft water for laundry purposes. Clothes washed with soft water look better and will wear longer than if washed in hard water. The youngsters want the soft water because it makes a lather, when the hard water will not.

Soap, when used with hard water, liberates the minerals in the water; and in use as a shampoo for the hair its tendency is to harden and make brittle the hair and dry the scalp, and is found especially unsatisfactory.

Every woman appreciates the difference between soft and hard water for shampooing purposes.

I know laundries that have machines for making soft water from the water supplied by city systems and Artesian wells. Some of these laundries advertise soft water for shampooing purposes, and I have known some of them that supplied it gratis to the women in their vicinity, thus securing unto themselves a valuable advertisement.

Water for steam purposes has not been carefully analyzed until very recent times.

Railroads used any kind of water that was wet, and thanked fortune ❧ ❧

We are a pioneer people, and pioneers take what they can get and do what they can.

Railroading in some respects is yet practically in the pioneer stage. In America, to steal from railroads or rob them by faked-up damage-suits is considered no sin.

We regulate the income of railroads by fixing their rates, yet we force on them outlays, and practically order them to increase payrolls. Both the public and the managers of railroads have a few things to learn.

Only in recent times have we discovered that the thing that is offensive, difficult, unpleasant and undesirable for a shampoo is just as undesirable to a steam-boiler or a locomotive.

The steam-boiler and the locomotive, however, are not conscious beings and can not express their disapproval.

We now know, however, that the life of a boiler may vary from ten to thirty-five per cent through the quality and kind of water used in feeding it.

Hard water produces scale and mineral deposits that solidify on the inside of the boiler pipes and tubes, rendering them, to great degree, non-conductors of heat.

When we were told through the Interstate Commerce Commission that the railroads of America were losing a million dollars a day through waste and inefficient management, we lifted our eyebrows in doubt.

Then when Harrington Emerson, the eminent efficiency expert, was asked if in his opinion this was correct, he promptly said, " No; it is wrong—the sum is nearer two million dollars a day."

Senator Nelson Aldrich declared that the United States Government was wasting a million dollars a day through bad business methods

On being pressed to name one instance of waste, it is said he replied, " Our use of hard water for steam-making purposes in most of the boilers owned and operated by the Government on land and sea."

Harrington Emerson says that the use of hard water in locomotive-boilers causes losses to the railroads of America—in time, breakdowns, " stalls," loss of traffic, and increased cost of fuel—aggregating a total of a hundred million dollars a year.

In this estimate Mr. Emerson is backed up by Roger Babson, the eminent statistician, and Martin Kallman, the economist.

Years ago, when kerosene-lamps had an inconvenient way of blowing up from time to time, there were good men who came along and sold us a powder to put in the lamps which was warranted to prevent explosions.

We bought the powder, and sometimes the lamp did not explode,

and sometimes it did. This powder was mostly brick-dust. In the same way, there are men who have gone over the country selling powders to put into a boiler to prevent scale and corrosion. Most of these powders are absolutely valueless. And the engineer, having no scientific data from which to work, had no means of knowing the value of the compound. It was simply a matter of faith. And faith, founded on ignorance, is not an especially valuable proposition.

I hired a man some years ago to manage my farm, and it was discovered that the kitchen refuse which we collected and sent up to the farm was not being fed to the pigs by the good farmer, as we had ordered. He was dumping it into the creek, to the great disadvantage of the purity of the water.

When we asked him why he did not feed this refuse to the hogs, he said, " Because there is salt in it."

On being asked to explain, he said, " Why, everybody knows that salt kills pigs."

Here was a piece of information, founded on ignorance, that this man had hugged to himself for years. He was not an economist. Some one had told him that salt killed pigs and he believed it, and so threw away what would otherwise have been good and valuable food for the pigs.

The point is simply that the gentleman's knowledge was not of a scientific kind. He knew, perhaps, quite as much as many steam-boiler engineers.

However, we are now breeding a new kind of engineer—the man who knows what he is doing and why he does it—thanks to a few men who have specialized on certain scientific problems and worked them out and given their knowledge to the world.

Musical Instruments

THERE is no nation so far advanced, nor savage tribe sunk so low, that it does not produce music. And no tribe has ever been found that did not make music by stretching strings on wood and then vibrating them by the hands or with a stick. The principle is as old as man, and older far than history. Every child makes the discovery for himself that a string drawn tight will " sing;" and the thought of making a musical instrument in this way doubtless originated with the hunter who twanged his bow. In Africa, Stanley noticed that his guides who were armed with bows and arrows, would strike the strings, one man after another, so as to produce a weird sort of music, and this music acted as a rest to the nerves on the long march.

Who the man was that thought of placing a sounding board behind the strings and added the bridge and suggested strands of horse-hair as a vibrator, are questions that are shrouded in mystery. And was he regarded as an infidel and destroyer of the faith in thus seeking to improve on a good thing? Probably, however, it took a good many men, and a great many years to work these changes. But the fact is pretty well established that swords have been beaten into plow-shares, and spears into pruning hooks, and the deadly bow has transformed itself into a musical instrument that shoots sweet sounds into the heart of the listener.

There are in existence manuscripts which show drawings of a musical instrument called a rebec, used by the monks in the Sixth Century. The rebec had a bridge, a tail-piece, screws for tightening the strings and a sound post. Some of these instruments had two strings and some twenty, but they were manipulated first by a genuine hunter's bow. In fact the bass viol and

the bow that used to play it, is a combination that goes back to the very dawn of the morning. The harp was first only a warrior's bow with a few extra strings added. And several centuries before the birth of Christ, they told of harps with a thousand strings, which gentle fiction was doubtless based on the idea that the more strings you have the finer the music; but this is an error in judgment, for the violin reached perfection with four strings, and when three of these broke Paganini went right ahead and produced ravishing music on one.

From the harp, the strings of which were picked with the fingers, or smitten with the hand, arose a great number of similar stringed instruments; and these gradually evolved into the claver or clavichord; then the harpsichord; and finally the grand piano. Musical savants have recently told us that the modern piano represents the acme of skill, and human ingenuity can go no farther. But we remember that Sebastian Bach made a similar remark two hundred years ago concerning the clavichord, and as the varnish is hardly dry on the best "Chickering" we can afford to simply enjoy the music—and wait.

But not so with the violin. The piano and the violin trace back to a common parent, yet they belong to different families. Herbert Spencer has explained that Darwin never said man was descended from the monkey. Darwin said that man and the monkey were cousins—long centuries ago one took to the plains and became a man, the other stuck to the woods and is a monkey yet. The violin and piano are cousins. A piano is bigger than the violin, but it does not know more on that account. The best violins are worth as much as half a dozen of the best pianos. The piano has kept right along growing in size, and may get bigger yet, but Stradivarius and his play-fellows in the Kindergarten of God, about the year 1690, at Cremona, struck the right key, and the "Cremona violin" in size, shape and construction admits of no improvement.

Most instruments and tools used by men last the length of life of a man, and not longer. But the violin is handed down from generation to generation, and is loved as a human soul by men who grow tottering and feeble and bequeath the beloved instrument to a babe in arms, who in turn becomes a man, grows old, and dying transfers the precious instrument to his grandchild. The good violin may be patched, mended, taken apart and glued together again, but the wood once soaked with sunshine, dipped in the silence, and charged with the melody of bells calling men to prayer, gives out its sacred sounds whenever it is caressed by a sympathetic hand and is held close to the heart of one who loves it.

MONA LISA

The Mona Lisa

ON the walls of the Louvre for nearly four hundred years has hung the " Mona Lisa " of Leonardo da Vinci. This picture has been the exasperation and inspiration of every portrait-painter who has put brush to palette. Well does Walter Pater call it, " The Despair of Painters."

Leonardo's dying regret was that he had not completed this picture. And yet we might say of it, as Ruskin said of Turner's work, " By no conceivable stretch of imagination can we say where this picture could be bettered or improved upon."

The painter made the picture for himself but succumbing to temptation sold it to the King of France for a sum equal to eighty thousand dollars—an enormous amount at that time to be paid for a portrait.

Unlike so many other works attributed to Leonardo, no doubt exists as to its authenticity. The correspondence relative to its sale still exists, and even the voucher proving its payment may yet be seen.

We call the " Mona Lisa " a portrait, and we have been told how La Gioconda sat for the picture, and how the artist invented ways of amusing her, by stories, recitations, the luring strains of hidden lutes, and strange flowers and rare pictures brought in as surprises to animate and cheer.

That Leonardo loved this woman we are sure, and that their friendship was close and intimate the world has guessed; but the picture is not her portrait—it is himself whom the artist reveals

Away back in his youth, when Leonardo was a student with Verrocchio, he gave us glimpses of this same face. He showed this Woman's mysterious smile in the Madonna, in Saint Ann, Mary Magdalen, and the outlines of the features are suggested

in the Christ and the Saint John of the " Last Supper." But not until La Gioconda had posed for him did the consummate beauty and mysterious intellect of this ideal countenance find expression ❧ ❧

There is in the face all you can read into it, and nothing more. It gives you what you bring, and nothing else. It is as silent as the lips of Memnon, as voiceless as the Sphinx. It suggests to you every joy that you have ever felt, every sorrow you have ever known, every triumph you have ever experienced.

This woman is beautiful, just as all life is beautiful when we are in health. She has no quarrel with the world—she loves and she is loved again. No vain longing fills her heart, no feverish unrest disturbs her dreams, for her no crouching fears haunt the passing hours—that ineffable smile which plays around her mouth says plainly that life is good. And yet the circles about the eyes and the drooping lids hint of world-weariness, and speak the message of Koheleth and say, " Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

La Gioconda is infinitely wise, for she has lived. That supreme poise is only possible to one who knows. All the experiences and emotions of manifold existence have etched and molded that form and face until the body has become the perfect instrument of the soul.

Like every piece of intense personality, this picture has power both to repel and to attract. To this woman nothing is necessarily either good or bad. She has known strange woodland loves in far-off eons when the world was young. She is familiar with the nights and days of Cleopatra, for they were hers: the lavish luxury, the animalism of a soul on fire, the smoke of curious incense that brought poppy-like repose, the satiety that sickens—all these were her portion; the sting of the asp yet lingers in her memory, and the faint scar from its fangs is upon her white breast, known and wondered at by Leonardo who loved her. ¶ Back of her stretches her life—a mysterious purple shadow.

Do you not see the palaces turned to dust, the broken columns, the sunken treasures, the creeping mosses and the rank ooze of fretted waters that have undermined cities and turned kingdoms into desert seas?

The galleys of pagan Greece have swung wide for her on the unforgetting tide, for her soul dwelt in the body of Helen of Troy, and Pallas Athene has followed her ways and whispered to her even the secrets of the gods. Aye! Not only was she Helen, but she was Leda, the mother of Helen. Then she was Saint Ann, mother of Mary; and next she was Mary, visited by an Angel in a dream, and followed by the Wise Men who had seen the Star in the East. The centuries, that are but thoughts, found her a Vestal Virgin in pagan Rome, when brutes were kings, and lust stalked rampant through the streets. She was the bride of Christ, and her fair, frail body was flung to the wild beasts, and torn limb from limb while the multitude feasted on the sight.

True to the central impulse of her soul, the Dark Ages rightly called her Cecilia, and then Saint Cecilia, mother of sacred music, and later she ministered to men as Melania, the Nun of Tagaste; next as that daughter of William the Conqueror, the Sister of Charity who went throughout Italy, Spain and France and taught the women of the nunneries how to sew, to weave, to embroider, to illuminate books and make beauty, truth and harmony manifest to human eyes.

And so this Lady of the Beautiful Hands stood to Leonardo as the embodiment of a perpetual life; moving in a constantly ascending scale; gathering wisdom, graciousness, love, even as he himself in this life met every experience half-way and counted it joy, knowing that experience is the germ of power.

Life writes its history upon the face, so that all those who have had a like experience read and understand.

The human face is the masterpiece of God.

Thought is the Thing

AS a rule, the man who can do all things equally well is a very mediocre individual.

Those who stand out before a groping world as beacon-lights were men of great faults and unequal performances.

It is quite needless to add that they do not live on account of their faults or imperfections, but in spite of them

Henry David Thoreau's place in the common heart of humanity grows firmer and more secure as the seasons pass, and his life proves for us again the paradoxical fact, that the only men who really succeed are those who fail.

Thoreau's obscurity, his poverty, his lack of public recognition in life, either as a writer or as a lecturer, his rejection as a lover, his failure in business, and his early death form a combination of calamities that make him as immortal as a martyr.

Especially does an early death sanctify all and make the record complete, but the death of a naturalist while right at the height of his ability to see and enjoy—death from tuberculosis of a man who lived most of the time in the open air—these things array us on the side of the man 'gainst unkind Fate, and cement our sympathy and love. ¶ Nature's care forever is for the species, and the individual is sacrificed without ruth that the race may live and progress.

This dumb indifference of Nature to the individual—this apparent contempt for the man—seems to prove that the individual is only a phenomenon.

Man is merely a manifestation, a symptom, a symbol, and his quick passing proves that he is n't the thing.

Nature does not care for him—she produces a million beings in order to get one who has thoughts—all are swept into the dustpan

of oblivion but the one who thinks; he alone lives, embalmed in the memories of generations unborn.

The Thoreau race is dead.

In Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord there is a monument marking a row of mounds where half a dozen Thoreaus rest. ¶ The inscriptions are all of one size, but the name of one Thoreau alone lives, and he lives because he had thoughts and expressed them for the people.

One of the most insistent errors ever put out was that statement of Rousseau, paraphrased in part by Thomas Jefferson, that all men are born free and equal. ¶ No man was ever born free, and no two are equal, and would not remain so an hour, even if Jove, through caprice, should make them so.

If any of the tribe of Thoreau get into Elysium, it will be by tagging close to the only man among them who glorified his Maker by using his reason.

Nothing should be claimed as truth that can not be demonstrated, but as a hypothesis (borrowed from Henry Thoreau), I give you this: Man is only the tool or vehicle—Mind alone is immortal—THOUGHT IS THE THING.

How to Write Well

LITERATURE is not running quite as much to the acre as it once did. However, just the same, good writers are becoming plentiful. Special honor to authors had its rise when to write at all was more or less of a miracle. To think is the real achievement. To write is merely a knack.

The best authors of the future will be businessmen. Out of the plenitude of their experiences they will tell us what they know.

¶ A healthy literature is not one reinforced by booze and bromide. Work is its inspiration, not rest, rust, and chasing the genus chippeigh. To make a profession of an art is to degrade it. All really great work is done by amateurs.

Some years ago at college I read, on compulsion, a book of rhetoric. Reasons were to me then as plenty as blackberries, and I recollect that on examination my answers given to this, that and the other were so glib and trite, and my thesis so amusing, that I carried off a prize.

But during the struggle for prizes that have a value as collateral, the prize and the rhetoric were forgotten. Yet Fate decreed it so, and one day last week I met a Harvard youth, whose ambition was literature, and he was in the grinding turmoil of a volume. He was studying on compulsion, with intent to work off a condition, and the book he was reading with such violence was the rhetoric of my college days.

With a flush of pride it came to me that I was a prize man, and I offered, out of the goodness of my heart, to tutor the youth, so that after five lessons of an hour each, he could grind the condition to powder. To prove my fitness the young man asked me a few questions, and alas! all the beautiful truths and facts of the rhetoric had slipped me, save this alone: "The three requisites in correct writing are clearness, force and elegance."

Professor Adams Sherman Hill, who wrote the rhetoric, used to begin every address on literature with this peculiar formula. Professor Barrett Wendell, heir-apparent to his ideas and chair, did the same, and the shock-headed youth, who occupied the same relation to the professorship that the Duke of York does to the throne of England, always settled himself in his seat with his elbows on the table, coughed gently, and prefaced his lecture by saying to the admiring freshmen, " Gentlemen, the three requisites in correct writing are clearness, force and elegance."

¶ I have a clerical friend, who, being much before the public, is often called upon unexpectedly to reduce mental calculi. Being a man of force and not a man of power he never says, " I do not know," but always boldly faces the problem after this manner:

¶ " My friends, this subject naturally divides itself under three heads, firstly "—Here he states some general commonplace for the first head, and casts about in his mind for the other two; having secured them, he launches forth with much emphasis on some other theme and carries all before him. His swashing and martial manner makes him everywhere a great success.

He is considered one of the most prodigious men in his denomination ❧ ❧

And I am fully convinced that a painstaking show of system is one of the first essentials in making a favorable impression on the unthinking many.

When a rhetorician flashes his " heads " and " divisions " and syllogisms and analyses and figures upon us, we are so lost in bedazzled admiration that we can only lift up our hands and say, " My God, what a system! "

But what he says makes no impression.

Good work never comes from the effort to be " clear," " forceful " or " elegant." Clear to whom, forsooth? And as for force, it has no more place in letters than has speed. Power in art there surely is, but power is quite a different thing from force. Power

is that quality by which change is wrought; it means, potentially, potency. The artist uses only a fraction of his power and works his changes by the powder that he never explodes; while force means movement, action, exertion, violence, compulsion.

" Clearness " should be left to the maker of directories, " force " to the auctioneer, and " elegance " to the girl at the button-counter ❧ ❧

Cultivate the heart and intellect and allow Nature to do the rest. For, while it is still a mooted question whether a man's offspring after the flesh are heirs to his mental and spiritual qualities, it is very sure that the children of his brain are partakers in whatsoever virtue that his soul possesses.

Let the writer have a vivid idea of what he is getting at, and then express it so that it is at the moment clear to his other self, that self which looks on over the shoulder of every man, indorsing or censuring his every act and thought and deed.

The highest reward of good work consists in the approbation of this other self, and in that alone. Even though the world flouts it all, you have not failed. " I know what pleasure is," said Stevenson, " for I have done good work."

Write as you feel, but be sure that you feel right.

Fasting Fans

IT is well to start with a proposition upon which we are all agreed.

And so I 'll give you this: Man's body is fed by food

No one you ever saw could get along without eating, except for a very few days. When the digestive apparatus is out of order the whole man suffers, and especially is he unreliable and incapable mentally.

The brain and stomach seem to work in close sympathy.

And while food is a primal necessity, yet the fact is that most people eat much more than they require, and a goodly degree of their life's energy is taken up in getting rid of the surplus.

So sternly has this truth been impressed upon certain people that they have said, " Yes; true enough! We will just go without one meal—we will cut out breakfast."

As a curative measure in disease the fast often is a positive force for good. But for the normal person accustomed to three meals a day, a habit pretty well fixed in the race, the no-breakfast plan should not be attempted.

Food is fuel, and also food is a stimulant. Breakfast is a cosmic sparker. The very act of eating at certain fixed periods starts the life-juices of the body. Breakfast awakens the whole digestive tract, and makes elimination natural.

To do away with breakfast is to have some one steal your spark-plug. You will live until noon all right, but that is not enough. Man is not made merely to " pull through." We are made for useful activity—for work. Our business is to transform chaos into cosmos, and make this world into a garden, where safety, comfort, kindness and love abound.

I repeat, to pull through is not enough—you must work and make this world a better place because you are here.

The no-breakfast plan tends to retard and discourage the peristaltic action of the bowels. Hence it makes for sluggishness. The no-breakfast candidate will take up the Beecham habit a little later. Also, he is always aware that he has had no breakfast. He is just waiting around until noon, and then he will eat at one meal as much as the normal person eats at two.

The no-meat breakfast is wise and well for everybody, save possibly for those who are doing heavy labor.

Breakfast should be a very moderate meal; then if you want to omit a meal, leave out lunch and eat your substantial meal at night when the day's work is done.

Much has been said about the beauty of the fast—one day, two, three days without eating.

Such experiments merely show what can be done, but folks with work to do had better live in a natural and rational way.

Fletcherize and again fletcherize, and you will never overeat. The amount of your eating will be gauged by the flow of gastric juice, and fletcherizing is simply giving the salivary glands time enough in which to act.

When the gastric juices stop flowing, things do not " taste," and you have had enough. It 's all easy and automatic.

The idea of abstaining from food for long periods had its rise in India, where a good man's time is worth about nine cents a day. It began by making a virtue of a necessity. Then the curiosity to see how much a human body could endure came in, bolstered by the phrenological organ of approbativeness. The East Indian is a wonderful poseur, and his particular stunt is humility. He takes the lofty ground of abnegation. He mortifies the flesh and does n't give a damn, but it is usually to a tom-tom accompaniment. The ladies regard Vivikenanda Dharmapakicks as essentially safe because he eats but once a month, and then only nibbles. Hence his vogue!

I 've had my experiences with fasting fans and no-breakfast

fiends, and have found them flighty, fidgety, jerky and contumacious. To go without food for twenty-four hours may bring about a "lightness" and "exaltation," jes' so! and make you "see things," and perhaps deprive you of the power of judging between *meum* and *tuum*. The man who does not eat regularly and moderately is usually sure that some one has it in for him.

The fasting fan is apt to be weepy, irritable, jealous of his rights and oblivious of his duties.

He is a Utopian, who demands that you shall live up to his ideals.

¶ If I wanted a message carried to Garcia I 'd give it to a man who ate two very simple, moderate meals a day, and one "square feed."

We eat for a healthy activity of the Erie Canal, quite as much as to be nourished. Let 's be normal, sensible, sane!

We want folks we can live with; men you can consult; women who can take a joke. As for the fasting fan, you had better send some one in first to study his mood—he may blow the top of the teakettle off any minute. It 's hard to have folks around who are more aware of their in'ards than they are of their work.

Cut it out, Bill, and be natural. Good health lies in forgetting it, and any man is a rogue who knows he has a stomach.

Sensuality and Asceticism are closely related, representing two phases of the same character.

The fasting fan is a man with a Berkshire bias.

He has the true porcine proclivity. He gorges, gobbles, guzzles, gulps and of course loses his appetite.

He swings between satiety and license.

The term moderation is not in his bright lexicon of words. His forced fasts are as vicious as his feeds. He is as unreliable as the dope-fiend, for he is apt to be drunk on an idea, with his nose in the air looking for a Universal Panacea.

When fasting, it takes all of his will to forego food, and others then have to do his work. When gorging he is perforce strictly in

Class B, and too close to the trough to see the stars. Forced fasts are orgies turned wrong side out.

The woman who marries a fasting fan has her troubles cut out for her; no matter what she cooks or how she cooks it, the critic will rail, and root only of what his mother used to make.

He is satisfied with nothing because he is at war with himself.

¶ The recipe for reforming the world is this: Reform yourself.

Flunkyism

FATE has sent her edict forth. The gravy-scarred Tuxedo will have to go.

Its wearer, like his brother in well-doing, the cabby, must adjust himself to new conditions or else perish.

The handwriting, limned in gravy, is on the wall.

¶ Lo! the time is at hand.

Flunkyism is on the bink.

The Los Angeles Waiters' Union has issued a circular to its members warning them that they had better look for new jobs, rather than cling longer to the old and honorable profession that has now fallen upon evil days.

This Los Angeles circular adds, " The cafeteria has done it."

The cafeteria is a finger pointing the way—a John the Baptist in the Wilderness—an index to the tendency of the times.

We are eliminating lost motion. We are taking up the economic slack

Waste is the only sin—waste of time, waste of energy, waste of materials

Brother Brandeis is right. But he is not alone in this work—hundreds of thousands of strong men and women are bending their energies to the same purpose.

If the middleman is a necessary factor to our happiness, we will keep him; if not, he will have to pass. In any event, he is now under surveillance.

We are all from Joplin.

The Christian Scientists have peppered two of them: the preacher and the doctor. And even the enemies of the Christian Scientists do not doubt that they are better off than in the days of yore.

The lawyer, too, is under indictment as a flunky, raised to the grade of hold-up.

The butler, lordly and lugubrious, is the father of the whole Tuxedo tribe. He and his minions were an importation to America, at the best. They never really belonged here. They go with Kings, Lords, Dukes and such other human junk.

About the only folks in America who sought to gain the good will of the Tuxedo were members of that giddy, gabby, gilded gang who gobble, giggle and gabble at after-the-theater suppers.

They are really not hungry—eating is an excuse—they go to the grub studio that they may see and be seen, but most of all to secure, if possible, the approving nod of the servile, greasy and ubiquitous Tux.

Honest folks, intent on eats, do not want to select from a menu that looks like a Sunday edition, and then have their wants written out by a Count in Exile, who hands the document to an attaché of the court, who moves silent and slow to the nether regions, making pretense of having something prepared for you "very special."

In all this there is about seventy-five per cent lost motion.

The time of the black-coated, solemn ones who stand behind your chair, now and again falling over one another to pass you the salt, watching your every move to see that you gobble with the right utensil, is all charged up in the bill, and is paid for eventually in human energy, for it takes energy to secure the dolodocci to pay your check and attend to the tips.

For without tips flunkies would cease to flunky and the world would be at rest.

I use the good old word "tip," although some people prefer stipend, prepend, fee, or honorarium.

Flunkyism is lost motion. Have enough flunkies in a country and the nation is headed for the cliff on the high clutch.

The less you need waiting on, the greater and better you are. ¶ So here come then the Cafeteria and the Baltimore Restaurant and free us from the tentacles of the flunky.

A butler at best is a sort of bishop—or, more properly, a bishop is a butler raised to the *n*th power. Both possess the lofty impassiveness and the supercilious eyebrow that token the lowbrow. The bishop and the butler originally derived their power from the same source—the Strong Man, the Destroyer.

Also, it is well to realize that the people who so languidly allow the flunky to take their wraps, and alternately patronize and snub him, are, themselves, but escaped lickspittles.

The difference between the waiter who wears full dress all day and the man who wears full dress only in the evening is often merely microscopic—that is to say, a question of gravy stains.

When the members of a Waiters' Union give a banquet, as they occasionally do in New York City and Boston, they employ only colored waiters, and tip the coons generously. Thus they draw the sharp social line of cleavage between guest and servant. Colored waiters are not admitted to the Unions; and what I here say does not apply to the colored brother—he deserves a chapter by himself, and later I will honor him with one.

The man whose highest ambition is to impress a waiter is with us yet, and he probably will die hard. He is the real mischief-maker—not the flunky. Were it not for the "good fellow," the flunky would shed his denatured sable ways, and take his place in the industrial ranks as a man and a comrade.

The idle rich, and the folks who imitate the idle rich, are the actual degenerates.

Frederick Townsend Martin says the idle rich are passing, and he knows, because he has been one. He is rich yet, but he is not idle. Brother Martin brings the world glad tidings of great joy. Zing, zing!

Nowhere in America is the cost of living so low, or so high, as it is in California.

The high cost comes from the fees of the flunky.

The low cost is owing to the fact that God has here been so lavish

in His gifts. Everywhere one sees the cattle on a thousand hills. And if I should state the quantities of oranges, figs, olives, lemons, prunes and grapes that are raised on a single acre in the San Joaquin Valley, many good people would simply say I was a candidate for the Ananias Club—and let it go at that.

Vegetables of every kind and sort are brought to your door by the Chinese gardeners, and the prices are astonishingly low. You can buy oranges at five cents a water-bucket, grapefruit for a cent apiece, and vegetables in proportion.

The cafeteria—which is, by the way, a woman s device—serves the best of food at a price beyond the dreams of avarice.

In front of a cafeteria in San Francisco I saw a donkey carrying sandwich-boards upon which was lettered the legend, " This Cafeteria employs non-union labor. Do not patronize it! "

All day long, day after day, and far into the night, the donkey stands there or is led backward and forward by a sad-eyed derelict ❧ ❧

I saw the donkey before I saw the cafeteria. In fact, the donkey and the derelict called my attention to the cafeteria. I thought they were advertising the place.

I went inside and dined sumptuously at a cost of thirty-two cents. I flunkied for myself and pocketed my own tip.

The place was filled with a happy, intelligent, prosperous lot of men and women.

" How many people do you feed here a day? " I asked the cashier.

¶ " Between five and six thousand," was the answer.

"And no waiters? "

"And no waiters."

As I passed out on the street I again noticed the donkey and the derelict ❧ ❧

Pity touched my heart.

I reached into my pocket, took out a quarter and gave it to the man holding the donkey. He was surprised, but quickly recovered

himself and pocketed the tip with the grace and deftness of an adept

"Were you once a waiter?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I have been a waiter all my life. I made money, and I spent it. I am sixty-five years old, and now I am out of work and out of money. The Union gives me a dollar a day to lead this burro—but you know, for you have a kind heart, that I am a gentleman just the same."

The chill night wind seemed to shake his thinly clad form. His voice was husky. He leaned against the donkey for support. I thought I saw two big tears chasing each other down his furrowed cheek. I am not sure about this, for my own vision was dimmed.

¶ The people were streaming in and out of the cafeteria.

"You seem tired and cold," I ventured.

"I have n't had anything to eat since morning."

"Well," I said, "why don't you go into the cafeteria and get a bite?"

"I would if there was some one to look after the jackass!" he answered

"I 'll take care of him," I said.

So I led the donkey jasacwards back and forth in front of the cafeteria until my friend returned.

The burro waved his ears unmoved: it was nothing to him—he was sustained with a solemn pride in the thought that Christ had ridden one of his ancestors into Jerusalem.

What is the Matter with Colleges?

AND so it happens that I am a member of the Tufts College Alumni Society.

Every month there comes to me a "Bulletin" from the Secretary of the Society. At the risk of using bromides, let me explain that the members of this Society are graduates of Tufts College. Naturally, you would think that a Bulletin issued by College Graduates would have something in it concerning education, health, art, pedagogy, social betterment, sociology, economics—if nothing else, a hazard as to where we are going to, and a guess at where we came from.

But this Bulletin, issued by the worthy College Graduates, contains not a trace of phosphorus, and no issue of this Bulletin ever did. Never a flash of the Kosmic Kilowat! It might just as well be issued by the Young People's Society of the East Aurora Baptist Church.

If these members of this College Society have any education, any ambition, any aspiration, they carefully conceal it.

The Bulletin just received, which I hold in my left hand, announces a Smoker with Teutonic frills.

Next, it gives a solemn reference to a Smoker that is passed. Third, it gives the basketball scores and the football scores in which the Tufts College teams were interested.

Then comes a statement that the College Coach, who was looking after the basketball teams, is sick, and has been, evidently, for several months, and this accounts for the bad scores of the Tufts College boys.

One guesses from this that explanations and apologies are in order; so the bad luck is gravely attributed to the illness of the worthy Coach.

One might have supposed that the fine irony of a College Coach

not knowing enough about life to keep well would dawn in upon the mental callouses of the Editor of this " Bulletin."

When he tells about the Smoker, he might, at least, have made a few references to the Tobacco Trust case which is now before the Supreme Court. But no—there is no wit, no fancy, no imagination, no trace of an ideal in it all.

Health does not interest them—it is " scores " they want. Education does not interest them—it is " Smokers." Truth does not interest them—it is " gossip from the hill."

When is the pedagogic weaning time?

At fifteen or sixteen, I should say.

To give the young man after that a labor-immunity bath, in the name of education, is to run the risk of ruining him.

The High School carries the youth as far as you dare give him a ride. Beyond this, he must make his way alone, or he 'll never travel far. All through life he 'll be looking for a lift.

The average college man is a victim of arrested development. He is not a thinker—not a student. Something has ironed the zeal out of his mind and sterilized his soul. And I think it was college that helped do it.

I am constrained to believe from what I have seen of this Tufts College " Bulletin," issued under half a dozen different Secretaries, that the College graduate is so joyous on getting through College that he never again looks into a book, and never again has an idea that is worth while. He has spent two years in preparation and four in College and all that he had done is to memorize things told him by the professor and things read out of books.

¶ There is a pretense that Tufts stands for liberality; but my opinion is that there is no one in the world quite so dogmatic and hidebound as the man who belongs to a so-called " liberal denomination." Unitarians and Universalists are no more independent, no more progressive, no more liberal, than are Presbyterians or Baptists.

There doubtless was a difference in the days of Hosea Ballou, William Ellery Channing and Starr King, but that was when liberalism stood back to the wall.

Once a thing is accepted and you sit down to enjoy it, you lose it. ¶ When you build three tabernacles, you build three mausoleums ❧ ❧

For instance, the word Catholic means " liberal, generous, widely spread, noble, expanding; " but here I find the Catholics of New York City hotly urging the local police to drive out all fortune-tellers and those who forecast the future, not considering, for instance, that the Catholic Church is simply a scheme of fortune-telling with a guarantee that the prophecy will come true. ¶ The opposites of things look alike.

And so we find the Tufts College Alumni Society intent on smokers, basketball, football and the silly trifles of life, all in the holy name of Education; but as far as the microscope can detect, absolutely without Education, and moreover, with no interest in it, even as a theory or hypothesis.

All the endowed colleges lag behind. They form the rear-guard of civilization. Progress can hope for nothing from them.

The Business College that has to struggle for an existence and make good or die, is far in the lead of any classic concern when it comes to effectivenes and manhood.

The moral seems to be that when you think you have got a thing you have lost it; and those who pursue culture scare her to death.

Faith

FAITH in your own opinions is a good thing, but—were you ever absolutely certain of the result of an election—prophesying a tidal wave for "our party"—honestly advising your friends to put up all their loose change, and then the next morning awake to know that your basis for belief was built on East Wind?

Did you ever size up a young fellow who wanted work, or who was in your employ, and foretell that there was nothing in him, that he would always be a counter-jumper, and then in a few years have to eat your words?

Did you ever go to a horse-race and lay your money on Sure Thing and never see the hard-earned again?

Were you ever an editor, and turn down a Manuscript as rot, rubbish, drivel and diluted idiocy, and then see this same MS published by your rival and accepted by the public, and the author whom you declared could n't write for shucks, setting you a pace you could not follow?

Have you ever as a businessman had a certain scheme presented and did you reject it as foolish and fanciful, and later behold it make a million dollars for your enemy?

Have you ever fought valiantly for a creed, or a platform, and then in a few years, conclude, of your own accord, that you were on the wrong track, and turn around and denounce the thing you once upheld?

Were you ever a plaintiff in a lawsuit and on the case going to the jury, say with a chuckle, "The opposition has n't a leg upon which to stand," and a little later hear the foreman calmly remark, "We, the jury, find for the defendant?"

Well, if so, and you have thus learned to dilute faith in your own infallibility with a little doubt, you have not lived in vain.

The Library Loafer

UP to this time literature seems to have made no note of the Library Loafer. And now that winter is coming, and the steam is turned on to keep out the chill, and lest the worthy loafer deem himself slighted, I will here say a few words concerning him. Wherever the Free Library exists there does he gather himself together. He is on hand early in the morning and remaineth until the lights are extinguished. He reads and reads and mouses over magazines, yet no one ever calleth him learned—no one ever refers or defers to him. Whether he expects knowledge to soak into his being by the handling of books and breathing the air of book-shelves, or whether he merely wished to get warm, no one knoweth.

The Public Library is a beautiful and beneficent thing: but that one-half of the daily readers at Public Libraries are Library Loafers, the Librarian knoweth to the whitening of his head. The L. L. is harmless and would be unobjectionable were it not for the fact that he taints the air wherever he goes. He never bathes, and clean linen with him is an anomaly. You can always tell him by the odor—he smells like a Jury-Room.

And one is fain to believe that the L. L. sleeps with his day-clothes on in a beer-dive, so reeking is he with the fumes of the Eighth Ward. His motto is (or should be) Bocwis and boer-glaed.

¶ I have pictured the pure type of Library Loafer—the habitué that is too deferential to bounce and not good enough to encourage, and so is just tolerated. The cult shades off, however, by almost imperceptible degrees into men who have no occupation and are too lazy to find one, and who infest the Library and invest it with their odor in a forlorn hope that within the sacred walls wisdom will trickle into them or the spores of knowledge find lodgment on their garments.

These are the people who give the Librarian that fine scorn for his clientele, and cause him to bubble over with irony when you talk about educating the Masses.

Let Handy Andy of the kilts and bagpipers know that the shower-bath should go with the Library; and conveniently near should be a wood-pile; at which parties under suspicion could be referred, not for publication or profit, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Junto

ENJAMIN FRANKLIN was the fifteenth child in a nice little family of seventeen. When he was twelve years old his schooldays were past, and he was apprenticed to his brother as printer's devil ❧ ❧

He was born in Boston, but migrated early and arrived in Philadelphia with One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents, and no more, in his pocket.

Franklin was the best all-round educated man that America has produced. When he was forty-two he had accumulated a fortune of seventy-five thousand dollars. It gave him an income of about four thousand dollars a year, which he said was all he wanted; so he sold out his business, intending to devote his entire energies to the study of science and languages.

He had lived just one-half his days, and had he then passed out, his life could have been summed up as one of the most useful that ever has been lived.

He had founded and been the life of the Junto Club, the most sensible and beneficent Club of which I ever heard. This club began with twelve members, all printers. The membership was increased, but finally, I believe, was limited to forty. They met weekly and read, talked, and presented little essays by the members. All of the original twelve men became distinguished and successful citizens.

The series of questions asked at every meeting of the Junto so mirror the life and habit of thought of Franklin, that we had better glance at a few of them:

1. Have you met with anything in the author you last read, remarkable, or suitable to be communicated to the Junto; particularly in history, morality, poetry, physics, travels, mechanical arts, or other parts of knowledge?

2. Do you know of a fellow citizen, who has lately done a worthy action, deserving praise and imitation; or who has lately committed an error, proper for us to be warned against and avoid?
3. What unhappy effects of intemperance have you lately observed or heard; of imprudence, of passion, or of any other vice or folly?
4. What happy effects of temperance, of prudence, of moderation, or of any other virtue?
5. Do you think of anything at present wherein the members of the Junto may be serviceable to mankind, to their country, to their friends, or to themselves?
6. Hath any deserving stranger arrived in town since last meeting that you have heard of? And what have you heard or observed of his character or merits? And whether, think you, it lies in the power of the Junto to oblige him, or encourage him as he deserves?
7. Have you lately observed any encroachment on the just liberties of the people?
8. Have you any weighty affair on hand in which you think the advice of the Junto may be of service?
9. Is there any difficulty in matters of opinion, of justice and injustice, which you would gladly have discussed at this time?

¶ The Junto led to the establishment, by Franklin, of the Philadelphia Public Library, that became the parent of all public libraries in America. He also organized and equipped a fire-company; paved and lighted the streets of Philadelphia; established a high school and an academy for the study of the English branches, which evolved into the University of Pennsylvania; and founded the Philadelphia Public Hospital.

He was Postmaster in Philadelphia; and on account of his special knowledge of postal affairs was made Postmaster-General under President George Washington.

Franklin wrote out the following prayers, which were for a time recited in concert on opening the Junto Club meetings:

" That I may have tenderness for the meek; that I may be kind to my neighbors, good-natured to my companions and hospitable to strangers—Help me, O God! "

" That I may be averse to craft and overreaching, abhor extortion, and every kind of weakness and wickedness—Help me, O God! " ❧ ❧

" That I may have constant regard to honor and probity; that I may possess an innocent and good conscience, and at length become truly virtuous, magnanimous and helpful to my fellowmen—Help me, O God! "

" That I may refrain from calumny and detraction; that I may abhor deceit, and avoid lying, envy and fraud, flattery, hatred, malice and ingratitude—Help me, O God! "

The Junto experience fixed in Franklin the study habit, the health habit, the work habit, and these things made him what he was ❧ ❧

What Franklin says in his Autobiography about limiting membership in the Junto is interesting:

" Our club was found so useful, and afforded such satisfaction to its members, that several were desirous of introducing their friends, which could not well be done without exceeding what we had settled as a convenient number.

" The intention was to avoid applications of improper persons for admittance, some of whom, perhaps, we might find it difficult to refuse. I was one of those who were against any addition to our number, but, instead of it, made in writing a proposal, that every member separately should endeavor to form a subordinate club, with the same rules respecting queries, etc., and without informing them of the connection with the Junto. The advantages proposed were: the improvement of so many more young citizens by the use of our institutions; our better acquaintance with the general sentiments of the inhabitants on any occasion, as the Junto member might propose what queries we should desire,

and was to report to the Junto what passed in his separate club; the promotion of our particular interests in business by more extensive recommendation and the increase of our influence in public affairs, and our power of doing good by spreading through the several clubs the sentiments of the Junto."

When forty-seven, Franklin was chosen a member of the Royal Society of London, on account of his scientific researches and discoveries. Later, he was elected an honorary member of almost every learned or scientific society in the world. He was printer, business man, inventor, linguist, financier, diplomat, statesman, philosopher ❧ ❧

He died at eighty-four, having lived a very full, active, useful and healthy life. Here is his epitaph, written by himself:

The Body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding),
Lies here food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will (as he believed) appear once more
In a new
And more beautiful Edition,
Corrected and Amended
by the Author.

Sin

SWIMMING uneasily in my inkbottle is an essay on the benefits and advantages of Sin. As yet I do not feel myself competent to fish it out. I am waiting, hoping that some one else will do the task for me. It is a delicate and elusive bit of work, and no matter how well done, I know that the man who does it will lay himself open to the charge of being an advocate of the Devil.

Yet the grim fact remains that Sin has in very many instances led the way to saintship. No woman happily married to the man she loves, ever recognized divinity incarnate, breaking over his head the precious ointment of her loyalty and wiping his feet with the hairs of her head. ¶ There is something startling in the truth that the woman who preserves her " virtue " pays a price for the privilege.

And where is the preacher who dare face the fact that the " honest " man or woman with fixed income, happily situated, is to a degree isolated from all sympathy and fellowship with the great mass of beings who suffer and endure the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune? Prosperity is not all prosperity: there is even a penalty in traveling successward, although Samuel Smiles knew it not. Men are great only as they possess sympathy, and that which causes a man to center in himself, taking a satisfaction in the security he has attained for the good things of this, or another world, is not, can not be, wholly good.

Classes and Masses

THERE seems ever to be a tendency on the part of small philosophers to divide humanity up into classes.

We are set down as good or bad, great or ordinary, bond or free, learned or illiterate, aristocrat or plebeian, handsome or homely, saved or lost.

¶ In addition to these classes we have the masses.

The masses are the great undissolved residuum—the people who go about their business and neither pray on street corners nor preach from housetops.

To them babes are born, and headlines do not screech, nor do the wires flash news. They visit, but the society columns are not burdened with the names of their friends.

They die and bulletins give no sign.

Yet it might be difficult to find a man who at the tribunal of his own heart would confess that he belonged to the masses.

We talk glibly about giving a helping hand to the masses, elevating the masses, never once admitting that we, like all others, are but a molecule in God's masses.

And a peculiar thing about this is that the men who talk most about " elevating the masses " are often puny little bow-legged parties who themselves are merely pensioners on a patient world

If there is any better way to help the masses than by going quietly about your work and setting a good example, I have not seen it

Each man thinks his own experience unique, peculiar, distinctive: he belongs to a class, of course, but a very small and select class. Just as all lovers are sure that such love as theirs never before existed, except mayhap on the stage or in a printed book.

And thus adown the centuries, from the days of Solomon and his

Shulamite shepherdess, lovers have strolled hand in hand, chanting the lovers' litany, " Love like ours can never die."

And so we are all labeled and pigeonholed, done up into bundles, and those that can not be disposed of handily are dumped into the masses ❧ ❧

But if we snatch from Kronos a little leisure and think it over, we will find that all things are comparative: there is no standard of goodness, nor of greatness, nor of freedom, nor of beauty, nor of aristocracy.

The man we think is saved is only partially saved, and the fellow whom we chalk-mark " damned " may welcome us in Heaven, if by chance we should ever on a fluke get there.

Conditions are transient; life is in a state of flux; classes are all to a large extent a matter of Stein-Bloch.

Caste is an idea founded on a false hypothesis, and in the world's march is often toppled by a mob between cockcrow and sunup.

The gradations we seem to see are more apparent than real. ¶ On close inspection we find the great man is not so great as we thought, and the stupid man not quite so dull as he appeared.

The difference in men is mostly in their ability to get their goods in the front windows.

Competition or Emulation

WHEN an ambitious young man from the "provinces" signified his intention of coming to Peoria and earning an honest living, he was encouraged by the Bishop of Agnosticism with the fine assurance that he would find no competition

Personally, speaking for my single self, I should say that no man is in so dangerous a position as he who has no competition in well-doing. Competition is not only the life of trade, but of everything else. There have been times when I have thought that I had no competition in truth-telling, and then to prevent complacency I entered into competition with myself and endeavored to outdo my record.

The natural concentration of business concerns in one line, in one locality, suggests the advantages that accrue from attrition and propinquity

Everybody is stirred to increased endeavor; everybody knows the schemes which will not work, for elimination is a great factor in success; the knowledge that one has is the acquirement of all. Good wrestlers will meet only good wrestlers. And so in a match of wit, rivals outclassed go unnoticed, and there is always an effort to go the adversary one better.

Our socialist comrades tell us that "emulation" is the better word and that "competition" will have to go. The fact is that the thing itself will ever remain the same; what you call it matters little. We have, however, shifted the battle from the physical to the mental and psychic plane. But it is competition still, and the reason competition will remain is because it is beautiful, beneficent and right.

It is the desire to excel.

Lovers are always in competition with each other to see who can

love most. The best results are obtained where competition is the most free and the most severe—read history.

The orator speaks and the man who rises to reply should have something to say. If your studio is next door to that of a great painter, you had better get to your easel, and quickly, too ❧ ❧

The alternating current gives power; only an obstructed current gives either heat or light; all good things require difficulty. The mutual-admiration society is largely given up to criticism. ¶ Wit is progressive. Cheap jokes go with cheap people, but when you are with those of subtle insight, who make close mental distinctions, you should muzzle your mood, if perchance you be a bumpkin ❧ ❧

Conversation with good people is progressive, and progressive inversely, usually, where only one sex is present. Excellent people feel the necessity of saying something better than has been said, otherwise silence is more becoming. He who launches a commonplace where high thoughts prevail, is quickly labeled as one who is with the yesterdays that lighted fools adown their way to dusty death.

Genius has always come in groups, because groups produce the friction that generates light. Competition with fools is not bad—fools teach the imbecility of repeating their performances. A man learns from this one, and that; he lops off absurdity, strengthens here and bolsters there, until in his soul there grows up an ideal, which he materializes in stone or bronze, on canvas, by spoken word, or with the twenty-odd symbols of Cadmus. Greece had her group when the wit of Aristophanes sought to overtop the stately lines of Æschylus; Praxiteles outdid Ictinus; while the words of Socrates outlasted them all.

Rome had her group when all the arts sought the silver speech of Cicero. One art never flourishes alone—they go together, each man doing the thing he can do best. All the arts are really one,

and this one art is simply Expression—the expression of Mind speaking through its highest instrument, Man.

Happy is the child born into a family where there is a competition of ideas, and the recurring themes are truth and love. This problem of education is not so much of a problem after all. Educated people have educated children. And the recipe for educating your child is this: Educate Yourself!

The Engineer

A FOLDER that contains a device representing a locomotive-engineer at his post has lately been issued by the Chicago and Alton Railroad. The picture is one of the happiest inspirations of its kind I have ever seen. The first time I looked upon it, it gave me a sort of thrill. There sits the man, gloved, cap drawn tightly, one hand on the lever of the throttle-valve, the other free. The pose is easy, natural—no intensity, no strain, no fear; on the face is a suggestion of elemental calm, and a courage that might be the envy of gods and men. Behind this quiet man, so calm, so poised, is a treasure of half a million dollars and two hundred precious lives—he holds them all in that easy, unquaking grasp. Before him are two straight lines of steel, and the huge, black, all-enfolding Night. And into the gloom, in perfect faith, this quiet man forces his flying monster, with all that precious cargo and the priceless lives. The man is unafraid. On the boyish face care sits lightly, and vet in it all the artist has thrown a look of experience and a wisdom that betokens Power. I wonder if the man who drew that picture ever read a little book by Edward Carpenter, called *Towards Democracy?* Let me quote you this:

" Was this, then, the sum of life?

" A grinning, gibbering organization of negations—a polite trap, and a circle of endlessly complaisant faces bowing you back from reality! Well, as it happened just then—and as we stopped at a small way station—my eyes from my swoon-sleep opening, encountered the grimy and oil-besmeared figure of a stoker.

" Close at my elbow on the footplate of his engine he was standing.

" "And the firelight fell on him brightly as for a moment his eyes rested on mine.

" That was all, but it was enough

" The youthful face, yet so experienced and calm, was enough; the quiet look, the straight, untroubled, unseeking eyes, resting upon me—giving me without any ado the thing I needed, and in a moment I felt the sting and torrent of Reality.

" The swift nights out in the rain I felt, and the great black sky overhead, and the flashing of red and green lights in the forward distance. The anxious straining for a glimpse sideways into the darkness—the dash of cold and wet above, the heat below—

" All this I felt, as if it had been myself.

" O eyes, O face, how in that moment without any ado you gave me all! " ❧ ❧

These splendid fellows who do their work and hold their peace—they do give us faith in God and faith in ourselves.

They mind their own business! Is there anything finer than to mind one's own business? O cursed spite, that men are born to set the others right!

Let us all mind our own business. How curious it is that men should quit their work and make a business of looking after the business of others! No man is ridiculous except when he neglects his own affairs to look after the business of other men—no man but is splendid when he is minding his own business.

Ah! That is why I lift my hat to the engineer—he is doing his work. He is minding his own business.

Linguists

IT was once the general custom of writers to introduce into their papers various quotations from foreign languages. This was done, for the most part, to convince the reader that the author was a learned person, and one eminently fitted to give counsel and impart wisdom. There has recently, however, fallen a very just suspicion that well thumbed dictionaries of quotations have played their parts long enough among the properties of the writer folk. And further than this, we have discovered that a man may be able to speak two, three or four languages, and still have no thoughts worth recording in any.

Linguists are seldom thinkers. You give your time and energy (both limited, as I trust no one will deny) to remembering words, sounds, accents, throat contortions and nares acrobatics, and you have no time nor energy left for conjuring forth thought

My opinion is that to master the language of Shakespeare is quite ambition enough for the average man. If you speak several languages, you will probably speak none of them well.

When I last visited the Louvre, a polite gentleman outside the entrance accosted me thus, " Sir, I am ze license guide. I speak Anglais in perfect flu-en-cee, ros-bif, goddam!"

Then I had to explain that I was not an Englishman as my friend supposed, and further I needed no guide. Later I learned that the gentleman could speak five languages, and I also discovered that although he acted as guide to an art gallery he knew nothing about art or its history, and nothing trustworthy could be gathered from him on any subject.

This man was a very good type of the Continental courier, to be found everywhere in Europe. Six hundred words of a language

with which to do business is all that is required for a courier, and this is a little more than the average boarding school miss has in her possession when she graduates; and yet her aunts and uncles often point her out with awe, as one who speaks French with perfect flu-en-cee. When we hear too much about a man's speaking several tongues, we are reminded of Dr. Johnson's exclamation upon another subject: " Sir," said Ursa Major, " a woman's preaching is like a dog walking on its hind legs. It is never done well, but we are surprised that it can be done at all." ❧ ❧

There was a time when the value of an education lay in being able to use it for flashing on the unsophisticated. Happily, things are gradually changing. The pulpit is no longer regarded as the heir of the tripod. To weigh, decide and think are no longer daring crimes on part of the layman; and we rightfully say that if writers are inspired, readers must be also. The guff that goes in the future must be of a different mixture than has been ladled out to us in the past.

The so-called " learned men " have stayed the onward march of progress more than words can tell; and so, too, have the " learned professions " often been stumbling blocks and rocks of offense to the good and true. I make no plea for the indictment of every man who affects languages, dead or living; but I modestly protest that simplicity, truthfulness, mental self-reliance, physical health and the education of the hand, as well as brain, shall not be left out of the accounting when we make our formula for a Man ❧ ❧

Joys and Glooms

ONE of the happiest conceptions of the year is that of Powers, the cartoonist, with his jolly Joys and grouchy Glooms.

Powers has the whole United States laughing with him—not at him. Then after we laugh we sometimes sigh and think—there is so much dogged truth in these pictures!

The idea of the Glooms and Joys is passing into the current coin of language, and will soon be legal tender wherever English, she is spoke

The real fact is that Powers has seized upon a great scientific fact and popularized it for busy people.

The scientists have told us that man's body is a battle-ground between the forces of life and those of dissolution. When the friendly germs are in the majority, we are in health. When the germs of death and dissolution are in the ascendency, we are slated for the toboggan.

Doctor J. H. Tilden, of Denver, tells us that the germs of typhoid as well as the germs of tuberculosis are found in most healthy bodies. The proposition is simply to keep the malignant germs in the minority, and then they cause no trouble. What we want is resiliency, or resisting power; and so long as we have this resisting power we fight off misery, woe and disease.

The friendly germs are fighting for us, millions of them are on our side, and a happy, exuberant, hopeful, healthful, merry attitude is evolving and breeding them; while, on the other hand, depression, misery, hate, the thought of revenge, jealousy, and fear evolve and breed the germs of dissolution or the malevolent bacteria

Powers shows us pictures of the marching Glooms; and then at other times come the dancing, airy, fairy, frolicking Joys.

So surrounding every one are the Joys and Glooms. When the Glooms get in the ascendant, we are ripe for the ether-cone, the referee in bankruptcy, the hurry-up wagon, and the booby-hutch.

¶ When the Joys are in the majority, we are making money, making friends, working, hoping, dreaming beautiful dreams, and all the time making the world better because we are here.

¶ From India comes to us the idea of the aura. The idea is that around every individual is a peculiar atmosphere. He himself forms this atmosphere through his mental attitude. This aura is supposed to be seen by the adept; but we all feel it, and everybody realizes it. At certain times a beautiful rose-tint surrounds the individual. At another time the aura is freighted with dark forebodings, unrest, suspicion; and then to be in the presence of such a one is to be depressed and cast down. Here we get another aspect of the same great psychological fact of the Joys and Glooms

¶ So Powers, the joker, is not only a great cartoonist, but he is also a great philosopher.

What we want to do is to get rid of the grouch and give the Glooms the go-by, so that the joy-germs can come marching in with their microscopic brass band and fill the aura with hope, courage, animation, ambition and love.

When the Joys travel with us, nothing is difficult and everything is beautiful

Success to Brother Powers! He is helping the world to kibosh the Glooms, through making them supremely ridiculous with their whiskers and big bandit opera-bouffe hats.

Any man who insists in going through the world with a bodyguard of Glooms is a monkey's hind-foot; while he who cultivates the Joys will never lack for friends, money, love and all that makes for success and happiness.

Food, Love and Life

FOOD is the primal need. Next to this comes love. ¶ And, curiously enough, only the person who is properly nourished is capable of love.

Thus we get Richard Cobden's dictum, " The ratio of marriages keeps pace with the price of corn."

An overfed or an underfed individual is neither loving nor lovable. ¶ So well is this principle understood, even by the so-called unscientific, that in many families favors or civilities are never tendered or asked of my lord and master until after breakfast. ¶ When Doctor Johnson was importuned by a newly-wed woman as to how she could best manage her liege, old Ursa Major replied, " Madam, feed the brute."

Recent experiments in schools for backward pupils showed that the trouble with most of these children was that they were improperly nourished.

The same children when kept out of doors, and supplied with proper food, in a very few weeks found a joy in their studies, and some even went beyond the average in efficiency.

The moral is plain. If we are to have a strong, sane capable and efficient race of people, we must look well to our food-supply. ¶ One-half of our population are farmers. In certain German universities, if they want to call a boy by a name that expresses stupidity, they term him a grocer.

In American cities and towns to call a man a farmer was to imply that he was " easy "—poor in purse and meager in brains.

Within the last ten years, however, the word farmer as a term of disrespect has largely gone out of vogue. Only a hobo, now, scorns a farmer, and this is because the farmer wants to set him to work

The advancing price of foodstuffs has raised the status of the

farmer from one of opprobrium to that of envy. To own a piece of land and till it skilfully and well are things of which to be proud ❧ ❧

A man burdened by debt is not apt to be beautiful in either disposition or looks, and perhaps this had something to do with our scorn of the farmer in days agone. A farm and a mortgage were once synonymous terms.

A few weeks ago I visited a farmer near a thriving city in the Middle West, and found my friend had gone to town to collect his rents. He owned a whole row of flats, and I venture the assertion that his tenants did not refer to him as a buckwheat; nor if he drove his mules up the street did they call, " Oho, a muley team and a jackass driver! "

If you own an auto you can drive mules or ride a mule without losing your social status.

The very best way to inculcate respect for the farmer and the farm is to teach the science of farming to all our children, girls and boys alike. ¶ The elements of farming should be taught in every public school—and especially in city schools.

City people are often ignorant people, and the bigger the city the more dense the ignorance. John Burns says, " The illiteracy of England is almost wholly confined to the city of London." ¶ Any man is ignorant who is not on good terms with Nature, who does not love plants, flowers, trees, bees, bugs, birds and all the glories of the out-of-doors. Also, he is apt to be sick. Congestion of population in the cities comes from ignorance and the fear of Nature. Isolation seems horrible, because only people interest. The man is foreign to the soil.

Yet all children love to dig in the dirt, and naturally they will plant a garden and watch the growth of things with eager interest. This natural recognition of kinship with the soil must be encouraged. And now that we have discovered that out-of-doors schools are a great gain in power, there is no longer the excuse of

keeping indoors for fear of coughs and colds. You get your cold indoors, not outdoors.

"Back to the farm!" is no longer a saucy, unasked-for piece of advice; it is a slogan of joy, a peaceful war-cry, a song of love and life. And so as a preparation for an efficient life we should teach farming in every public school.

In our colleges we have taught everything but the necessary. The useful has been tabued. To earn a living was not looked upon as especially desirable. To speak the dead language of a dead people was the real accomplishment and to gain a living without work was an achievement.

But the growth of the business colleges and the agricultural schools bodes a happier day. The business colleges teach the science of distribution; the agricultural schools the science of production

Back to the farm means back to sanity, back to health, back to efficiency, back to life. Only thus will we reach the farm by going forward, not by going back.

The business of the farmer who produces food, and the grocer who distributes it, and the cook who prepares it, must be raised to the realm of fine arts, not left to the whipped-out, discouraged and inefficient

And this new science, the science of human service, will be formulated, and is being formulated first and best right here in our own America

¶ Our business is not exploitation and distinction; it is production and distribution. This way love, life and happiness lie.

Worlds to Conquer

IN history there are three men who conquered the world. These men are Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon.

Their method of conquering was through violence. These men had no desire to give themselves to the world; to make the world a better place because they were here; to merge themselves into the world and be lost in the mass.

They were intent on honors, ease, luxury, and lust for power.

¶ Alexander began the task when he was twenty years of age, and he completed it when he was thirty. He died, sighing for more worlds to conquer.

His teacher, Aristotle, twenty years his senior, foretold for him the end. To complete one task, and not have another in sight, is to die at the top. Aristotle outlived Alexander and saw his prophecy come true.

Aristotle refused to have anything to do with the business of destruction, but he told Alexander that when his men died, let them die at the point of the spear. What he meant was this: let them die fighting, not in the hospital!

Alexander lost more men in battle than he lost by disease; so he surely had a pretty good hold on sanitary science; but his own specialty was destruction and dissipation.

Yet from one standpoint it was a great feat he performed. With an army of thirty-five thousand men he flung himself against a Persian horde of over a million. He scattered them and destroyed them piecemeal.

The world which Alexander conquered was about as big as the State of Texas. He marched Eastward through Persia, through Asia Minor, the Northern part of Africa and India. This was his world

We have mapped and platted the world within our own time. Today we know the geographical world. Yet we will never die from Alexander's disability.

We see a Milky Way of worlds to conquer.

The worlds for us to conquer are economic, political, pedagogic, philosophic, artistic and scientific.

Aristotle told Alexander that the dangers that confronted an army were not in the ranks of the enemy, but were in their own camp—which means all that you can read into it. In order that no one may feel there is danger of getting out of a job, I am going to give here a list of worlds that we have yet to conquer.

We have sighted these worlds, we know their orbit, and there is no excuse now to let them go unconquered.

The University Militant is now engaged in fighting:

1. For the rights of women.
2. For the rights of children.
3. For the rights of criminals.
4. For the rights of dumb animals.
5. To make all work and business beautiful.
6. For the elimination of the theological fetish—a thing that has caused more misery and bloodshed than all other causes combined.
7. For the elimination of medical superstition, to the end that mankind shall be freed from racial fear, one of the most prolific causes of insanity and disease.
8. For the eradication of parasitism, through the reformation of our social ideals, and our systems of education, so that every man and woman shall know the joys of earning an honest living—this for the good of the individual and the preservation of the race.
9. Against the tyranny of fashion as applied to clothes, housekeeping, and social custom.
10. For the disarmament of the Nations, and international

arbitration, in order that this world shall cease to be a place of the skull.

Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon each lived in a very limited world. They conquered all the world they could reach, and then they erected a shrine to the god Terminus.

Every individual lives in a limited world. And all the world we should attempt to conquer is our own world. Also, it is well to realize the dictum of Aristotle, that the foes of an army are those within its own camp. That is to say, our enemies are those which lurk in our own hearts—hate, fear, jealousy, sloth, greed, inertia, appetite ❧ ❧

To conquer the foes within is a task indeed. But the recipe for peace at home is a foreign war, and so the person who would be strong and efficient should enlist in the University Militant and help conquer the foreign foe, this as a part of the plan for conquering himself ❧ ❧

Choose your division and enlist in the Army that is fighting for Human Rights. Don't be a neutral or a camp-follower. Get in the fight, and stand back to the wall. Be one of a glorious minority. Be a Greek, and never let yourself be swallowed up by a Persian mob. Dare to stand alone, to fight alone, to live alone, to die alone! Otherwise you will not live at all—you will only exist ❧ ❧

Culture—Art

TAKE heed to culture. Culture is character in motion. It is a habit of life—a habit transformed into a tendency. It is a tendency of appreciation for every good and beautiful thing, and the quality of being courteous, kindly, generous and moderate in your judgments and estimates of others. ¶ If you are a man of culture, you do not shout, vociferate, rant, condemn or boast.

You realize that no man is so wholly right that he can afford to say that another is wholly wrong.

You are more intent on being than seeming to be.

Cultivate the intellect, and you shall have a mind that produces beautiful thoughts, worthy images, helpful ideas; that will serve as a solace in times of stress, and be to you a refuge 'gainst all the storms that blow. The cultured mind, as compared with the uncultured, is the difference between a beautiful garden which produces vegetables, fruits or flowers, and a tract of land that is overgrown with weeds and brambles.

To be a person of culture is to be at home under all conditions. Your mind is stored with mental images, and memory comes to keep you company, and guide you from nostalgia and the sense of separateness to universality or oneness with the Divine. The country will be beautiful to you in any season, and society and solitude each will be welcomed by you in turn. You are to reject nothing, despise nothing, knowing that everything belongs somewhere, and that it is needed to make up the great mosaic of life

You are not to draw close about you the skirts of intolerance, nor look with disdain on those less fortunate; but always, and at all times, be able to place yourself, through the gift of imagination, in the position of others. Thus do you evolve sympathy and pity,

two sentiments without which a man is indeed but a mental mendicant

Conduct, culture and character are graces that go through life hand in hand, never separate or alone. Happy is he who has more than a speaking acquaintanceship with each.

Culture is the cream of conduct. It is the sure result of the Study Habit, linked to Self-Reliance and blessed by concentration. Fortunate are we if we evolve from our hearts these great gifts with which the Creator, in His goodness and wisdom, has endowed us

Culture, like all of life's blessings, can not be hoarded—it is for service. Those who are wise give their culture away, and thus do they retain it.

Social Centers

AND now comes the good news that the city of Chicago has opened thirteen of her public school buildings as neighborhood social centers.

For the first time in the history of Illinois a Board of Education has laid down the proposition that school-buildings are not for the exclusive benefit of children.

We have always fixed a limit on school education. In most States it is fixed by law. The child must not be under six and not over twenty-one.

The credit for this new department must be given to the city of Rochester.

And now the Chicago Board of Education has declared that the public-school system is for grown-ups quite as much as for children, and that any one who needs, or thinks he needs, the help that the public-school system can give is entitled to it.

¶ To this end night-schools are to be carried on, and lectures given with the aid of stereopticon and moving pictures.

Societies are being formed to take proper care of each school-building and to conduct the exercises. As fast as a neighborhood shows its ability to properly utilize school-buildings, the entire school plant is at the disposal of the society.

Debating clubs, literary clubs, dramatic clubs—anything that tends to amuse, instruct and benefit the neighborhood—is allowed

And here is something that would have given our grandmothers a great shock! In various and sundry of these school-buildings, under the new regime, seats of a portable kind are to be arranged, and these seats will be removed one evening in the week for the purpose of dancing and gymnastic exercises.

In Rochester it has been found, where the school-buildings were

utilized evenings, that parents would come in swarms with their children and make use of the buildings as social centers.

It has always been claimed that a saloon was the Poor Man's Club—in fact, that he had no other place to go. But this excuse is to be taken away; and the argument is made that any place where a man will go with his wife and children is beautiful, right, proper and altogether lovely.

And so this is the new education of the grown-up, in which the public-school system is to co-operate. And when the bill of Senator Page is passed, and the federal government co-operates with the public-school systems of every State, it will be one great stride toward the Celestial City of Fine Minds.

The public-school system was devised by Thomas Jefferson, the world's first and only Democrat. He argued for it, pleaded for it, fought for it, and he brought it about; yet, so far, we have not caught up with Jefferson's ideals as to what it should be. But we are getting there!

The public-school system cements: it does not divide. It does not break the town up into little religious cliques and social sets: it eradicates feud, jealousy, caste, and makes for true democracy—the Brotherhood of Mankind.

Corn Clubs

THE idea of the " Corn Club " had its rise in the State of Iowa. It grew out of the seed-corn crusade of Professor Perry G. Holden, of Ames, Iowa, who gave to the world a tremendous legacy, when he called attention to the fact that like begets like in the world of corn as well as in other departments of Nature.

Holden's business is to breed corn of the highest possible efficiency. He has made two ears of corn grow where there was only one before

In Nineteen Hundred Four, Professor Holden instituted and conducted the first railway-train for carrying instruction to farmers. He made the State and the railroads partners of the farmer

Through the selection of seed-corn he has increased the productive wealth of the State of Iowa fully thirty per cent every year during the past five years—and would have doubled it had all the farmers followed his advice. Professor Holden planted selected seed-corn side by side with regular run-of-ear, such as the farmers had formerly used, and showed results. But alas, even then, there were many farmers who took no stock in the wonderful results achieved. They would not believe even when they saw it, many of them simply stroking their whiskers, declaring with a chuckle, " There ain't no such animile."

Then it was that Professor Holden and some of his colleagues took up the idea of interesting boys in the possibilities of scientific agriculture

To this end they offered prizes for the best acre of corn raised by a boy not over twelve years old. It was a plan of teaching by indirection. The boy became a scientist without knowing it. Just a short, simple circular was printed giving the particulars

of the contest, with instructions. Any boy who wanted to enter was allowed to do so with the approval of his parents.

Inspectors then visited the various fields from time to time during the season, making reports of the growing crop.

In the Fall, at harvest-time, came the true test. This was simply a matter of bushels of corn, and in the scales there was no such thing as favoritism.

Hundreds and thousands of boys became interested at once in selecting seed, and several hundred carried the test through to a conclusion ❧ ❧

Some of these boys, on a single acre, raised a hundred bushels, where, formerly, their fathers had raised thirty, forty, forty-five or fifty bushels.

This last Fall, a boy in North Carolina raised one hundred twenty bushels of corn on a single acre.

This idea of the boys' corn-club has spread all over the United States, and is being applied to other crops as well as corn.

¶ It will be remembered that Frederich Froebel had a certain theory in reference to education. In the main, the Froebel idea is merely the utilization of the tendency to play. By the Froebel method all work becomes pleasurable.

It is a scheme similar to that of utilizing sunshine and making a solar steam-engine, or using the tides of the sea to turn a dynamo and store up electricity to turn the wheels of trade.

We used to think that to laugh was sinful. Froebel told us differently ❧ ❧

But, alas, Friedrich Froebel could not interest the teaching world in his plan. He was laughed to scorn, and finally, not being able to find a position as a teacher where he could put his theories into execution, he taught " ragged schools," and gave instruction to the babies, or those too young to attend the regular schools.

¶ These children that came to his school, were often brought by older sisters, the " Little Other Mothers;" and to the Little

Other Mothers—the girls of ten, twelve or fourteen years of age who took care of the babies—Froebel imparted his secrets of teaching, which were spurned by the pedagogues. Froebel's success in dealing with the Little Other Mothers encouraged him to found a Normal School, or a school for teachers. In this school all of the pupils were under fifteen, and mostly were the Little Other Mothers, who really did not know they were going to school at all.

Doctor Bowsher, the celebrated psychologist, says that " all of the commonsense we ever possess we acquire before we are fourteen years of age; after that, the case is hopeless." We fight every innovation, every new idea, and clutch with a death-grasp the prejudices and notions that we have acquired in youth. Death is the great deliverer, and Thomas Carlyle well said, " Death is the most joyfulest thing in life." Without death there could not possibly be any progress. There is only one cure for mental ankylosis, and that is the grave. Contumely, persecution, disgrace and death are the things required to set men free. And so in these Corn Clubs, which mean practically a doubling of production per acre, the appeal has been made to the farm-boys, and so subtly and wisely and discreetly has the plan been carried out that the best farmers now are those who were inoculated with the bacillus of progress before they were fifteen.

I prophesy there will come a time when agriculture will be taught in every public school in America; but the lessons must come before the child is fifteen, if he is to be much benefited.

The farmer is the hope of the race.

The big men of the world, almost without exception, were country boys, and no man can be called an educated person who is not in partnership with Nature.

It is a great thing to have your head in the clouds, but it is a finer thing to keep your feet firmly planted on the earth.

Dead Languages

WHENEVER the Romans conquered a country—and their business was to conquer—they established schools.

In these schools they taught the manners, customs and language of Rome.

What would you expect them to teach?

This has been the universal rule since history began—the country conquered has been forced to learn the language of the conquerors.

¶ The Latin tongue became at once the official language of every country that Rome overran, just as the Americans have introduced American schools into Cuba and the Philippines for the teaching of the English language.

The schoolma'am follows the flag.

Always and forever the conquered are made to forget their history and abandon their language.

Spain in Fourteen Hundred Ninety, made it a capital offense to speak and write in Hebrew.

In Poland, Russian is the official language. In Ireland, the Gaelic was for years a forbidden tongue, spoken only in whispers.

¶ In all of our Indian schools the pupils are forbidden to speak their tribal language, and punishments are often imposed for so doing by forbidding the culprit the dining-room. The Romans established their schools in Gaul, and always and forever the Goths, Picts, Ostrogoths and Vandals were forced to speak as the Romans spoke and do as the Romans did.

The only seeming exception to this rule was in the perpetuating of the Greek tongue by the Romans. But this was on account of the value which the Romans placed on Greek learning; moreover, Greek was not taught until Greece had as a nation ceased to exist.

¶ The descendants of the Teutonic Tribes, subdued by Rome, still teach the language of their captors and count it an accom-

plishment. The customs of the Coliseum are continued on college football-fields, and our stadium plans are a direct steal from the rogues who forced the idea on our forebears and then died from fatty degeneration of the cerebrum.

We regard any man who can speak and write the Latin language as being immune from the taunt of being a barbarian.

Once the barbarian was simply a man who was not a Roman, but when he learned the language of Rome he was accepted as a citizen, provided he did as the Romans did.

Also, the man who could speak Latin did no work—all the drudgery was performed by barbaric slaves. To do useful labor was to forfeit your social position.

And the precedent still survives in good society, and is fostered in our schools and colleges. Dead languages and dead ideas have long ruled the world.

To break from this tyranny of the past and point to an ideal that has never been realized will be the work of the pedagogue of the future ❧ ❧

We will not incarcerate the youth in order to teach him. Foul air and bad light will not always be ever-present factors in an education. We will work for qualities, not cleverness; for self-sufficiency, not " marks."

The ideal education will tend toward bodily grace and vigor—for physical effectiveness—for truth, courtesy, efficiency and happy self-reliance.

We will have physical culture, not athletics.

Nor will we segregate the sexes and seek for " passivity " as an element of an ideal motherhood, with patronizing reference to the " weaker sex," and gentle gibes, such as, " Frailty, thy name is Mary Jane."

A goodly part of our education will be useful effort in gardens, meadows, groves and fields, under the blue sky or in the face of wind and rain, men and women working side by side under

skilled leadership in joyous equality, filled with health and animation ❧ ❧

Out-of-door schools, where useful work forms the principal curriculum—not lessons from musty books and lectures by anemic professors—will cure us of our maladies, pluck from memory its rooted sorrow, render hospitals obsolete, eliminate asylums, render prisons useless and put a " For Rent " sign on every jail ❧ ❧

Time

TIME defies definition. It seems to be a form of measurement—not a thing. If nothing happened, we say there would be no time. The day, the month, the year, symbol happenings—the movement of our world, and other worlds.

You can not trace the beginning nor the end of time. But would n't time still be here, even though we did not use it for a measuring-rod?

While we calculate the end of worlds and of solar systems, time stretches away illimitable unfettered and uncontrolled — waiting to be used

The principal thing that differentiates man from the animals is his cognizance of time. Animals know when they are hungry, but they never look at the sun or make any sign which shows that they are speculating about time.

Birds and fowls go to roost when it grows dark, and become active when light returns. You can deceive them by darkening the room or turning on a light.

When a total eclipse happens, chickens accept it as a matter of course, and hunt their roosts; while we foretell time's happenings by the use of a watch and a calendar.

Just why we waste artificial light for from two to eight hours in the forepart of the night, and sleep that much over in the daytime, we do not know. Sleep was once a condition that occurred when darkness came and we could not work or wander.

" I will awake in thy light." " Work while it is called the day." Living naturally, we should work in the light of day and sleep during the dark. And the nearer a man does this now, the more capable he is.

Time mitigates all grief, cures all sickness, satisfies revenge, equalizes the high and the low, and finally with the help of Kindly

Death puts all on a parity. A great poet says, " What is time but the shadow of earth on the background of eternity? "

The Bible contains nine hundred sixty references to time.

Time goes on just the same when we sleep, and if we should fail to awake it would still go on. It will go on when watches cease to tick, when all animal life ceases to breathe, when stars cease to shine and suns to set. How can time cease? By no leap of mind can one imagine. But all the time that the individual can call his own is while he is awake. Sleep is the sister of Death.

When will Fate with her scissors clip the thread of time for me? I do not know, and this very uncertainty makes me prize time and work while it is called the day.

To limit the shock of my passing, and to ease my affairs over the shallows when my hand and brain can no longer guide them, prudence comes in and we accumulate wealth, which possibly I can never use, but which adds to the well-being of the world. ¶ And being wise we provide against the time when time shall be no longer ours. This spells progress.

The Railroad Trespasser

SMUGGLING has been termed a "woman's crime." This, because she is not supposed to know that smuggling and larceny are twin sisters in the eyes of the law. When she smuggles, she thinks that she is not depriving anybody of anything

And the argument is made that anything you have not missed has not injured you.

It is the same in taking or using railroad property. Railroad property, in the eyes of the proletariat, does not belong to anybody in particular. And if it does, it is owned by nabobs in New York, Boston and across the sea in London.

Several railroad companies have recently been putting forth special efforts under the State Laws to rid themselves of the trespasser, but in this they have had scant backing up from the public at large.

People who have been used to walking along the railroad-tracks, on the way to work from their homes, consider that they are being affronted when requested to keep to the highway.

Curiously enough, the States that have been most busy in passing laws restricting the rights of railroads are the ones in which the trespasser is considered not guilty of anything beyond taking a chance of being run over—and this one judge said, "is a private matter."

It is very sure that a federal law would gather up and incorporate in itself the best public opinion in the land, and this would be a forceful influence in the line of educating the public to the slogan, "Safety first."

Railroads have always been considered a sort of semi-public property. In the good old days before the Hepburn Bill, no one ever seemed to consider it a sin to steal from a railroad.

If we were going from Buffalo to Cleveland, we usually bought a ticket to Dunkirk.

A fifty-cent cash fare paid to the conductor gave us a two-dollar ride ❧ ❧

The lifting of lead pipe and brass connections went undisturbed as long as the capacity of pockets and dinner-pails was not exceeded. The railroad right of way was regarded as a right of way for the public. The jumping of railroad-trains was an accomplishment which every village boy acquired. This was certified to, and can still be proved, by the one-legged and one-armed, crippled, maimed and injured that every town possesses.

There are three States in the Union that have distinguished themselves as being essentially opposed to railroads. Yet it is a fact that the wealth and prosperity in the United States is owing more to our transportation facilities than to any other one thing. ¶ For lack of transportation, I have seen corn used for fuel, wheat go a-begging at ten cents a bushel, and hogs sold for two cents a pound. The coming of the railroad changed these things. ¶ It should not be forgotten that railroads are private property; but their business is to cater to the well-being of the public. ¶ Railroadmen are public servants, just as all good businessmen today are. And as a railroadman is responsible for the property of his road, he should have the right to exclude the trespasser whose presence tends to decrease safety and increase confusion.

But as the Hepburn Bill did away with the junket, and put the sale of transportation on a simple legitimate basis, so is a similar federal law needed, making trespassing on railroad property a crime. No State law will quite cover the subject; it must come as an adjunct to interstate commerce. The federal law is sufficiently impersonal to carry a healthful, deterrent influence on the hooligan ❧ ❧

And hooliganism is a peculiar manifestation that appears in the genus *homo* somewhere between the age of twelve and twenty.

When boys run away they hike for a railroad-train by prenatal tendency. The savage is then in the saddle; the hold-up man looms large as a popular ideal. To get something for nothing is the great desideratum. To destroy, and not get caught, is looked upon as manly. The hold-up man starts in by stealing nothing worse than a ride.

We see the youngsters hobbling around on crutches with one leg; but we do not see the thousands who are crushed into little-pig sausages and removed in a gunny-sack. These are as ten to one to those who lose an arm or a leg.

During the year Nineteen Hundred Twelve, the Pennsylvania Railroad killed on an average one trespasser a day.

Perhaps the worst about trespassing on railroad property is not so much the fact that the trespassers get killed occasionally, or injured, as that they menace the safety of the public.

These hooligans who steal transportation are mischief-makers, knowing nothing and caring less about the preservation of property or the safety of travel. They are thinking but of themselves.

¶ A few weeks ago I crawled into my nice, comfortable berth in a Pullman car at eleven o'clock at night.

In exactly two hours, I was awakened by a shock that told me the emergency-brake was being used.

There was a groaning, a screeching and a writhing of the car, then came a terrific shattering of glass.

The car was still on the rail when it was stopped.

I managed to get out of the car, and running ahead, I saw that the engine was upside down in the ditch, and that every car ahead of my Pullman was off the rails.

Two men were killed—the engineer and the fireman. We dug their lifeless bodies out from under the coal, and laid them on the grass. Subsequent events showed that the train had been derailed by two boys who had been put off a freight-train. These youngsters had broken into a section-house, obtained wrenches and

loosened a rail on a curve, so that when our engine struck it, it went into the ditch. Here was a deliberate piece of mischief, done by two irresponsible youths, who had n't brains or imagination enough to think of the way they were jeopardizing the lives of the passengers. They were only getting even with a grouchy freight-conductor!

The instance is only one of many. Every railroad in the United States is constantly defending damage-suits where trespassers have been injured. And curiously enough, in a great many cases, the courts hold the railroad responsible for an injury to a trespasser, the theory being that the railroad company should have made it its business not to allow trespassers on their property.

Trespassing continued acquires a certain legitimate right, according to the common law of England, which provides that a path across private property used by the public becomes in course of time a highway.

And so, the railroad is regarded as a semi-public highway. This is only possible by an appeal to the fuzzy-wuzzy sentimentalities of a jury that is made up of trespassers. What is needed is an awakening of the public conscience to the fact that a railroad right of way must be freed from the trespasser for the good of the trespasser, for the safety of passengers, for the well-being of the railroad, and the peace, good order and safety of everybody concerned.

No law can be enforced that is not backed up by public opinion. But I believe that there is a sufficient public opinion now existing against railroad-trespassing that would make a Federal Act on the subject as efficient as similar laws now are in Great Britain, Germany and France.

The Dynamiters

NO legal procedure in America has ever been of more widespread interest than the trial which culminated in Indianapolis, when thirty-eight men were convicted in the dynamite cases. ¶ The trial lasted just three months, and more than five hundred witnesses were examined. ¶ Judge Albert B. Anderson performed his strenuous duty with becoming dignity. Whenever possible, he gave the accused the benefit of the doubt. He allowed the fullest freedom of evidence for the defense in statements calculated to prove alleged alibis, or lack of motive, or inaccessibility.

Judge Anderson was born on a farm, and is a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks. He respects the laborer and his causes. But toward those who would live fat off the laborer, in the name of benefiting him, he was not so lenient.

Some of the convicted men complained bitterly about their attorneys. One was heard to say, " There is only one thing we do not like about this, and that is that our attorneys are not going to Leavenworth with us."

On the other hand, it is universally conceded that Judge Anderson saw to it that the whole case was conducted with impartiality, and with as little heat and vehemence and prejudice introduced by the attorneys as possible. Further, he was not to be stampeded or coerced from his position. If a dynamite cartridge were to be placed in the building where he held court, as was repeatedly threatened, and exploded during the trial, you may be sure he would have been right there, just the same.

The chief prosecutor, District Attorney Miller, also did his work well. He had plenty of opportunity for grandstand plays, but he did no oratorical sky-rocketing.

The verdict reached by the jury was unanimous. It was the only

verdict possible, and it seems to meet with the universal approval of the public at large.

Samuel Gompers, President of the Federation of Labor, of which all of the convicted men were members, has declined to make any comment one way or the other.

Other men, high in labor councils, have expressed satisfaction with the verdict and declare that the final tendency of the result will be to eliminate that faction in organized labor which has favored violence, conspiracy and revolution.

In his charge to the jury, Judge Anderson said: " This is not a trial of labor-unions. It is a trial of men who are union officials. Organized labor is not on trial here, nor is the right of labor to organize at issue; but members of labor organizations owe the same obedience to law, and are liable to the same punishment for its violation, as persons who are not members of such organizations. The defendants were not on trial for the various explosions and the consequent loss of life and property. They were on trial for simply two offenses: One was conspiracy against the law, the good order and the peaceful well-being of the community. The second charge was the conveying of high explosives on passenger-trains, both of which offenses are covered by United States statutes." ❧ ❧

The evidence of the actual work of destruction and the coming and going of the defendants were allowed on the trial in order to show motive. If dynamite and nitroglycerin were carried in dress-suit cases on passenger-trains, it was necessary to show who was carrying it, where the man was going, what he was going to do with the stuff when he got there.

The evidence was absolutely convincing, and in its mass overwhelming ❧ ❧

Credit must accrue to Detective Burns for massing the evidence and capturing the men, and the entire civilized world is under obligations to judge, jury, and prosecuting attorney for doing

their work so fearlessly and well. Here is a case where justice evidently did not miscarry.

When the men were marched, handcuffed, through the street, there was no demonstration, either for or against them. They were in the hands of the law, and the law was respected.

It is a case where the conviction and sentence can not be construed as martyrdom.

The convicted men have escaped with very light punishment, indeed. But organized labor has been taught a necessary lesson, and that is, that disregard of law, violence, destruction of property and the consequent injuring of human life are things that will not be tolerated in the United States of America. We are not yet ready to say, " To hell with the Constitution." We are not yet ready to recall decisions of judges. As a people, we have a wholesome respect for the law.

It is not believed that these violations will destroy organized labor, but rather, that organized labor has been purified, and it has been warned.

There was a time when men banded themselves together securely in order to fight selfishness, greed and tyranny and to secure justice

The entire tendency of the times is toward publicity. We are going right out into the white light. The gum-shoe brigade is being eliminated from every enterprise and walk of life.

Senator Kern, in his very able address to the jury in behalf of the defense, pointed to the fact that members of religious sects once had been guilty of conspiracy and had banded themselves together in order to force their conclusions on the world.

Here was an implied defense for the men under indictment. It was to the effect that these men had been carried away by their zeal for the unions, and in an endeavor to free their brothers from the turmoils of the wage system, had fought fire with fire.

¶ The argument was largely specious, and the jury evidently so

accepted it. But the judge allowed the attorneys for the defense to go the limit, and their endeavors to show that the dynamiting was all a move in the line of social equality and economic justice were placed before the jury at length.

During the trial, more than a hundred cases of dynamiting were traced. The work of destruction began in Nineteen Hundred Four, and gradually grew bolder, until it evolved into a system.

The guilt of the McNamaras was confirmed over and over.

¶ Previous to the formation of the American Bridge Company, which occurred about Nineteen Hundred Two, the Structural Iron Workers and the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers of North America had everything their own way. They are rather a rough class of men, careless of life and property, and drawn mostly from the class of sailors who were crowded out of their occupation by the introduction of steam for sailing vessels. The officers of the organization ran the price per hour up from twenty-two cents to as high as seventy-five cents. And as the price of labor went up, the work deteriorated in quantity as well as quality, and the Bridge Companies and the erectors of the country were at their wits' end. The workers were drunk on success. Their one animating motive was to get as much and do as little as possible. The employers' interests and the rights of the public were waived or scouted. Some one formed the American Bridge Company—which is a consolidation of Keystone, King Bridge and other large companies—just to handle this labor problem. The smaller concerns, left on the outside of the trust, found themselves unable to compete. So they formed what is known as the National Erectors' Association, of which Walter Drew is the active head.

They decided, after they had come to an agreement with the American Bridge Company—about Nineteen Hundred Four—that the time was ripe for them to try to get control of their business

So, in the City of New York, they began to make preparations for the Open Shop, in the erecting of the buildings.

The Erectors' Association had quarters in Union Square, and during the fight of the first year their headquarters were blown up with dynamite no less than six times during the Summer.

But the National Erectors' Association won its fight in New York City for the Open Shop, and cleaned out that class of structural-iron workers who had been causing the trouble.

And these men, out of a job and sore, drifted West, like the tide of Empire.

In the early part of this trouble the American Bridge Company entered into the California market, and succeeded in putting their buildings up with Open-Shop material.

When the fight was being centered upon the Structural Iron Workers' Union, the headquarters were moved to Indianapolis—which was made a sort of home of international headquarters of various Unions.

At one time there were as high as eleven there.

All labor-unions have a community of interests, and all these that have headquarters in Indianapolis are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, of which, of course, as we all know, Mr. Gompers is the head.

In no single instance has there been destruction of bridges or buildings where there was not a controversy on between the Open and Closed Shop idea.

In other words, where the work was being done under the control of the Structural Iron Workers' Union, there never was any dynamiting. But in every one of the hundred instances the work was being done by non-union labor in opposition to the Structural Iron Workers' Union.

And if Mr. Gompers ever lifted a finger or uttered a word to stop dynamiting we do not know of it.

When the International Typographical Union decided to make a

universal demand for an eight-hour day in newspaper-offices, they naturally looked to California, and they succeeded in placing the eight-hour day everywhere except in Los Angeles. They could not get a foothold there, and General Otis was the one man who kept them out.

As President of the California Federation of Labor, P. H. McCarthy was drawn into this controversy; and Lynch of the Typographical Union, and McCarthy went before the American Federation of Labor, in convention assembled at Denver, and asked for support in their endeavor to enforce the demands of the International Typographical Union upon Los Angeles.

The whole matter was threshed out in executive session, and it resulted in the establishment by the American Federation of what is known as the " Los Angeles Fight Fund," and the injection into the city of Los Angeles of several of the Federation's militant organizers.

Previous to the instances just related, there were no what you might call overt acts committed. There was no slugging, no dynamiting, nor any destruction in Los Angeles, and, so far as the outside world knew, there was no trouble.

But immediately the funds began to be placed in Los Angeles, and the Militant Organizers arrived, trouble began.

The fight waxed bitter, and culminated in the dynamiting of the *Times* building, when twenty-two lives were destroyed in the fraction of a minute.

As to the community of interests, and the connection between the International Typographical Union and the Structural Iron Workers: In the unionizing of Los Angeles, or rather its attempt, the whole matter was under the control of McCarthy, who recognized that as long as Los Angeles was not under the domination of the California Federation of Labor, his control of the State was not completed.

In his address before the Federation, in convention at Denver,

he promised, if given support and control of money, he would whip Los Angeles into line. Through the American Federation of Labor, more than one hundred fifty thousand dollars was collected and spent in this effort.

The fight was on through the International Typographical Union, which gradually spread under the auspices of the California Federation of Labor.

A large sum of money was raised by the Union Labor for the defense of the accused men. Their innocence was loudly protested and their arrest hotly denounced.

Into the fight certain Socialists butted in. And the Socialistic papers have all along revealed a sympathy with the convicted dynamiters ❧ ❧

No one claims that Union Labor, as a whole, nor the Socialist party, as a party, was engaged in dynamiting. But that the dynamiting was done by members of a union, no sane man will dispute; and that popular Socialism sympathizes with the dynamiting is also true.

From these things, we draw two inferences.

First, Union Labor, unchecked, would develop into violent and destructive anarchy, and create a tyranny far worse than the condition it now seeks to overthrow.

Second, Socialism is not a thing, it is a sentiment. And this sentiment, unrestrained, encouraged, abetted and evolved, would lead to revolution, with dynamiting and destruction as a prominent, legitimate and recognized part of its propaganda. Safety lies in a balance of power.

The original fight of the International Typographical Union became a fight to unionize every trade in Los Angeles, and naturally embraced the Structural Iron Workers, on account of the erection of steel sky-scrapers. Naturally, the Los Angeles *Times*, being the voice of the opponent of the Closed Shop idea, and being a powerful one, was the red rag to the bull. And it was openly

stated that the stumbling-block to the success of Union Labor was the *Times*. The *Times* was warned, but Otis refused to swerve ☙ ☙

The government authorities at large throughout the United States seemed very loath to begin any campaign against the dynamiters, indirectly fearing " Union Labor." With the killing of twenty-one innocent persons, however, Public Opinion was aroused ☙ ☙

So we can truthfully say that the credit for the complete squelching of this conspiracy, if it goes to any one person, must be credited to General Otis. He is the one man who was in the fight from start to finish.

Oatmeal and Haggis

COTLAND is a good country to be born in; it is a good country to get out of; and at times it may be a good country to go back to.

I once attended a dinner given to James Barrie in London.

One of the speakers sprung the usual joke about how when the Scotch leave Scotland they never go back. When Barrie arose to reply he said: " Perhaps it is true that the Scotch, when they leave their native land, seldom return. If so, there is surely precedent. In truth, Englishmen have been known to go to Scotland, and never return. Once there was quite a company of Englishmen went to Scotland and they never returned. The place where they went was Bannockburn."

In literature Scotland has exceeded her quota. From Adam Smith, with his deathless *Wealth of Nations,* and Tammas, the Techy Titan, with his *French Revolution,* to Bobbie Burns and Robert Louis, the Well-Beloved, we have a people who have been saying things and doing things, since John Knox made pastoral calls on Mary, Queen of Scots, and saw the Devil's tail behind her chair.

¶ Thomas Henry Buckle, in his immortal preface to his *History of Civilization,* says that the science of Political Economy was born in Scotland, and Adam Smith's book has influenced the world for good more than any other book ever written, save none.

¶ Doctor Johnson pretended to hate the Scotch, but he lives for us only because he was well Boswellized by a Scotchman. And now nobody knows just how much of Boswell is Doctor Johnson and how much is Boswell.

What Massachusetts has done for the United States, Scotland did for Great Britain.

The Scotch gave us the iron ship, the steam-engine, the lamp-chimney, the telephone.

Also, they supplied us Presbyterianism. And this being true, they also supplied the antidote in David Hume.

We have been told that it is necessary to agree with a Scotchman or else kill him. But this is a left-handed libel, like unto the statement that the reason the Scotch cling to breeks is because the breeks have no pockets, and when the drinks are mentioned Sandy fumbles for siller, but is never able to find the price, and so lets some one else foot the bill. Another bit of classic persiflage is to the effect that there are no Jews in Scotland, because they could no more exist there than they could in New Hampshire, and this for a like reason—they find competition too severe. The canny Scot with his beautiful "nearness" lives in legend and story in a thousand forms. The pain a Scotchman suffers on having to part with a shilling is pictured by Ian MacLaren and Sir Walter ❧ ❧

Then came Christopher North and Doctor John Brown with deathless Scotch stories of sacrifice and unselfishness that shame the world, and secure the tribute of our tears.

To speak of the Scotch as having certain exclusive characteristics is to be a mental mollycoddle.

As a people they have all the characteristics that make strong men and women, and they have them plus. The Scotch supply us the eternal paradox. Against the tales of money meanness and miserly instincts, we have Andrew Carnegie, who has given away more money in noble causes than any other man who has ever lived since history began.

The Scotch stand in popular estimate for religious bigotry, yet the offense of Andrew Carnegie to a vast number of people is his liberal attitude of mind in all matters pertaining to religion. ¶ Then the Scotch are supposed to be a pugnacious, quarrelsome and fighting people, but here is a man who has made his name known as the symbol of disarmament and international peace. ¶ In the list of great American businessmen you will find that

transplanted Scotch and the Scottish corpuscle play a big part. James Oliver, George A. Macbeth, Philip D. Armour, James McCrea, Andrew Carnegie, Cyrus H. McCormick, James J. Hill and Pirie MacDonald are good specimen bricks.

These men were the very antitheses of dogmatists and sectarians. They respected all religions, but had implicit faith in none. All were learners; all were men of peace; all had a firm hold on the plain, old, simple virtues which can not be waived when you make up your formula for a man. They were industrious, systematic, economical, persistent and physically sound.

If there is any secret in the success of the Scotch it lies in the fact that they are such good animals. The basis of life is physical. Snow, ice, rock, thistles, cockleburs, difficulty, hardship—all are great raw stock for the making of men.

The climate of Scotland makes for a sturdy manhood that pays cash, asks for no odds, and seldom apologizes for being on earth. There may be substitutes for industry, economy, truth-telling and health, but so far no one has ever discovered them. The Scotch, as a people, have a firm grip on these primal virtues.

A Government Railroad

IT is a new proposition for the United States of America to construct, equip, own and manage a railroad.

But a bill is now in the United States Senate providing that Uncle Sam shall become railway-builder ❧ ❧

The plan and purpose is to build a thousand miles of railroad in Alaska at Government expense, the money to be raised by an issue of three-per-cent bonds in such sums as may be necessary. No limit is set as to the amount of money that will be raised or used ❧ ❧

This railroad system in Alaska is to be operated by a commission of five men.

The bill seems to have the approval of the best men in Congress. Public sentiment favors it; and when public sentiment is with you, everything succeeds, and without it everything fails. So said Abraham Lincoln.

Public sentiment is opposed to conservation that conserves for generations yet unborn, and makes the generations that now exist suffer. ¶ A conservation that does not take care of the present wants and needs of the people now on earth is silly and absurd. We have a deal of this conservation which was prompted by the Law of Inertia.

It is easier to do nothing than to do something. It is very much easier to set apart a great tract of land and dedicate it to the prairie-dogs, the owls, the coyotes and the rattlesnakes, than plat it, plant it, irrigate it, and thus make the waste places green. ¶ If one wants a little object-lesson, unforgetable, of the folly of conservation without intelligent purpose, let him view the military reservation in the City of Salt Lake. There will be found a thousand acres, right at the foot of the mountains, beautiful in

situation beyond description; behind are the snow-capped hills; to the West the horizon is bounded by the great inland Salt Sea. ¶ And here is this thousand acres of beautiful, gently undulating land, surrounded on three sides by a residence district where happy and prosperous people live. The homes come right up to the line, and beyond this Uncle Sam has said, thus far and no farther. People who own these homes plant trees, flowers and vegetables. They water their lawns. They have side walks, electric lights, pavements, and every good and beautiful thing that Nature can supply or man invent.

But what has Uncle Sam done on his thousand acres? Absolutely nothing. A few trees have been planted and then forgotten; and their dead branches creak and jibber in the winds that blow the sands across the empty vacant space. The buildings in this military reservation were built thirty or forty years ago. They represent pioneer architecture, and the whole tract and all of the buildings seem a sort of appendenda vermiformis to this progressive, growing, advancing municipality.

It is an object-lesson in the greatest futility that has ever cursed the world ❧ ❧

Here one finds soldiering carried to its logical limit, and we behold exactly what occurred during the Dark Ages—that night of a thousand years when the warrior was supreme. The Government owes it to the people to allow them to utilize the earth, or as much of it as Uncle Sam has title to.

The products of the earth, agricultural and mineral, have no value without transportation. So this move on the part of the Government to open up the wealth of Alaska with the aid of efficient transportation is a great stride to the front. ¶ Food separated from human bodies is valueless, and coal hopelessly out of reach of stoves is nil.

Conservation must be sensible and sane, otherwise it is a mangy bulldog in the manger, and tyranny, rank and cantankerous.

Rise of Business Supervision

IN Seventeen Hundred Ninety-six, there was formed the Manchester Board of Health. This was the first move of its kind in the world. Its intent was to guard the physical interests of factory-workers. Its desire was to insure light, ventilation and sanitary conveniences for the toilers. Beyond this it did not seek to go.

The mill superintendents lifted a howl. They talked about interference. They barred their doors against public inspection. They declared it was all a private matter between themselves and the workers—a matter of contract. ¶ Robert Owen, it seems, was the first factory superintendent to invite inspection of his factory. ¶ He worked with the Board of Health, not against it. He refused to employ children under ten years of age, and though there was a tax on windows he supplied plenty of light and also fresh air.

So great was the ignorance of the workers that they regarded the factory laws as an infringement on their rights. The greed and foolish fears of the mill-owners prompted them to put out the good old argument that a man's children were his property, and that for the State to dictate to him where they should work, when and how, was a species of tyranny. Work was good for children! Let them run the streets? Never!

Factories were built alongside of poorhouses and orphan asylums. Paupers and children were worked like packmules.

When a man who worked a hundred orphans fourteen hours a day, boys and girls from six to twelve, was accused of cruelty, he defended himself by saying, " If I does n't work 'em all the time, 'cept when they sleep and eat, they will learn to play and then never work."

This argument was repeated by many fond parents as conclusive.

¶ The stress of the times—having many machines in one building, all run by one motor power, the necessity of buying raw material in quantities, the expense of finding a market—all these combined to force the invention of a very curious economic expediency. It was called a Joint Stock Company. From a man and his wife and his children making things at home, we get two or three men going into partnership and hiring a few of their neighbors at day wages.

Then we get the system of " shareholding," with hundreds or thousands of people as partners in a manufacturing enterprise which they never visit.

The people who owned the shares were the ones who owned the tools. Very naturally, they wanted and expected dividends for the use of the tools. That was all they wanted—dividends. The manager of the mill held his position only through the ability to make the venture bring returns. The people who owned the shares or the tools never saw the people who used the tools. A great gulf lay between them. For the wrongs and injustice visited upon the workers no one person was to blame. The fault was shifted. Everybody justified himself. And then came the saying, " Corporations have no souls."

Robert Owen was manager of a mill, yet he saw the misery, the ignorance and the mental indifference that resulted from the factory system. He, too, must produce dividends, but the desire of his heart was also to mitigate the lot of the workers. He, too, believed in work for children, but it must be under happy conditions, and most of the time out-of-doors.

Books were written by good men picturing the evils of the factory system. Comparisons were made between the old and the new, in which the hideousness of the new was etched in biting phrase. Some tried to turn the dial backward and revive the cottage industries, as did Ruskin a little later. *A Dream of John Ball* was anticipated, and many sighed for the good old times.

But among the many philosophers and philanthropists who wrestled with the problem, Robert Owen seems to have stood alone in the belief that success lay in going on, and not in turning back. He set himself to making the new condition tolerable and prophesied a day when out of the smoke and din of strife would emerge a condition that would make for health, happiness and prosperity such as this tired old world has never seen. Robert Owen was the world's first Modern Businessman. He sympathized with the toilers; and he safeguarded his customers. He was the friend of his helpers, and the friend of the public. Very naturally he was called a dreamer. Some called him an infidel, and the enemy of society.

Now we call him a seer and a prophet.

The Corner Candy Store

NEAR every public school in all of our towns and cities will be found a candy-shop.

The enterprise is usually in charge of a very old woman, a decrepit man, or some one who needs assistance and has been set up in business by some charitable relative.

At recess-time many of the children make a rush for this candy-shop. They want to go somewhere, for the idea of exploring his environment is one of the strongest attributes of childhood. ¶ The child is hungry, or thinks he is. He has a craving to eat something and chew something and swallow something, and so he buys cookies, gingerbread, chocolate-creams, ice-cream cones, all-day suckers, and invests in fruit which, for the most part, has been bought because it was cheap and afforded a profit. Indiscriminate eating between meals is one of the worst habits that the child can acquire.

Regular hours to eat and regular hours to sleep seem absolutely necessary for a high degree of health.

The dangers that lurk in the corner candy-shop are too great to overlook

We hear much about the corner saloon, but an argument can be put up for the saloon to the effect that it is the poor man's club. And the man who has toiled long and hard has the right to find rest and a degree of dissipation, forgetfulness and oblivion from the eternal grind.

But no such argument can be put up for the corner candy-shop

Of course, we do not blame the individual who runs it. He is simply a good man in a bad business. Parents and teachers are the ones to blame, because if there were no customers there would be no candy-shop. My belief is that a corner candy-shop can work

a greater harm to society than does the corner saloon. One thing sure, it has ten times as many customers.

Eating candies and indigestible things in the middle of the day unfits the child for study, spoils his teeth, taints his breath, tends to ruin his digestion, racks his nerves. He becomes weak, yellow, nervous, irritable and easily evolves into a cigarette-fiend. This corner candy-shop comes to us from London. I have seen in London schools rewards of pennies offered for especially good work in the line of study. And then at recess-time the youngsters were allowed and encouraged to go out with their pennies and spend them ❧ ❧

Boys and girls should understand that money is not to be spent for useless trifles. And just why money should be given to children before they know how to use it is something we have not so far been told.

Until children are old enough to earn money they should not have any, for no one knows the value of a dollar until he has labored for it ❧ ❧

Children should be taught everywhere, by their teachers, that the candy-shop is not a necessity for their well-being—that danger and disease lurk therein.

The quality of the stuff sold in the candy-shop is way below par. The place is unsanitary, unhygienic, non-systematized, and affords no lesson in business.

Oral righteousness is now being taught in a great number of public schools, and the time will come when the care of the teeth will be considered just as necessary as the schooling of the brain.

¶ The first requisite is to be a good animal, and in order to be a good animal the corner candy-shop has got to go.

In the city of Portland, where there are supervised playgrounds, and gardens as well, I noticed that the children at recess-time do not look for a place to spend money. They were let right out into the open, and they knew what they were going to do. And

instead of wandering out across the street and down to the corner candy-shop, they go at once to their games or to their work in the gardens.

The antidote for the candy shop is the supervised playground or the school-garden.

School-teaching is on a very crude, rude, lowly basis when there is no supervision of the children at recess-time, and where there is no instruction and supervision along the line of dietetics and of outdoor physical culture.

The corner candy-shop has got to go. It should be starved out. Let the owner take up something worth while. And let us all get it fixed in our heads that giving money to children is neither kindness nor commonsense. It is teaching economics out of season. The sooner the attention of teachers is focused on this evil, the better for humanity and the better for the generations that are to follow.

Right Thinking

THERE is a nervous disease called *paranoia*. Its first symptom is the belief that some one is plotting to undo you.

The holding of such a thought feeds the malady. We believe things first and look for proof later; and when the idea is once fixed in a man's mind that some one is his enemy, reasons light as air are to him confirmation strong as Holy Writ.

The individual who thinks he is hated is most unlovable, and he will be hated, in fact, very shortly, because his mental attitude invites it.

Hate is catching.

Love only responds to love.

Incipient paranoia manifests itself in suspicion, distrust and jealousy.

Acute paranoia reveals itself in pronounced hallucinations, and efforts in the line of revenge, even to the taking of the lives of innocent persons.

Every police-captain is familiar with the phase of paranoia where persons with staring eyes and cold sweat upon their foreheads demand protection from supposed enemies that are upon their track.

The psychologist can look down the paranoiac's past and see the time when the disease was only the germ of a distrust or a glimmering suspicion.

Emerson said, " I have in me the germ of every crime." And just so are we all potential paranoiacs. To harbor the thought of wrong is to warm and vivify the germ.

If a person injures me accidentally, I am quite willing to forgive him. If I think he did it purposely, I want to fight. The matter lies with me and not with him. My mental state controls the

situation—it is violence or peace, just as I think. It is quite possible for me to attribute an evil intent where none exists. If we can think wrong we bring wrong into being, and thus create a condition of hate out of nothing.

Then if we can attribute wrong intent to others, of course, others may attribute wrong to us. Yet we know that, at the last, what we desire most is to be loved and trusted. And yet this person who attributes malice to us can, if we are not guarded, control us through a wrong thought, so as to make us unlovely and unlovable

In certain physical conditions we think less of people than in others. I know a man who hates everybody and everything until about ten o'clock in the morning. By noon he is quite approachable and for an hour or so after dinner he is usually gentle and generous

Does not the amount of wrong and injustice in the world vary with us all according to our physical condition?

We do not fear anything but evil.

The fear of evil is largely, if not entirely, a morbid and therefore an insane idea.

From these things I gather that each man is really the Creator of the World in which he lives. And what is more, every man creates in his own image. Without an evil thought there never would have been any evil in the world. Banish evil thought and thought of evil, and there would not now be any evil in the world.

¶ The thought of evil is born of fear.

Paranoia as a disease is the direct result of fear—we fear some one is going to harm us, and then we hate. Hate is manifestation of fear, and therefore is a species of cowardice.

Fear affects the circulation, even at times to stopping forever and instantly the action of the heart. Faulty circulation affects every organ, and most of all the organs of digestion. And impaired digestion at once affects the mind.

Impaired digestion means impaired thought. The treatment we receive at the hands of others is very largely the reflection of our own mental attitude toward them. As a man thinketh, so is he ❧ ❧

Think no Evil!

Investigation

PAY close attention to Investigation. ¶ Man is an investigating animal. Living naturally he will inquire—he wants to know. He is an eternal citizen of Missouri, by divine right, and his shibboleth is, " Show Me! "

The willingness and the ability to investigate are distinguishing features of the strong and able person. Slaves do not investigate, they crouch and crawl. Through investigating does the man become stronger and more able.

Strength is the reward of exercise. The prayer of Saint Cassiodorus was, " O God, give unto Thy servant the hospitable mind and the receptive heart."

To investigate subjects that are hidden and unknown to us, and by persistent mental effort make them clear, is the greatest joy known to human kind.

But there is no end to investigation.

After every height we scale, we see heights beyond.

Alexander died sighing for more worlds to conquer; but no such difficulty confronts us: we see a Milky Way of worlds to conquer.

And as sane and sensible men we realize that the best of life lies in the struggle, and not in the achievement.

To investigate is to grow.

Socrates said, " If the Almighty should come to me with complete success in His right hand, and an eternal struggle for success in His left, I would take the left."

To struggle is to evolve: to investigate is to become. ¶ Before we study a theme or thing or subject, we should investigate and approve of it by our highest intellect.

The willingness to investigate precludes prejudice. It obliterates hate. It routs fear. To investigate means to appreciate good wherever you may find it. Investigation lights up the dark abyss

where ignorance gropes and stumbles, and reveals to us beauties before unguessed.

To be willing to investigate all creeds, all platforms, all sciences, all plans for human betterment, is to be lifted out of the Slough of Despond and made universal.

The opposite of universality is provincialism. Man is a citizen of the universe, not an alien or an interloper dwelling in a province. To be provincial is to be limited, but man by nature is divine and should set no bounds to his being.

Investigation strengthens Self-Reliance, augments Concentration, inspires Industry, and makes it easy to be loyal to his highest and best

The Dead Beat

TO secure food and shelter at a hotel and not pay is now, anywhere in America, a penal offense. In several States if a person fails to pay a dressmaker, a coachman, a washerwoman or any other person who does a service in way of manual labor, the offense is larceny, and the person so failing to pay can be apprehended and placed in jail.

Be it said that this law was passed through the efforts of women who saw that certain of the rich and so-called respectable element in America were imitating the nobility of Europe and occasionally turning down with high and haughty mien the men and women who work with their hands.

A few years ago a " lady " could hire a " woman " to come to her house, make a dress and when the dress was complete and the woman asked for her wage, the lady could seek satisfaction for a pricking conscience by flying into a rage and calling the dressmaker a nasty this and that, and then slamming the door in her face

This is no longer possible: in all large cities are associations who see that such bills are collected without expense or humiliation to the toiler. ¶ But the point to which I here call attention is, that in America a condition exists that makes this law necessary. ¶ Of course there has long been provided a civil process whereby if a man owes a butcher or a grocer or a tailor the creditor can collect, if the debtor has property; but the law says, " Beware of whom you trust." Then there is another species of debts contracted by betting or gambling. And here we get an anomaly: the men who scrupulously pay debts of honor, and would feel disgraced for life did they not do so, are often the very men who " do " the grocer and the butcher and the tailor whenever possible. ¶ The men who wear overalls and carry tin pails are very seldom

dead-beats; but men who carry dress-suit cases, wear two watch-chains, and drive horses with docked tails very often are.

In every small town, especially a town that is near a large city, there is a regular little community of these dead-beat aristocrats —folks who draw forty foot of water but never pay cash. East Aurora has one man who thinks he has missed something if not brought " up on sups " at least once a month. He can parry the brightest lawyer for two hours on a stretch, and furnish more fun for the natives than a box of monkeys, as he explains how he lives like a duke on his wife's money.

But there is one thing these dead-beats pay, and that is social obligations; these they defray with a punctiliousness that partakes of religious zeal. Thus they pay only their kind. The butcher or the grocer to them is a foreigner, an alien, an enemy, and they confiscate his goods without ruth.

But we should be gentle with the dead-beat, for does he not take advantage of the alien only that he may secure the smiles of his own people? His kind does not ask if the dress is paid for, only does it fit in the back.

And this brings us up to the point, that morality is the thing upon which your friends smile, and immorality is the thing upon which they frown. Thus, morality, as General Hancock said of the tariff, is largely a local issue.

All men recognize in their hearts that they must have the good will of some other men. To be separated from your kind is death, to have their good will is life—and this desire for sympathy and this alone shapes conduct.

We are governed by public opinion, and until we regard mankind as our friends and all men as brothers—not those who merely " belong "—so long will men combine in sects and cliques and keep the millennium of Peace and Good Will a very dim and distant thing.

Why I Am a Philistine

I HAVE received a long and carefully written letter from an unknown gentleman who signs himself " Retired Clergyman."

The Great Obscure favor me quite often with anonymous epistles, but life being short and the waste basket wide, I seldom reply. Yet now an exception must be made and I answer " Retired Clergyman" for the sole and simple reason that he has " retired," and in retiring he has made the world his debtor. Probably no one act of this man's entire life was so potent for good as this. He has set all clergymen without humor a most precious precedent. In gratitude, hoping that his example will bear fruit, I reply.

¶ Did space permit I would be glad to print my correspondent's letter entire, but the gist of his scholarly argument is that The Society of the Philistines is endeavoring to make free-thought universal and paganism popular. He stoutly avers that the ancient Philistines were the enemies of Jehovah, that they worshipped strange gods and that they were the sworn foes of the Chosen People

Now this is the sad part: he proves his case.

The gentleman explains that he would not have seen the PHILISTINE MAGAZINE had not his daughter, " an unmarried lady of thirty-two," purchased several copies; but from this on, with his permission, no more numbers of this " infidelic infernal machine " shall enter his house.

My heart goes out to all unmarried ladies of thirty-two. Especially so when they have fathers who are irascible; only one worse fate can befall a woman of thirty-two than to have an irascible father, and that is to have a lover who is irate. Still I doubt not but that the daughter of " Retired Clergyman " will find a way to read the PHILISTINE—booklets laugh at locksmiths!

Yet, ignorance prevails, for is not " Retired Clergyman" living proof? And so I will say: There lived in the Far East about three thousand years ago a tribe of people known as Philistines. It is a hotly mooted question among the theologians whether they were so-called because they lived in Philistia or whether Philistia took its name on account of being peopled by Philistines. I will not take sides in this issue, but hedge closely and simply stand firm on the fact that a tribe called the Philistines existed. Near them lived the Hivites, the Moabites, the Canaanites, the Hittites, the Jebusites, the Perizzites, the Ammonites and the Gothamites ❧ ❧

Now among these tribes none were so strong, none so intelligent, none so virtuous as the Philistines.

And it came to pass that the superior quality of moral fibre in the Philistines caused the entire country to be known as Philistia; it was the general name given to the whole valley of the Jordan. And the name endures even unto this day.

Palestine means the Land of the Philistines.

And it seems that among them there was a rude sense of right and wrong. For if a man owned a piece of ground and planted a vine on it, and then watered and tended this vine, the grapes that grew on this vine were his, and all of the people agreed to this, and the man and his neighbors knew all this without a Dispensation ❧ ❧

These people planted vineyards, and had gardens, and fields of wheat and of barley. They had barns with threshing floors, and they had carts, plows and other implements. They builded houses and owned their homes; and the men loved their wives and their children; and the women were the comrades of the men—all taking part in the sports as well as in the work, for they were a merry, happy people.

Now about thirteen centuries before Christ, while they were living in peace and prosperity, there swooped down upon them

a horde of escaped slaves, called Israelites. These slaves had broken away from their masters in Egypt. The country to which they travelled was only about three hundred miles from Egypt, but as their average speed was less than a mile a week it took them forty years to make the journey.

The man who led these slaves in their flight was one Moses, who had killed a man in Egypt and fled. After many years of exile, during which time he had been in Philistia and liked it, he returned and led the exodus. When the Israelites left they took all the gold and silver ornaments and utensils they could " borrow," and melted them up. And they were not ashamed of this act, for they have written it down in the third chapter of a book called Exodus. The ancient Israelites never had any clear ideas as to the rights of property. When they found grapes growing on a vine they helped themselves and swore that the fruit was theirs by Divine right.

In order to impress this ignorant, barbaric horde with the sense of authority, Moses told the people that God directed him, and that Deity told him what to do and say.

Moses used to go up on a mountain, clear above the clouds, beyond where the mists hover, and when he came down the people asked him what he had been up there for, and he told them he went up to see God. In no other way could Moses control this restless mob except by saying God says so and so.

¶ And the fact that their leader was on such good terms with Elohim or Yoevh, inflated these people so that they always spoke of themselves as " the Chosen People of God." The Jebusites, the Hittites and the Moabites never referred to the Israelites as the Chosen People of God. No one called them the Chosen People of God—only they themselves.

And I wish to say right here that the individual who does a great and magnificent work *is* on close and friendly terms with God. He *is* the Son of God, and it is necessary that he should feel this

kinship in order to do his work. From Moses, the called of God, on up to Socrates, who listened to the Dæmon, to George Fox, who hearkened to the Voice, to the Prophets of our own time, all lie low in the Lord's hand and listen closely ere they act. A man is strong only when he feels that he is backed by a Power, not his own, that makes for Righteousness.

When I think of these brave souls, the Saviours of the World, who have sought to lead men out of the captivity of evil—feeling and knowing that they were the Sons of God—I stand uncovered. But a mass of people—a crowd, a mob—that claims to be a "Chosen People" is a sight to make angels weep. "You can not indict a class" said Macaulay; corporations have no souls, and a horde that claims to be inspired is only a howling cowardly Thing. Great men are ever lonely and live apart, but birds of a feather flock together because they fear to flock alone. They want warmth and protection—they are afraid. A mob is the quintessence of cowardice—a dirty, mad, hydra-headed monster, that one good valiant St. George can thrust to the heart. When a mob speaks I say: Vox populi vox Devil!

At the time the Israelites tumbled in pell-mell onto the Philistines Moses had long been dead. The mob was without a leader and quarrel was rife amid its broken ranks. In a mad rush they stampeded the herds of the Philistines, scattered their flocks, destroyed their gardens, and as excuse they shouted: We are the Chosen People of God! And one of their Poets sang a song, two lines of which run thus:

Moab is my wash-pot,
Over Philistia will I cast my shoe.

This only made the Philistines laugh, and although the Israelites outnumbered them, they went at it and scattered them. Finally after long years of warfare, the fight was called a draw, and the

Jews settled down and following the good example of the Philistines made themselves homes.

Of course, as sane men and women, we of today do not suppose that the great Universal Intelligence that holds the worlds in the hollow of His hand had much interest in the fight. If this Intelligence were a Being, I can imagine Him looking over the battlement of Heaven and turning with a weary smile to Gabriel, saying, " Let 'em fight—what boots it! they will all be dead tomorrow, anyway."

It is a noteworthy fact that in the first chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew the Inspired Writer traces the genealogy of Jesus direct to the Philistines. In the sixth verse we find " David begat Solomon of her who had been the wife of Urias." Back of this is Ruth the Moabitess, who was the grandmother of David. There is no such thing as tracing a pure Jewish lineage back to the time of Moses. The Jews went a-courting as soon as they arrived on the borders of Canaan; and the heathen quite fancied the Israelitish women from the first. In the book of Ruth, first chapter and fourth verse I see, " And they took them wives out of the country of Moab." The houses of Capulet and Montague have ever intermarried—it seems a quiet way Nature has of playing a little joke

And after a painstaking study of the matter I am fully convinced that the sterling qualities in the Jew are derived from his Philistine ancestry. No one doubts that Solomon was the wisest man that ever was. His mother was a Philistine. Now no man is ever greater than his mother, and it is very plain that the great wisdom of Solomon was derived from this pagan woman whose body nourished him; in whose loving arms he was cradled; and whose intellect first fired his aspiration. This is all made plainer yet when we remember that David had many sons by Jewish women, and that all of these sons were positively no good—and some of them very, very bad. The facts are found in the Second Book of

Samuel—a book, by the way, which no respectable girl should allow her mother to read.

But if any captious critic arises and denies the Law of Heredity, for argument's sake, I 'll waive this matter of maternal transmission of excellence and rest my case as to Solomon's wisdom on the fact that he married over four hundred Philistine women. And as stated by Sir Walter Besant in a recent story, " a newly married woman always tells her husband everything she knows," I will feel safe in saying that Solomon's transcendent wisdom was derived from Philistinic sources.

Only one incident in the history of this people do I wish to set straight before the world at this writing—that is the story of Goliath. According to recently discovered cuneiform inscriptions it is found that the giant lived long enough to attend the funeral of David, so it is hardly likely that David slew him. David probably threw pebbles at the warrior, but the giant of course paid no attention to the boys that followed him—going along about his business just as any other dignified giant would have done. But David went home and told that he had killed the man —and the Israelites wishing to leave a proud record wrote the tale down as history. This story was interpolated into the Bible during the fore part of the Third Century.

In David's case summer and autumn quite fulfilled the promise of spring. That eleventh chapter of Second Samuel, showing how he stole Bath-Sheba and then killed Uriah, her husband, reveals the quality of the man. But it was left for his dying act to crown a craven career. With his last lingering breath—with the rattle of death in his throat—he gasped to his son, referring to a man who had never wronged him, " His hoar head bring thou down to the grave in blood! " With the utterance of these frightful words his soul passed out into the Unknown. In all that David wrote not a word can I find that hints at his belief in a future life—he simply never thought of it! and dying as a dog dies, he

gnashed at Shimei, whose offense was that thirty-five years before he had told David a little wholesome truth. Shimei was a brave fellow and David dare not fight him, so he made a truce with him and swore an oath that he would never molest him, but dying he charged Solomon to search him out with a sword. This is recorded by the Inspired Writer in the ninth verse of the second chapter of First Kings.

With forty-one distinct crimes to David's charge, the killing of nine hundred thousand men and two hundred thousand women and children, the houghing of thousands of horses, all of which is set down in infallible Holy Writ, his record is very bluggy. In fact, his whole life's pathway is streaked with infamy.

David being a literary man of acknowledged merit, I have given him more attention than I would a plain, every-day king. And I now brand him as an all 'round rogue. I do this calmly, holding myself personally responsible, and fully prepared to plead justification and prove my case should the heirs or next-of-kin consider my language libellous.

So far as I can ascertain, Dagon was eminently respectable. I can not find a single stain on his record; while as for Jehovah, goodness me! If half that His Chosen People tell about him is true, he surely was n't very nice.

And while I do not know anything about it for certain, it is my opinion that at the Last Great Day the folks who stayed around home and pruned their vines and tended their flocks and loved their wives and babies will fare a deal better than those other men who made war on innocent people and tried to render them homeless. Of course I may be wrong about this, but I can not help having an opinion.

Altogether, my sympathies are with the Philistines—who were so strong in personality that they gave their name to the Holy Land—*Pelishton, Pelesheth, Philistia,* Palestina, PALESTINE.

II.

Long years ago Professor Jowett called attention to the fact that the word Philistia literally meant Land of Friendship: the term having the same root as the Greek word Philos—Love. Max Muller has recently said: " The dwellers in the Valley of the Jordan, in the fifteenth century before Christ, recognizing the idea of Oneness or Fraternity, gave a name that signified Love-Land to their country: thus embodying the modern thought of the Brotherhood of Man."

In view of these things it was rather a strange move—a man so scholarly as Matthew Arnold applying the word " Philistine " as a term of reproach toward those who did not think as he did! I can see though that he shaped his language to fit the ears of his clientele. He sought to make clever copy—and he did. The opinion being abroad that the Philistines were the enemies of Light—how very funny to throw the word like a mud ball at any and all who chanced to smile at his theories! Having small wit of their own, the scribbling rabble took it up.

On reading certain books by a Late Critic, who now wears prison garb and is doing the first honest work that ever his hands found to do, I see that he is very fond of calling people who are outside of his particular cult, " Philistines."

But look you! Brave Taurus at the bull-fight is a deal more worthy of respect than the picadores who for a price harry him without ruth to his death. And as his virtue surpasses that of any in the silken, belaced and perfumed throng who sit safe and with lily fingers applaud, so do we accept your banderilla, recognizing from whence it comes, and wear it jauntily as a badge of honor.

¶ As the Cross for eighteen hundred years has been a sacred emblem, and the gallows since John Brown glorious; and as the word Quaker, flung in impudent and impotent wrath, now stands for gentleness, peace and truth, so has the word Philistine become a synonym for manly independence.

In Literature he is a Philistine who seeks to express his personality in his own way. A true Philistine is one who brooks no let nor hindrance from the tipstaffs of letters, who creating nothing themselves yet are willing for a consideration to show others how. These men strive hard to reduce all life to a geometrical theorem and its manifestations to an algebraic forumla. But life is greater than a college professor, and so far its mysteries, having given the slip to all the creeds, are still at large. My individual hazard at truth is as legitimate as yours. The self-appointed beadles of letters demand that we shall neither smile nor sleep while their Presiding Elders drone, but we plead in the World's Assize for the privilege of doing both.

In Art we ask for the widest, freest and fullest liberty for Individuality—that 's all!

American Legion of Honor

THE ancient Greeks and also the Romans thought that kings were gods or half-gods. It is believed, not without reason, that the kings encouraged this idea. When these gods or half-gods died, their spirits dwelt on Olympus, or in Elysium. The bodies of these men were buried in the Temples and inscriptions commemorating their deeds were placed on the walls. The temples were sacred to the gods, and all of these gods, as above truthfully stated, were once men.

The Pyramids, the first gigantic structures of which we know, were tombs built for royalty. And the most beautiful, exquisite and costly building in the world today was built to house the body of a queen.

Only very great men were buried there beneath the floor of the Parthenon, and their busts placed in the niches.

In Rome they placed the worthy dead in the Pantheon.

In England we bury them in Westminster, unless they be bad people like George Eliot and atheists like Herbert Spencer.

Finally about the year 1450, everybody who belonged to a church, who recited the creed and paid his tithes was promised immortality and was told by the priests that his soul would dwell on Olympus, and his body be buried in a temple or church, just like a god or half-god, of which he was in fact one and the same

After a while the churches could no longer hold all of the dead, and there were also sanitary objections to crowding so many dead bodies beneath the floor, on account of H_2S.

Then what did we do? I 'll tell you—we had an opening made in the floor of the church to look just like a grave.

And this is still the custom in St. Paul's in London, and in very many Catholic churches. We lower the coffin through the floor,

the clergyman saying, " Dust to dust," and the undertaker throwing in a hand-full of dirt, and the imaginary grave is closed ❧ ❧

And down below all the time Ali Baba, Old Cy, Odds Bodkins and the Red One take care of the dead and at their leisure, usually by night. They take the husk of what was once a man out and bury it where they please.

It used to be that all burials were in the church, and when this was impossible, they buried the dead in the yard behind the church, which ground was consecrated so it was just as good as the church. The Puritans brought the custom over to America. They buried their dead in the church, then all around the church, and the slabs, monuments and inscriptions constituted a Christian Hall of Fame.

So every church was a Parthenon, a Pantheon, a Hall of Fame. Next through necessity, we had to quit planting our dead in such close proximity to the living, and as we could not move our churches five miles out of town, we did the next best thing—moved our graveyard and had the priest consecrate it. And never a Bad Man or an Infidel did we bury there—he was n't fit for the Hall of Fame—Gadzooks!

Finally we got so many people in our graveyard that it was no distinction, and lo! along comes Helen Gould and we revert to the original idea and build a temple patterned after the Parthenon and call it " The American Hall of Fame "—limited edition—de luxe copies.

In it we place the names of a precious few who have been dead at least ten years, and there we reverently lay our paper flowers and iron wreaths.

Thus do all things move in circles.

Very few religions have ever offered any distinct honor or reward of merit for this life; the benefit is not to be had until the candidate is well dead. The proffered mansions are always in the skies

—never on earth. Up to date, no Christian denomination has offered prizes for improvements on their creeds. The Catholic church has a poor box, but no suggestion box. In every other branch of scholarship, a teacher is glad to learn from his pupils, but in theology a penalty is placed on all initiative on the part of the pupil. No pupil may surpass his teacher.

In the days of the Greeks, to have your name carved on a marble slab meant something; but when we evolved dealers in geological fragments, who solicited from all who could pay the price, the distinction evaporated.

The modern graveyard is a Hall of Fame overflow carried to its logical conclusion; a Pantheon tipped to t'other side; a Valhalla turned loose and given two kicks behind.

The Corsican had faults, we all admit, but time has given us a focus on him. Out of the haze of prejudice, and the fog of fulsome praise we see a few resplendent virtues shining supreme.

Selfishness played a big part in his life, but if selfishness prompted the laying out of the boulevards in Paris, as a war measure, the beautiful boulevards now belong to the people and " the thieves quarter " is in a respectable locality.

Napoleon let in the sunlight.

He bound men to him with hoops of steel. He whipped the Austrians as one to three, not only because he knew the value of time, but because his men believed in him and loved him. When he walked out in his corporal's uniform, unarmed, before the army that was sent to subdue him, the soldiers threw down their arms, and embraced each other in tears, the only way they could embrace him.

Soldiers, bearded, grim, vicious, versed in crime, grime and sudden death, overcome by affection for a man five feet, four!

¶ They threw down their arms, and cried, " Command us! "

¶ Bertrand, following his master into exile at St. Helena, is only a type of a million Frenchmen who would have done the same.

When the dust of Napoleon was returned to Paris, a tomb was prepared as Ingersoll says, " fit for a god." Never was such a magnificent funeral held. It was a Holy Day for all France. And the curious part was that most of the people then in France had been born since the man died.

The only sacred place now in Paris is the Tomb of Napoleon. In the soul of the man who could command such faith, loyalty and love there must have been a deal of good.

His crimes have been washed in the blood of time; and the nations he injured or benefited have granted him absolution.

No one act of Napoleon reveals his insight into human nature more than his founding of the Order of Merit, known as The Legion of Honor. This was in 1802, and the first intent seems to have been to make it a purely military order—that is, a plan to recognize heroic acts done in time of war.

Gradually, however, Napoleon came to know that heroism in battle was not the only kind of heroism, and he conferred the Order on civilians.

As the years have passed the Legion of Honor has become less and less a military institution, and almost every sort of superior achievement of men has been honored by the tiny yet devoutly prized ribbon.

In the year 1872, the Order was reorganized and given a special charter by the government, Its excellence is unchallenged and the beneficence of the plan of recognizing the superior worth of men who are still on earth is beyond dispute.

The Supreme Council of the Legion of Honor very rarely makes a mistake—the men who are selected for distinction are worthy. But if a man who has been awarded a ribbon of the Legion of Honor should prove recreant and by his acts undo the good he has done, the Council is empowered as a court to try him and strip him of his insignia.

Very recently women have also been recognized by the Legion

of Honor—the world moves—superior worth is not a matter of sex

That men and women will prize a ribbon before money is a fact beyond dispute.

Man is what he is; he craves the approbation of his fellow men. We are parts of the whole, and man's relationship to his fellows is the one vital fact in life.

" Fellowship is Heaven, and lack of fellowship is Hell," said William Morris.

In America is an institution known as the Hall of Fame. Its purpose is to place the names of the illustrious dead in an American Valhalla, patterned after the Roman Pantheon which found form in the plan of the Catholic Church in canonization. The purpose of the founders of the Hall of Fame is sincere and noble, but the dead have ceased their labors and are at rest. Flowers on graves are often mockery too apparent to mention. What the world needs is that we should give our blossoms of love to the living and that when a man does well, the words, " Well done," should not be withheld.

All down the centuries the policy and plan of humanity has been to kill the best and pursue into exile the man of originality and initiative. Suppression and repression have been the rule, and many a great achievement has languished and died for the want of the kindly word and smile of recognition. To recite such cases at length would be tiresome—history and experience teem with them. But the struggle of Frederich Froebel, one of the saviors of mankind, is typical. Stupidity and misunderstanding dogged this man's steps, and fifty years after his death the thinking world is just awakening to the truth that a god walked among us, and we knew him not. Froebel had a few friends but they were not organized, and they had no way to present the man's claims before the bar of public opinion.

The struggle that a scant half dozen brave men and women had

in America to make the so-called educated class realize that deaf people were not dumb, is a story that has never been written. From 1840 to 1880, the world thought that deaf people were mental defectives, insane, possessed of devils, and finally in our pity we hid them away in asylums where their cries and moans could not be heard. In our kindness we taught them the finger alphabet, a foolish scheme which required that you should also teach folks with hearing ears to talk in this dumb way, but its inventor met the objection thus, " The deaf and dumb must all be kept together as they constitute a class by themselves." Hence the asylums—God help us all, and look in pity on our ignorance and superstitions.

And now for the better recognition of excellence and worth and the wholesome encouragement of those working for human betterment, the American Academy of Immortals is now organizing an Order of Merit, to be known as the American Legion of Honor

The headquarters of the Order are for the present to be at East Aurora, which is in Erie County, New York.

The Order will be chartered by the State under the act providing for the organization of Fraternal Societies, and will be perpetual and self-perpetuating.

The Jury of Award will consist of thirteen persons, twelve members and a foreman—men and women. This Jury will elect its own chairman or foreman, and shall have the power to fill any vacancy that may occur in its ranks.

The first Jury will be chosen in popular assembly at a convention which is to meet in East Aurora from July first to seventh inclusive, 1906.

The jury after being duly elected shall sit as a court to hear nominations of persons to be recognized as worthy of the order of the American Legion of Honor.

The person presenting a name shall give his reasons why his

candidate shall be honored and if it is so decided, the speech or paper presenting a successful candidate shall be printed and published, so that the Jury shall have a reason for its affirmations. ¶ The official acts of the Jury, though, shall all be in executive session and if candidates are rejected no reason shall be given, nor shall any of the acts of the Jury in executive session be made public, beyond the result of its elections.

The members of the Jury shall receive no recompense for services, neither shall the Order hold any property. No pensions shall be granted, nor shall the Order accept or pay out money in any way ❧ ❧

Not being a fiduciary institution the American Legion of Honor thus will differ from its French contemporary. The French Legion of Honor carries with its recognition a pension varying from two hundred and fifty to three thousand francs a year, and its Grand Council also is well paid for its services. This monetary feature has caused the only scandal which ever clouded the Legion of Honor sky. But in the American Legion of Honor no one will profit a dollar, the intent of the order being purely fraternal. ¶ The French Legion has five degrees, as follows: Chevalier, Officer, Commander, Grand Commander and Grand Master. The last mentioned office is occasionaly sought after with an unbecoming ardor, first for the honor of the position and second for the salary and perquisites that are attached. The American Legion will confer simply one order, it being held that in heroic service there is really no degree, so far as the individual himself is concerned. By eliminating the monetary feature it is hoped that the American Legion of Honor will be kept reasonably free from fault. The French Legion of Honor now numbers over forty thousand names. The American Legion will be much smaller and more select. To secure its recognition the performance must be more than a single heroic act—it must be a life work, continuous and sustained ❧ ❧

The following nominations have been made, but will not be acted upon of course until the Jury of Award is chosen in July: Luther Burbank, Benjamin B. Lindsey, Ernest Crosby, Alonzo Vincent, John Wanamaker, Geo. B. Cortelyou, L. M. Davenport, Jailer Whitman, Judge Gaynor, Clarence Darrow, John Ireland, James J. Hill, Booker T. Washington, John Mitchell, John H. Patterson, Anna Shaw, Julia Ward Howe, Walter Damrosch, Liberty Tadd, Thomas J. Foster, J. J. Albright, Edward A. MacDowell, Charles W. Eliot, John Dewey, Stanley Hall, Alice Cooper, Whitcomb Riley, George B. Shaw, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Felix Adler, Robert M. LaFollette, Wm. M. Reedy, Rabbi Gries, George J. Angell, Emile G. Hirsch, Andrew Carnegie, Tom Johnson, Brand Whitlock, Charles E. Hughes, Leo Tolstoy, Edward Carpenter, Marilla Ricker, Charles Wesley Emerson, Alfred Russel Wallace, Alfred Henry Lewis, Ida Tarbell, Henry Frank, John J. Lentz, Robert Watchorn, Hopkinson Smith, Dr. J. H. Tilden, Jane Addams, David Bispham, Peter S. Grosscup, Edwin Abbey, Ernst Hæckel, Thomas E. Watson, Thomas A. Edison, Eugene V. Debs, John Morley, Maurice Mæterlinck, William H. Maxwell, Samuel Aschuler, Hugh O. Pentecost, Jacob Riis, Paul Carus, Minot Savage, Peter Kropotkin, Louise de la Rame, John Burroughs, John Burns, Leonard Levy, Helen Gould, John Brashear, M. Reibenack, Elizabeth Towne ☙ ☙

Further nominations are now in order. Send in your names of men and women who are making this world better in a big way. Make sure your nominee has taken the initiative in a positive work for the betterment of humanity. To be rich, educated, or occupy a prominent position will not be enough to admit a man to the American Legion of Honor—he must be a positive moving force for good.

What Builds a City

MANY forces go to the building of a modern city: position, harbors, rivers, transportation-lines, manufactures, commerce, climate. This is one of the few countries of the world where climate builds cities, and in this favored spot it will be a powerful ally of commerce. Traffic itself takes it into account, and railroads are built and steamship-lines planned to carry people to regions where climatic conditions are most nearly ideal. It is said that not a mile of railway has been constructed in Utah, South of Salt Lake City, which did not carry the hopes of the builders that sooner or later it would become part of a line extending from Salt Lake to Southern California. Climate directly was but part of the impelling motive. Climate means comfort, but it means orange-groves as well; and a distinctive and attractive agriculture, it was foreseen, would be shaped by winterless airs and semi-tropical conditions. It took more than twenty years of struggle between rival lines—a long battle of giants—to get a diagonal, crosscountry outlet to the Pacific, but the goal was worth the struggle and the compromise. And in the case of the main transcontinental lines, it will not be forgotten that California was the only country any one ever cared to build three thousand miles of rail to get to—and California would not be California without its climate.

San Diego is in the extreme Southwestern corner of the State, and directly on the Coast. Its site is one of great natural beauty, and the whole situation is favorable to growth and prosperity. Here is room and opportunity. On the South is Guaymas, on the West coast of Mexico behind the long peninsula of Lower California. Los Angeles is one hundred twenty-six miles distant on the North and twenty miles away from the artificial harbor of San Pedro. San Francisco is five hundred miles farther North.

Santa Barbara has great climatic charm, but no harbor and a limited " back country," while San Diego holds the only position on the whole Southern coast of California in which to build a commercial city of considerable size. And owing to the Eastward trend of the Coast, San Diego is three hundred miles nearer to the trade-centers of the East and the Middle West than is San Francisco, and five hundred miles nearer the commerical marts of the South.

This is the Mediterranean region of the Southwest, and the climate makes the lands desirable for the growth of valuable and high-priced crops which long ago made the European lands of the orange and the lemon, the fig and the olive, lands of romance, and gave them an exclusive trade, until California challenged their pre-eminence. Here the soil and the climate invite to intensive farming and there is no more favorable region for the small farm. We do not yet know the possibilities of an acre, in spite of all that the market-gardener has done and the examples of European countries. Today we read of the spirit of the farm; of a new emphasis upon cultivation and fertilization; of deeper plowing and better methods and larger returns from fewer acres, and the whole drift of this new agriculture is toward smaller holdings. Given ownership of the land under these skies and with this market at the door, what can not skill do here on a few acres? And the small farm means social life—means here, among orange and lemon groves, and the various products of the field and orchard, the most attractive country life in the world

The Apparition

IT was a bad jar I got—my nerves are not just right yet. I occupied Room 304 at the Weddell House, Cleveland. It was about ten in the morning and I was hard at it in my shirt sleeves, reading a proof the Red One had sent me.

A rap at the door—enter coon with card.

" Joshua Simpson! "

I could n't just remember the man—but then one can't place everybody who is on the Roster—" Send him up."

In five minutes an Apparition appeared in the doorway.

I started, shivered, shook, and felt the thrill of life along my keel. It was all in a flash, just as a drowning person is said to live over an entire life-time in an instant.

" Don't be a fool," I said to myself, and then to the Apparition,

" Ah, good morning, come in, come in! "

And the Apparition entered, removing as it did so, a very broad-brimmed felt hat. Solemn black, clothed the stalwart form. The face was strong and smoothly shaven. Black hair reaching to shoulders, and yards and yards of Chinese silk that served for a necktie, added the last touch to the tout ensemble. From fear I drifted into wrath. I was being insulted—I glanced around for my Ali Baba hickory stick. But before I found the cudgel, wrath had taken wing and I began to laugh.

" This is all a joke—a most exquisite joke," I said to myself. " It is Fred Gardner, President of the One O'Klock Klub,—no, it 's John Brower, and this carefully arranged make-up is the work of Charley Prizer and that rogue, Gobeille." I sank into a chair and was going to ring for the bell-boy, so to order Something for the Push that I knew would rush in upon me in a moment. The Apparition had seated itself on the sofa and was rolling its

big hat and just remarking, " I heard your lecture at the Temple six months ago! "

" It 's Den's voice," I said—" It 's Den! He has shaved off his mustache and Ann Waters has fixed him up in this preposterous disguise." ❧ ❧

But the Apparition kept right on talking—" I heard you lecture at the Temple six months ago! You will remember that I came up after the address and shook hands with you—You said that I was a most excellent listener. Afterward I met you at the station "— ❧ ❧

It was n't Fred Gardner; it was n't Den; it was n't an Apparition ❧ ❧

It was just a Disciple.

He said that I had inspired him with a desire to lead the Ideal Life. And then it seems he had straightway boycotted his barber, and invested in headgear and haberdashery. He did n't explain beyond the fact that I had inspired him—the rest was apparent.

¶ After a pleasant little call perfunk, we shook hands and my visitor departed. When he was safely around the corner I straightway put on my coat and started for the barber shop. At the bottom of the stairway I met Sam Briggs and Louis Newman of Springfield, Mass.

" Why! why! where are you going in such a rush? " asked Louis.

¶ " To get a tight hair-cut and buy a derby," I curtly answered.

¶ " You need a Gin-Elevated Spheroid," said Sam. " Your nerves seem to be getting outside your clothes! "

" You just come along with us," said Louis the Lightweight.

¶ They had seen my Under-Study.

It cost me three seventy-five.

SO HERE ENDETH "PHILISTIA," SAME BEING VOLUME NINE OF THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF ELBERT HUBBARD, GATHERED TOGETHER, PRINTED AND BOUND AS A MEMORIAL TO THEIR BELOVED FOUNDER BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOPS, WHICH ARE IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK. MCMXXVIII